

M.D. Vines

THE
1490. Y. 6
Poems

OF
ALLAN RAMSAY.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF
HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS, &c.

AND
A GLOSSARY.



IN TWO VOLUMES.

EMBELLISHED WITH SUPERB ENGRAVINGS.

VOL. I.



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1797.



MEMOIRS
OF THE
LIFE OF MR. ALLAN RAMSAY.

HOWEVER gratifying it may be to obtain some account of an author, whose works have attracted admiration and acquired celebrity, we find it often difficult to extend our inquiries much beyond a certain period of the present century. Before the appearance of those regular periodical publications, which allow no man of merit to "escape the world unnoticed," any information to be obtained is exceedingly scanty. Of this, the object of the present memoir is a remarkable instance.

No Poem has ever been so popular in the kingdom of Scotland as the Gentle Shepherd; yet the cotemporaries of its author have so far neglected his merit, as to leave us in ignorance of those particulars of his life, which, from the celebrity of his genius, it might be interesting to know. Had a Boswell been his biographer, we should have no occasion to lament a sterile source of narrative.

Allan Ramsay's father was a miner in the Leadhills at Crawford-muir, where our Poet was born in 1686 or 1687, and where, as we are informed by persons from the spot, the remains of the humble dwelling which sheltered our Scottish Horace in the years of his infancy, are still to be seen.

“ Of Crawford-muir, born in Leadhill,
 “ Where min’ral springs Glengoner fill,
 “ Which joins sweet flowing Clyde,
 “ Between auld Crawford-Lindsay’s towers
 “ And where Deneetne rapid pours
 “ His stream thro’ Glotta’s tide;
 “ Native of Clydesdale’s upper ward,
 “ Bred fifteen summers there *.” &c.

It is more than probable, from the last line of the above stanza, that he was sent into Edinburgh in or about the year 1701, to serve an apprenticeship, to the barber business, a situation which in those days, may be believed to be of the lowest.—That this was the profession Ramsay originally followed, is plainly to be seen from these lines in his epistle to J. Arbuckle:

“ I theeke the out, and line the inside
 “ Of mony a douse and witty pash;
 “ And baith ways gather in the cash †.”

His taste in Poetry, however, has justly raised him to a degree of fame that may, in some measure, be considered as a recompence for the frowns of fortune.

* *Bill to the Whin-bush Club, page 159, vol. I.*

† *Epistle to Mr. James Arbuckle, page 160, vol. I.*

Mr. Baker attributes to him the Nuptials, a masque, printed in 1723; but his fame rests chiefly upon the pastoral Comedy of Patie and Roger, or the Gentle Shepherd.

Of all Poets in the Scottish dialect, says a critic, the best and greatest, beyond all comparison, is Allan Ramsay. He appears to have studied Dryden's style with much attention, since his verses flow with the most pleasing volubility. His provincial phrases are few, when compared with those of some of his imitators, and he has selected them with such happy dexterity, that they are almost equally familiar in every part of the kingdom. But this is only a secondary part of his praise. A vein of solid good sense, a nice discrimination of character, a nervous elegance, and a pathetic simplicity of expression; in a word, the genuine language of nature, of passion, and of poetry, place his pastoral Comedy almost beyond our praise.

The first edition of his Poems, with a most respectable list of subscribers, came out in July 1721.—The following is a copy of the advertisement, from the Edinburgh Evening Courant, of the above date, announcing the publication:—

“The Poems of Allan Ramsay, in a large quarto volume, fairly printed, with notes, and a complete Glossary, (as promised to the subscribers) being now finished; all who have generously con-

“tributed to carrying on of the design, may call for
“their copies as soon as they please, from the au-
“thor, at the Mercury, opposite to Niddry’s Wynd,
“Edinburgh.”

Though the first scene of the Gentle Shepherd was published in this edition of Ramsay’s Poems, it was not till about the year 1724 that he finished and ushered into the world that inimitable production, so much admired for its native simplicity, and the genuine vein of pastoral poetry that adorns almost every sentence. As it has been said by some, that Ramsay was not the real author of this beautiful Pastoral, in order to refute their envious assertions, it is only necessary to quote the following paragraph from a note annexed by Mr. Tytler to his edition of the Poetical Works of King James I.

“Ramsay was a man of strong natural, though
“few acquired parts, possessed of much humour, and
“native poetic fancy. Born in a pastoral country,
“he had strongly imbibed the manners and hu-
“mours of that life. As I knew him well, an honest
“man, and of great pleasantry, it is with peculiar
“satisfaction I seize this opportunity of doing justice
“to his memory, in giving testimony to his being
“the Author of the Gentle Shepherd, which, for the
“natural ease of the dialogue, the propriety of the
“characters, perfectly similar to the pastoral life in
“Scotland, the picturesque scenery, and, above all,
“the simplicity and beauty of the fable, may justly

“rank amongst the most eminent pastoral dramas
 “that our own or any other nation can boast of.
 “Merit will ever be followed by detraction. The
 “envious tale that the Gentle Shepherd was the
 “joint composition of some wits with whom Ram-
 “say conversed, is without truth. It might be suf-
 “ficient to say, that none of these Gentlemen have
 “left the smallest fragment behind them that can
 “give countenance to such a claim. While I passed
 “my infancy at New Hall, near Pentland Hills,
 “where the scenes of this pastoral Poem are laid, the
 “seat of Mr. Forbes, and the resort of many of the
 “*literati* at that time, I well remember to have heard
 “Ramsay recite, as his own production, different
 “scenes of the Gentle Shepherd, particularly the two
 “first, before it was printed. I believe my Hon.
 “friend Sir James Clerk of Pennycuik, where
 “Ramsay frequently resided, and who I know is
 “possessed of several original Poems composed by
 “him, can give the same testimony.”

It appears to have been about the year 1725 that Ramsay commenced bookfeller, and was the first who established a circulating library in Scotland. Whatever might have been his original education, it cannot be supposed that a genius like his would be confined to the mere mechanical services of a library-keeper.

The time of his death is variously related; but the most authentic account we have yet seen, is in the

list of deaths in the Scots Magazine for December 1757. "Died, at Edinburgh, in an advanced age, "Mr. Allan Ramsay, formerly a bookseller in that "city, well known for his Gentle Shepherd, and "many other Poetical pieces in the Scots dialect, "which he wrote and collected."

From this account it would appear, that he was not a bookseller at the time of his death; and, as he died a bankrupt*, we naturally conclude that he did not escape the fate of other geniuses who have been countenanced by patrons without generosity.

The following letter was written by the Pastoral Poet, to Mr. John Smibert, a Portrait-painter, who left England with Dean Berkely, to settle in Bermudas. It is dated Edinburgh, May 10, 1736.

"My dear old friend,

"Your health and happiness are ever *one* addition to my satisfaction. God make your life ever easy and pleasant—half a century of years have now row'd o'er my *port*, that begins now to be *lyart*; yet, thanks to my author, I eat, drink, and sleep as sound as I did twenty years *syne* (ago) yes, I laugh heartily too, and find as many subjects to employ that facul-

* His debts were afterwards paid by his son Allan Ramsay, Esq; the celebrated painter, who died a few years ago, on his return from the Continent. He was principal Portrait-painter to their Majesties.

ty upon as ever; fools, fops, and knaves, grow as rank as formerly, yet here and there are to be found good and worthy men, who are *ane* honour to *humane* life. We have small hopes of seeing you again in our old world; then let us be virtuous, and hope to meet in heaven. My good *auld* wife is still my bed-fellow; my son Allan has been pursuing your science since he was a dozen years *auld*—was with Mr. Hyllidg, at London, for some time, about two years ago; has been since at home painting here like a Raphael—sets out for the feat of the beast, beyond the Alps, within a month hence—to be away about two years. I'm *swae* (loth) to part with him, but *canna* stem the current, which flows from the advice of his patrons and his own inclination—I have three daughters, one of seventeen, one of sixteen, and one of twelve years old, and no *reunayled drogle* among them, all fine girls. These six or seven years past I have not written a line of poetry. I e'en gave over in good time, before the coolness of fancy, that attends advanced years, should make me risk the reputation I had acquired.

“*Frae* twenty-five to five and forty
My muse was neither *swae* nor *dorty*;
My Pegasus *wad* break his *tether*,
E'en at the *fbagging* of a feather,
And *throw* ideas *scour* like *drift*,
Streaking his wings up to the list;
Then, then my *saul* was in a *low*
That *gort* my numbers *safely* row;

But *cild* and judgment *gin* to say
Let be your *sangs*, and learn to pray.

I am, sir, your friend and servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY."

ON THE DEATH OF MR. ALLAN RAMSAY†.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1758.

HARD by the grassy margin of a stream,
Where zephyrs play'd to cool the sultry beam,
Shedding, conglob'd anon, the vapoury dew,
Or spring's rich fragrance from their pinions blue,
Just as the sun from noontide height declin'd,
And thro' the op'ning trees obliquely shin'd,
A shepherd rested on the flowery ground,
By distant rows of elms encompass'd round.
Pure was his bosom as the stream that flow'd,
Or eastern gale that o'er its surface blow'd,
Gentle his temper as the lenient flow'r,
That spreads its folds to catch the moist'ning show'r,
Pleas'd and contented with his humble lot,
His thoughts ne'er soar'd above the crook or cot,
Oft would he softly swell the mellow reed,
Bathe in the flood, or view his lambkins feed;
With simple footstep trip the green along,
Or make lone echoes vocal with his song;
Select rich nosagays, elegantly dress'd,
To fill, but not adorn, his charmer's breast:
Oft studious pore o'er some fam'd past'ral book,

† From *Doddsley's Collection of Poems*.

His plaid thrown by, his flagellet, and crook ;
Where rustic love-scenes harmlessly conspire,
To melt the tender heart, and fancy fire ;
Truth and simplicity unletter'd shine,
And innocence embellishes each line.

Above the rest, the Gentle Shepherd charm'd,
With hopes and fears alternately alarm'd,
While Patie, and while Peggy met to woo,
Almost, so strong the paint, confess'd to view ;
With rolling eyes on one another turn'd,
Glancing those fires that in their bosoms burn'd,
Not the soft odours that in violets dwell,
Not the bland honey from the waxen cell ;
Not the mild fannings of the southern breeze,
That stir to sighs the not unconscious trees ;
Not Philomel, first minstrel of the grove,
Warbling in yonder jes'mine wreath'd alcove ;
Not the sweet murmur of descending rills,
Nor low-breath'd coo of fir-immantled hills ;
With more of nature exquisitely please
The elegant, chaste taste, and thought at ease.

Such traces the fond numbers leave behind,
Such power have fine descriptions o'er the mind ;
Oft to some oak would he his speech address,
In equal warmth his passion to express,
And still, as oft as breezes fann'd the trees,
Fondly concludes an answer he receives ;
Till conquer'd by imaginary charms,
Around the trunk he clasps his eager arms.

And, ere his eyes the strange mistake can see,
Imprints warm kisses on the lifeless tree.

Once as he sat beneath an aged thorn,
To breathe the dewy freshness of the morn ;
His ear attentive to the blackbird's lay,
Or tuneful thrush, perch'd on a neighb'ring spray ;
A swain, slowly approaching, he espies,
With his spread hand oft lifted to his eyes ;
Whose downcast looks seem to implore relief,
As if oppress'd with some o'erwhelming grief.
Touch'd with the sudden sympathy of wo,
Yet apprehensive the event to know ;
While mix'd surmises all his mind possess,
And various reasons offer to his guests,
Near him with trembling step the shepherd draws,
Eager to ask the melancholy cause :
But all the answer his enquiry gains,
Which yet, alas ! too well his grief explains,
These few short, but emphatic words express,
RAMSAY IS DEAD !—his silence told the rest.

CRITICAL REMARKS

UPON THE

GENERAL PLAN

OF THE

GENTLE SHEPHERD.

IN making any observations upon this celebrated pastoral, it seems most natural to consider it under the following heads: 1st, The Fable—2^{dly}, The Characters—3^{dly}, The Sentiments and Behaviour of the Actors; and, in the 4th place, The Language.

1st. The fables of all dramatic works must be probable, but those of the pastoral drama must be peculiarly so; nay these last must consist chiefly of common incidents, subservient to one interesting event, which is the end and occasion of the whole. Exactly such is the pastoral of the Gentle Shepherd; almost all the scenes in it are familiar to the Scotchman, who hath passed his days on this side the Tweed; and there is one leading circumstance, one

principal occurrence, which all the rest (nicely organized) approximate, at their several distances. This great and happy event is no less than the safe return of Sir William Worthy from the wars, and his arrival at his paternal seat.

There are few, very few of our countrymen, we believe who have not perused the Gentle Shepherd again and again, with increased satisfaction and delight; and from whence, let us ask, arise these pleasing emotions? are they not occasioned by the affinity which we observe between this comedy and nature, and its uniform concordance with what we have seen and experienced in the world?

2d, Of the characters. These are perhaps as well diversified as the pastoral life will admit of. The incidents in it are supposed to be few, and those uninteresting. We imagine that the pipe and crook alternately engage the shepherd's attention; in every season of the year he spends to-day as he did yesterday, with little or no variation. In like manner, the son (making allowances for the difference in natural dispositions) grows up in the very footsteps of his father; his ambition ends with the boundaries of his pasture; his affections are fixed on some coy shepherdess, whose praises he sings with unwearied assiduity, or whose cruelty he laments in such feeling strains, that the sympathetic rocks and vallies resound his tale of woe.

We further suppose, that these happy people formed themselves into convenient societies, where they did and received good offices to and from one another; and who, from the nature of their profession, and from their situation in life, we may conclude were remarkable for the innocency of their lives, and simplicity of their manners.

Such is a sample of the golden age which is no more to be met with in these iron times.

In the *third* place, the sentiments and behaviour of the actors are perfectly correspondent to their respective conditions. All of them, except the Knight, are placed in an humble sphere of life, and their opinions and actions are such as besit persons who have not received a liberal education; yet notwithstanding, they (tutored by nature and uncorrupted by the world) make use of similies drawn from objects immediately surrounding them, which come home with greater force to the feeling heart, than any thing which can be effected by the choicest language, or most elaborate phraseology.

In the *fourth* place, of the language: that by some it hath been reprobated for its vulgarity and mean-ness; that there are some vulgarisms in this Poem which it would certainly have been better without, we are not disposed to deny, but that these abound throughout, or that the language on the whole is mean, we can on no account admit: it is seldom (if

ever) unsuitable to the quality of the speakers, who, it may be proper here to observe, must not be considered as every way the same with the primitive shepherds spoken of before, or as exactly of that cast which Pope describes to be the fittest characters for pastoral poetry, but in a great degree below both; they may be said to be their equals in felicity; their inferiors in birth, riches, and mental qualifications; viewing them in this light, we ought not to be out of humour with the Poet, when we meet with one or two unpolished phrases in the mouths of any of his *dramatis personæ*; because, 1st, they are taken from real life; 2^d, they render the Poem more ludicrous; and lastly, the author meant they should please. In short, we are of opinion, that if such naturalities do not always beautify, they seldom disfigure a work of this kind,

We may finally, remark, that the speeches of the good old Knight are happily characteristic. They possess a degree of dignity, tempered with affability, which is exceedingly agreeable to the reader, and which is highly meritorious in the author.

OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
SCENERY
OF THE
GENTLE SHEPHERD.

THE following description of the Natural Scenery of the Gentle Shepherd, is taken from a topographical account of New Hall, (formerly the seat of Duncan Forbes, Esq; and now possessed by Robert Brown, Esq; Advocate,) in the parish of Pennycuik, published in the Appendix to the 17th volume of Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, drawn up by Lord Eskgrove.—After a minute description of the country in the neighbourhood of New Hall, he adds:—

“What makes these particulars interesting, is, that at this time, when the property of Mr. Forbes, this place was distinguished by Allan Ramsay's attachment to it, as well as to the proprietor and his family, in consequence of which it assisted in forming, and was chosen by him for the scenes of that celebrated

Pastoral Comedy the Gentle Shepherd. 'While I passed my infancy at New Hall,' says Mr. Tytler in his edition of King James's Poems, 'near Pentland Hills, where the scenes of this pastoral Poem were laid, the seat of Mr. Forbes and the resort of many of the *literati* at that time, I well remember to have heard Ramsay recite, as his own production, different scenes of the Gentle Shepherd, particularly the *two first*, before it was printed. I believe my honourable friend, Sir James Clerk of Pennycuick, where Ramsay frequently resided, and who, I know, is possessed of several original Poems composed by him, can give the same testimony.—P. S. The above note was shown to Sir James Clerk, and had his approbation.' In summer 1788 Mr. Tytler, when on a visit to the present proprietor, enumerated among those to whom he here referred, President Forbes, Baron Sir John, and William Clerk his brother, of Pennycuick, Dr. Clerk, and Provost Lindsay of Edinburgh, and also pointed out the room that had been usually occupied by himself. Of the two first scenes particularly condescended on, and which indeed contain all the first act, and most of the picturesque scenery in the Poem. The first is,

Beneath the south side of a craggy bield,
Where christal springs the hale some waters yield:

And the second,

A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claiths;
A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground,
Its channel peebles shining smooth and round:

JENNY.

Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
 This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
 The water clear, the lift unclouded blew,
 Will mak' them like a lily wet wi' dew.

PEGGY.

Gae farer up the burn to Habbie's How,
 Where a' the sweets of spring and simmer grow,
 Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
 The water fa's and maks a singand din;
 A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glafs;
 Kisses wi' easy whirls the bord'ring grafs:
 We'll end our washing while the morning's cool;
 And when the day grows het we'll to the pool,
 There wash ourfells.——

JENNY.

Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say,
 Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
 And see us fae!——

Between the house and the little haugh, where the
 Esk and the rivulets from the Harbour Craig meet,
 are some romantic grey craggs at the side of the wa-
 ter, looking up a turn in the glen, and directly front-
 ing the south. Their crevices are filled with birches,
 shrubs, and copsewood; the clear stream purles its
 way past, within a few yards, before it runs directly
 under them, and projecting beyond their bases, they
 give complete beild to whatever is beneath, and form

the most inviting retreat imaginable. Farther up, the glen widens immediately behind the house, into a considerable green or holm, with the hanging burn now more quiet, winding among pebbles, in short turns through it. At the head of this howm, on the edge of the stream, with an aged thorn behind them, are the ruins of an old washing house; and the place was so well calculated for the use it had formerly been applied to, that another more convenient one was built about twenty years ago, and is still to be seen. Still farther up the burn, agreeable to the description in the dialogue of the second scene, the hollow beyond Mary's Bower, where the Esk divides it in the middle, and forms a lin or leap, is named the How Burn; a small enclosure above is called the Braehead park; and the hollow below the cascade, with its bathing pool, and little green, its birches, wild shrubs, and variety of natural flowers in summer, with its rocks, and the whole of its romantic and rural scenery, coincides exactly with the description of Habby's How. It was so designed, no doubt, to distinguish it from the upper division of the How, either for the sake of the verse, and the alliteration or initial resemblance, or which is more likely, because some cottager of that name, in other parts of the Poem called Hab and Halbert, and a favourite in the family, had at that, or some former period, chosen this spot for the site of his hut. There are still the remains of a cottage on the top of the north bank, immediately over it, and the pool continues to be the favourite place for bathing. Farther up still, the

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grounds beyond the How Burn, to the westward, called Carlops, a contraction for Carline's Loup, were supposed once to have been the residence of a Carline or Witch, who lived in a dell, at the foot of the Carlops Hill, near a pass between two conic rocks: from the opposite points of which she was often observed at nights, by the superstitious and ignorant, bounding and frisking on her broom, across the entrance. Not far from this, on a height to the east, is a very ancient half withered solitary ash tree, near the old mansion-house of Carlops, overhanging a well, with not another of 30 years standing in sight of it; and from the open grounds to the south, both it and the glen, with the village, and some decayed cottages in it, and the Carline's Loups at its mouth, are seen. Ramsay may not have observed, or referred to this tree, but it is a curious circumstance that it should be there, and so situated as to complete the resemblance to the scene, which seems to have been taken from the place.

ACT II. SCENE II.

The open field.—A cottage in a glen,
 An auld wife spinning at the sunny end.—
 At a small distance, by a blasted tree,
 With falded arms, and half-raised look ye see,
 Bauldy his lane.

The tradition, the objects of the landscape, and the poet's intimate acquaintance with every thing connected with his friend's property, all tend to show,

that not only the scenery, but the story itself, was in some measure borrowed from it. In the third act, Sir William Worthy laments the ruinous condition of many of the particulars which distinguished the place in the time of Sir David Forbes, and had been the result of his taste and attention. The avenues are not omitted, and even the tapestry which had covered two of the sides of the Advocate's Room, that when the proprietor took possession, were literally in the exact situation described at the beginning of the third act,

‘ —————; no chimney left,
 ‘ The naked walls of tap’stry all bereft,’

is taken notice of. The offices, and pigeon houses and gardens, give rise to the following exclamation in the same scene,

My stables and pavilions, broken walls !
 That with each rainy blast decaying falls :
 My gardens once adorn’d the most compleat,
 With all that nature all that art makes sweet, &c.
 But overgrown with nettles, docks, and brier ;
 No jaccacinths or eglintines appear.

And if, as is presumable, the name Worthy was given the proprietor, in compliment to Sir David Forbes, William has evidently been placed before it, in preference to any other Christian name, merely for the sake of alliteration. In 1784, after a visit, the proprietor received the following verses from Mr. Bradefute author of the Statistical Account of Dun-tyre, and late minister of that parish, a respectable

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and ingenious man, and who, from his intimacy with the late Sir James Clerk, was also well acquainted with whatever related to Ramsay's compositions, and to the Gentle Shepherd in particular. In these lines, the houses of Glaud and Symon are supposed to have been the cottage at the foot of Monk's Burn; and that of Harleymuir, on the height on the other side of the water above the Steel, and not far from the Harbour Craig. The first is very old, and only the foundation of the last is to be discovered, a little to the east of the present one, seen from the lake. The verses are entitled, *A Morning Walk at New Hall in Mid-Lothian, the seat of Robert Brown, Esq; Advocate.*

Waked by the morning rays from fleeting dreams,
 I leave the couch inviting to repose,
 To trace the scenes which nature spreads around;
 To please the eye or animate the soul,
 With recollections drawn from ancient times.—
 We enter first the glen adorn'd with trees,
 Where varied shades and pleasing groves delight
 The warbling birds that perch on every spray.
 The lulling murmurs of the distant Esk,
 At bottom of the woods salute the ear;
 Beyond, the rising heights covered with woods,
 And interspers'd with jutting rocks, invite
 The eye to trace, in beauty's waving line,
 The vivid landscape, rich with deepening shades
 Which here o'erhang the glassy glittering stream,
 Till from the widening vale the country op'ns.—

The winding path now leads us thro' the wood,
Where Esk pours forth her silver flowing stream
In sweet retirement, and sequester'd shade.
We then approach the opening of the trees
Where now the rustic swain enjoys the banks,
Happy and blythe, not far his humble cot,
Cloath'd with the shining straw, whose white-wash'd
Appear contrasted with the ivy's green. [walls
Before the door the partner of his cares
Turns swift the wheel, and tunes the Scottish song,
Eying askance her young ones on the grass,
Lest they too near approach the river's bank :
The cattle spread around now browse the herbs,
Loaded with dews delightful to the taste,
The watchful dog guards well the ripen'd corns
And saves the treasure for his master's use.
Near this a pleasing riv'let glides along,
Falls from the height, and forms the bright cascade,
Where hollow rocks surround the foaming pool,
And form a shade to screen the mid-day sun.—
From this we mount the bank to view the lake,
With shining surface drawn from crystal springs,
Land-lock'd and smooth, where oft the finny tribe
Rise at the glittering fly with eager haste.—
We now return and trace the river's banks,
Studded with cowslips, and with copsewoods grown'd.
Beyond, the prospect's barren all and wild,
With hollow glens and deep sequester'd lawns.
Now all at once, far up another glen,
Midst awful solitudes and darksome dells,
A high tremendous rock erects his front :

On near approach we found it deeply mark'd,
 With venerable names of these who fled,
 In Charles's hapless days, the haunts of men,
 Pursued by unrelenting bands who sought
 Their death, and wag'd ignoble war.
 Here sad the preacher stood with solemn pause,
 To mark, with outstretch'd arm, the sombre heath,
 The field of Scottish and of English wars;
 Or what more near concern'd the list'ning croud,
 To point the fatal spot on Pentland Hills,
 Where many a ploughman warrior fought and fell:—
 Slowly we turn and leave these gloomy scenes,
 Sacred to sighs and deepest heart-felt woe,
 To seek the pleasing banks and purling rill
 Where copsewood thickets cheer the wand'ring eye,
 Where honeysuckle with the birch entwines.—
 We enter now from hence the western glen
 Through which the murm'ring Esk pours forth his
 And view a past'ral and more pleasing scene, [stream,
 Sacred to fame, and deem'd now classic ground.
 'Twas here a beautiful recess was found;
 And hence arose the scene of Habby's How:
 Where now appears betwixt two birks the lin
 That falling forms the pool where bath'd the maids,
 Whilst here upon the green their cloth they laid.
 Here on a seat reclin'd, screen'd from the sun,
 By hazle shrubs and honeysuckle flowers
 You sit at ease and recollect the song,
 While sportive fancy imag'ry supplies.—
 Following the stream, we view the happy spots,
 Where Glaud and Symon dwelt in times of old,

And pass'd the joke over the nut brown ale;
 Where old Sir William cheer'd poor Peggy's heart,
 And gave her yielding to her Patie's arms.—
 Thy pen, O Ramsay! sweetest pastoral bard!
 Alone was fit to paint the pleasing tale,
 And teach mankind the charms of rural life!

Among the best of Ramsay's smaller productions are an Ode to Mr. Forbes, and some verses on Mrs. Forbes, late Lady New Hall, as she is called, according to the fashion of the time, whose maiden name, it appears, was Bruce. So fond he was of the place, that he begins his parody of one of Horace's Odes, as if seated at one of the front windows of the house, 'Look up to Pentland's tow'ring tops,' &c. and in an epistle to Gay the poet, either from this or Penny-cuick, where his patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, have their portraits, and were intimately acquainted, he addresses him thus:

To thee frae edge of Pentland height,
 Where fawns and fairies take delight,
 And revel a' the livelang night,

O'er giens and braes,
 A bard that has the second sight
 Thy fortune spaes.

This is the only place, in the neighbourhood of the Pentland range, that looks up in front of these mountains. In the month of May, the bright green sward of the Spittal hill is often, on this side, half covered and studded over with all the ewes of the farm, and

their young ones as white as snow, basking above the river, in the face of the sun, frisking and jumping about, or making the air resound with their bleatings; whilst the shepherd and his dog, laid on a neighbouring height, command the whole and seek the cooling breeze.

When, in a fine evening, from the front windows, in the month of July, the sun, with glowing clouds innumerable, inclines towards the western shoulder of the mountain, and his golden rays stream along its smooth and verdant surface, touching the slightest inequality, and deepening and extending every shadow; when at this time, the flock appears over the lawns and trees, from the other side, on its summit, and, spread like a white sheet, gradually contracting descends into the bughts, about mid-way down, where the milk maids await, "and," as it is expressed in the 4th scene of the 2d act, "Rosie lilt the milking of the ewes," attended by the shepherd wrapt in his plaid, with his staff and his dog; it is impossible not to join in the request of the poet, in that beautiful old Scottish melody, "Will you go to the ewe bughts;" and a scene as rich, as truly pastoral and sublime, is frequently presented to the eye, as ever was painted by Claude le Lorrain, or Thomson could describe. The wawking of the faulds, gives the tune to the very first song which opens the play under consideration, and was naturally pitched upon, where such an occurrence is also often and so strikingly exhibited.

From these circumstances, the manners, ideas, employments, language, and dress of the old inhabitants; the title of the former proprietor by whom the house was built; Ramsay's intimacy with his son, and attachment to the place; the shelter there given to the covenanters before the Restoration, which is commemorated with so much loyalty and exultation in the comedy; the mention made in it of General Monk; the tradition as to the witch in the glen at Carlops; the corresponding scenery at Habbie's Flow, and about the house; the number of streams, birches, rocks, cascades, and glens, with the natural shrubs and flowers growing wild upon the banks, together with the superior verdure and beauty of the neighbouring hills, particularly those in the front of the house; the reader may easily trace, from whence have sprung almost all the incidents and pastoral scenery of the *Gentle Shepherd*, the most beautiful of our Scottish Poems.

That striking scenery produces a very powerful effect upon the imagination; and, when it becomes an object of attachment, must influence and give a corresponding character to the productions of a poet, as well as of a painter, is unquestionable. A collection of fine words may be made, and strung mechanically together, as occasion requires, into something like a picture; but, as it is the combination, and not the words themselves, that produces the effect, it is from the study of nature only we can acquire those impressions to be conveyed to the reader, in a

striking description; and a poet, to excel in that branch of his art, must be alive to the charms of a good landscape; must collect from nature alone such objects as suit his purpose, in those places where the greatest number of them are to be met with; and in their distribution and colouring, must follow the same rules that that painter does, who pursues the only road to fame, in a similar species of composition. If it is nature that is to be represented, either on paper or canvas, and a true likeness given, she must sit for her picture. In this case no violation of custom or incongruity can ever take place. All Shenstone's descriptions, and many of his other Poems, are mere expressions of the feeling excited by the scenes among which he lived, and in which he delighted; and in this view, as containing the originals from whence his engaging descriptions were drawn, the Arcadian simplicity of the Leasowes, has been a greater object of curiosity and interest, to people of genuine sensibility and taste, than places crowded with the most expensive ornaments. Besides the national concern every Scotchman in particular must have, in whatever relates to a performance, which, as a PASTORAL COMEDY, has not been SURPASSED, or perhaps EQUALLED, in any language; in the same light, as the manners cannot be preserved, it was desirable to ascertain, at least, the spot from whence Ramsay had got those pastoral descriptions, and scenes, which are so imitably and faithfully copied. Accordingly the Gentle Shepherd no sooner drew admiration, than every trifling streamlet, in the direction of the Pent-

land Hills, was honoured with a Habbie's How; and having once got the name fixed upon it, the whole scenery of the Poem was applied to the neighbourhood, without producing any evidence, that Ramsay had ever resided in the place, or had ever an opportunity of seeing the spot itself. Some forgetting even that Habbie's How was a place, "Where a' the sweets of spring and summer grow," gave the name, as in the water of Glencroft, to a spot which has nothing peculiar in itself or neighbourhood; which is away from all inhabitants, bare, and surrounded with marshes; where there is scarcely a birch, or shrub, unless a stunted solitary thorn, or rowan sticking out, as if dropt, by accident, from a rock deserves the name; where not a flower, but that of whins, where the soil is dry, is to be found; and which Ramsay, from having no apparent connection with it, or its neighbourhood, in all probability never saw, or even heard of, in his life. On this account, to remove the disagreeable and unpleasant sensations arising from every species of uncertainty, and as a matter of curiosity, it has been endeavoured to fix, with precision, from whence the scenes of the Gentle Shepherd were drawn. Although unconnected with the honour and history of Scotland, such a subject is amusing, and as a matter of curiosity may lead to improvement. Curiosity is one of our earliest and strongest incitements to action; it is the only road to wisdom; it is the prime mover of philosophers, as well as of children; it is lively, entertaining, and innocent in its gratification; and what is the end of all our

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purpurs, even the most important, but the gratification of some one of those passions or appetites arising from external objects, through the mediums of perception and emotion, which constitute the very essence of our being, and without which life itself is beyond our comprehension? At this time New Hall, Carllops, and Spittal, all belonged to Mr. Forbes; and it is somewhat remarkable, that, while Allan Ramsay was encouraged by him, and Gay the poet was patronised by the intimate friends of Sir James Clerk at Penrynquick, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, his cousin, President Forbes, was the chief support of Thomson, who might often have been here along with him, and was also distinguished for the accuracy and engaging simplicity, as well as richness, of his descriptions of rural life and scenery.

Ramsay was an enthusiast in Scottish music, and besides his own, which are numerous, he has made a large collection of songs wrote by others of his countrymen; and it was in all probability from his connections with him, that Gay, whose genius, originally, seems to have been of a very similar cast, has shown his attachment to our tunes in his celebrated play of the Beggar's Opera.

These properties, on the death of Mr. Forbes, were disjoined, but are now again united; the farthest of the glens behind has been flooded, from the Harbour Craig upwards, and the banks are about to be covered with wood. An enriched obelisk has been raised

on the highest part of the lawn, betwixt and Mary's Bower, and a rustic hut near it, on a bold point on the brink of the glen. The inclosures and pleasure grounds, towards the road and hills in front, and the plantations have been much extended, both down to the lake and up towards the village, near which, on an eminence at the foot of the hills, a romantic and Arcadian scite has been chosen for a monument to their favourite pastoral Bard.

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The SCOTS LADIES. —

FAIR PATRONESSES,

FOR your innocent diversion, and to invite those engaging smiles which heighten your other beauties, the most part of my Poems were wrote, having had the pleasure to be sometimes approved of by you, which was the mark I chiefly aimed at. Allow me then to lay the following Collection at your feet; accept of it as a grateful return of every thought happily expressed by me, they being less owing to my natural genius, than to the inspiration of your charms.

I shall hope to be excused, when I drop the common form, and enter not into a detail of your qualities, although the fairest field for panegyric, but too extensive for a Dedication, and many of them the subjects which embellish the whole book.

With difficulty I curb myself, and decline so delight-

ful a theme: The ravishing images crowd upon me; but I will reserve them for Numbers. Prose is too low, and looks affected when dressed in the ornaments of panegyric.

Dear Ladies, pardon my escapes, and honour me always with your indulgent protection, and allow me ever to be,

May it please your Ladyships,

Your most humble,

Most obedient,

*Edinb. 14th July,
1721.*

And most faithful Servant,

ALLAN RAMSAY.

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P R E F A C E.

'TIS none of the least of my diversions to see one part of the world laughing at the other, yet all seem fully satisfied with their own opinions and abilities; but I shall never quarrel with any man whose temper is the reverse of mine, and enters not into the taste of the same pleasures. 'Tis as ridiculous for one to be disoblige'd at another's different way of thinking, as it is to challenge him for having a nose not of a shape with his. Every man is born with a particular bent, which will discover itself in spite of all opposition. Mine is obvious, which since I knew, I never inclined to curb, but rather encouraged myself in the pursuit, though many difficulties lay in my way.

Whether poetry be the most elevated, delightful and generous study in the world, is more than I dare affirm; but I think so; yet I am afraid, when the following miscellany is examined, I shall not be found to deserve the eminent character that belongs to the Epic Master, whose fire and phlegm is equally blended.—But Anacreon, Horace, and Waller were poets, and had their souls warmed with true poetic flame, although their patience fell short of those who could bestow a number of years on the finishing one heroic poem, and justly claim the pre-eminence.

If I know any faults in my own productions, am not fool enough to blaze them; perhaps they may be overlooked by the indulgence of my best friends, for whom I write.—'Tis not to be doubted that I have enemies; yes, I have been honoured with three or four satyrs, but such wretched stuff, that several of my friends

would alledge upon me, that I had wrote and published them myself (none of the worst politics I own), to make the world believe I had no foes but fools. Such pedants as confine learning to the critical understanding of the dead languages, while they are ignorant of the beauties of their mother-tongue, do not view me with a friendly eye; but I am even with them, when I tell them to their faces without blushing, that I understand Horace but faintly in the original and yet can feast on his beautiful thoughts dressed in British;—and do not see any great occasion for every man's being made capable to translate the classics, when they are so elegantly done to his hand. Nor do I value though Dr. Bently heard this; and perhaps it had been no worse for the great Lyrick, that this same Doctor had understood the Latin tongue as little as I.—If this paragraph chance to raise a nest of wasps, let them read the next to blunt their stings.

My cheerful friends will pardon (a very essential qualification of a poet) my vanity, when, in self-defence, I inform the ignorant, that many of the finest spirits, and of the highest quality and distinction, eminent for literature and knowledge of mankind, from an affability which ever accompanies great minds, tell me, “They are pleased with what I have done;” and add, “That my small knowledge of the dead or foreign languages is nothing to my disadvantage. King David, Homer, and Virgil (say they), were more ignorant of the Scots and English tongue, than you are of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin: Pursue your own natural manner, and be an Original.” One may very easily imagine, that I hear this with abundance of secret satisfaction and joy. The ladies too are on my side; they grace my song with the sweetness of their voices, conn over my pastoral, and smile at my innocent merry tale.

*Thus shielded by the Brave and Fair,
My foes may envy, but despair.*

That I have expressed my thoughts in my native dialect, was not only inclination, but the desire of my best and wisest friends; and most reasonable, since good imagery, just similes, and all manner of ingenious thoughts, in a well-laid design, disposed into numbers, is poetry.—Then good poetry may be in any language.—But some nations speak rough, and their words are confounded with a multitude of hard consonants which makes the numbers unharmonious: besides, their language is scanty, which makes a disagreeable repetition of the same words.—These are no defects in ours; the pronunciation is liquid and sonorous, and much fuller than the English, of which we are masters by being taught it in our schools and daily reading it; which being added to all our own native words, of eminent significancy, makes our tongue by far the completest; for instance, I can say, *an empty house, a toom barrel, a boss head, and a hollow heart.*—Many such examples might be given, but let this one suffice.

I cannot here omit a paragraph or two of a preface wrote by the learned Dr. Sewel, to a London edition of one of my pastorals, after he has said some things very handsomely in my favour.—In behalf of our language he expresses himself thus: “The following poem, if I am not mistaken (for I set up for no critic), is a true and just pastoral, abounding with those beauties, which are either required, or are to be found in the best esteemed pastorals. The Scotticisms, which perhaps may offend some over-nice ear, give new life and grace to the poetry, and become their place as well as the Doric dialect of Theocritus, so much admired by the best judges. When I mention that tongue, I bewail my own little knowledge of it, since I meet with so many words and phrases so expressive of the ideas they are intended to represent. A small acquaintance with that language, and our old English poets, will convince any man, that we spend too much time in looking abroad for trifling de-

licacies, when we may be treated at home with a more substantial as well as a more elegant entertainment."

There are some of the following, which we commonly reckon English poetry, such as *The Morning Interview*, *Content*, &c. but all their difference from the others is only in the orthography of some words; such as *from* for *frae*, *bold* for *bauld*, and some few names of things; and in those, though the words be pure English, the idiom or phraseology is still Scots.

Throughout the whole I have only copied from nature; and with all precaution have studied, as far as it came within the ken of my observation and memory, not to repeat what has been already said by others, though it be next to impossible sometimes to stand clear of them, especially in the little love-plots of a song.—There are towards the end of this miscellany, five or six imitations of Horace, which any acquainted with that author will presently observe.—I have only snatched at his thought and method in gross, and dressed them up in Scots, without confining myself to no more or no less; so that these are only to be reckoned a following of his manner.

This is all I think needful in defence of my book, and to keep it in countenance with a preface.



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To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY,

ON HIS POETICAL WORKS.

HAIL, Northern bard ! thou fav'rite of the Nine,
Bright, or as Horace did, or Virgil shine.
In ev'ry part of what thou'st done we find,
How they and great Apollo too have join'd,
To furnish thee with an uncommon skill,
And with poetic fire thy bosom fill.

Thy *Morning Interview* throughout is fraught
With tuneful numbers and majestic thought :
And Celia, who her lover's suit disdain'd,
Is by all-powerful gold at length obtain'd.

When winter's hoary aspect makes the plains
Unpleasant to the nymphs and jovial swains,
Sweetly thou dost thy rural couples call,
To pleasures known within Edina's wall.

When, Allan, thou, for reasons thou know'st best,
Doom'd busy Cowper to eternal rest,
What mortal could thine el'gy on him read,
And not have sworn he was defunct indeed !
Yet, that he might not lose accustom'd dues,
You rous'd him from the grave to open pews ;
Such magic, worthy Allan, hath thy muse.

Th' experienc'd bawd, in aptest strains thou'st made
Early instruct her pupils in their trade ;
Lest, when their faces wrinkled are with age,
They should not cullies as when young engage.
But on our sex why art thou so severe,
To wish for pleasure we may pay so dear ?
Suppose that thou had'st, after cheerful juice,
Met with a strolling harlot, wond'rous spruce,
And been by her prevail'd with to resort
Where claret might be drunk, or, if not, port ;

Suppose, I say, that this thou granted had,
And freedom took with the enticing jade,
Would'st thou not hope some artist might be found
To cure, if aught you ail'd, the smarting wound?

When of the Caledonian garb you sing
(Which from Tartana's distant clime you bring),
With how much force you recommend the plaid,
To ev'ry jolly swain, and lovely maid.
But if, as fame reports, some of those wights,
Who canton'd are among the rugged heights,
No breeks put on, should'st thou not them advise
(Excuse me, Ramsay, if I am too nice)
To take, as fitting 'tis, some speedy care,
That what should hidden be appears not bare;
Left damsels, yet unknowing, should by chance,
'Their nimble ogle t'wards the object glance:
If this thou dost, we, who the south possess,
May teach our females how they ought to dress;
But chiefly let them understand, 'tis meet,
They should their legs hide more, if not their feet,
Too much by help of whale-bone now display'd,
Ev'n from the duchess to the kitchen maid:
But with more reason, those who give distaste,
When on their uncouth limbs our eyes we cast.

Thy other sonnets in each stanza shew,
What, when of love you think, thy muse can do.
So movingly thou'st made the am'rous swain,
Wish on the muir his lass to meet again,
That I, methinks, find an unusual pain.
Nor hast thou, cheerful bard, express'd less skill;
When the brisk lass you sang of Patie's mill;
Or Susy, whom the lad with yellow hair
Thou'st made in soft and pleasing notes prefer
To nymphs less handsome, constant, gay, and fair.

In lovely strains kind Nancy you address,
And make fond Willy his coy Jean possess;

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Which done, thou'ft blest the lad in Nelly's arms,
 Who long had absent been 'midst dire alarms;
 And artfully you've plac'd within the grove,
 Jammie to hear his mistress own her love.

A gentle cure you've found for Strephon's breast,
 By scornful Betty long depriv'd of rest.
 And when the blissful pairs you thus have crown'd,
 You'd have the glafs go merrily around,
 To shake off care, and render sleep more found.

Whoe'er shall see, or hath already seen,
 Those bonny lines call'd *Christ's Kirk on the Green*,
 Must own that thou hast, to thy lasting praise,
 Deserv'd as well as royal *James* the bays.
 'Mong other things you've painted to the life
 A sot unactive lying by his wife,
 Which oft 'twixt wedded folks makes woful strife.

When 'gainst the scribbling knaves your pen you
 drew,
 How didst thou lash the vile presumptuous crew!
 Not much fain'd Butler, who had gone before,
 E'er ridicul'd his knight or Ralpho more;
 So well thou'ft done it, equal smart they feel,
 As if thou'd pierc'd their hearts with killing steel.

They thus subdu'd, you in pathetic rhyme,
 A subject undertook that's more sublime;
 By noble thoughts and words discreetly join'd,
 Thou'ft taught me how I may contentment find.
 And when to Addie's fame you touch the lyre,
 Thou sang'st like one of the seraphic choir.
 So smoothly flow thy nat'ral rural strains,
 So sweetly too you've made the mournful swains
 His death lament, what mortal can forbear
 Shedding, like us, upon his tomb a tear?

Go on, fam'd bard, thou wonder of our days,
 And crown thy head with never-fading bays;

While grateful Britons do thy lines revere,
And value, as they ought, their Virgil here.

J. BURCHET.

TO THE AUTHOR.

AS once I view'd a rural scene,
With summer's sweet profusely wild,
Such pleasure sooth'd my giddy sense,
I ravish'd stood, while nature smil'd.

Straight I resolv'd, and chose a field
Where all the spring I might transfer :
There stood the trees in equal rows,
Here Flora's pride in one parterre.

The task was done, the sweets were fled,
Each plant had lost its sprightly air,
As if they grudg'd to be confin'd,
Or to their will not matched were.

The narrow scene displeas'd my mind,
Which daily still more homely grew ;
At length I fled the loathed sight,
And hy'd me to the fields a-new.

Here nature wanton'd in her prime :
My fancy rang'd the boundless waste ;
Each different sight pleas'd with surprise,
I welcom'd back the pleasures past.

Thus some who feel Apollo's rage,
Would teach their muse her dress and time,
'Till hamper'd so with rules of art,
They smother quite the vital flame.

They daily chime the same dull tone,
Their muse no daring sallies grace,
But stiffly held with bit and curb,
Keeps heavy trot, tho' equal pace.

HET.

But who takes nature for his rule,
 Shall by her generous bounty shine;
 His easy muse revels at will,
 And strikes new wonders every line.
 Keep then, my friend your native guide;
 Never distrust her plenteous store,
 Ne'er less propitious will she prove
 Than now, but, if she can, still more.

C. T.

TO MR. ALLAN RAMSAY.

Too blindly partial to my native tongue,
 Fond of the smoothness of our English song;
 At first thy numbers did uncouth appear,
 And shock'd th' affected niceness of the ear;
 Thro' Prejudice's eye each page I see;
 Tho' all were beauties, none were so to me.
 Yet sham'd at last, whilst all thy genius own,
 To have that genius hid from me alone,
 Resolv'd to find for praise or censure cause,
 Whether to join with all, or all oppose;
 Careful I read thee o'er and o'er again;
 At length the useful search requites my pain;
 My false distaste to instant pleasures turn'd,
 As much I envy as before I scorn'd;
 And thus the error of my pride to clear,
 Sign my honest recantation here.

C. BECKINGHAM.

To Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS POEMS.

DEAR Allan, who that hears your strains,
 Can grudge that you should wear the bays,
 When 'tis so long since Scotia's plains
 Could boast of such melodious lays?

What tho' the critics, snarling curs!
 Cry out, Your Pegasus wants reins;
 Bid them provide themselves of spurs,
 Such riders need not fear their brains.

A muse that's healthy, fair, and sound,
 With noble ardour fearless hastes
 O'er hill and dale; but carpet-ground
 Was ay for tender-footed beasts.

E'en let the fustian coxcombs chuse
 Their carpet-ground; but the green field
 Was held a walk for Virgil's muse,
 And Virgil was an unco chield!

Your muse, upon her native stock
 Subsisting, raises thence a name;
 While they are forc'd to pick the lock
 Of other bards, and pilfer fame.

Oft when I read your joyous lines,
 So full of pleasant jests and wit,
 So blyth and gay the humour shines,
 It gives me many a merry fit.

Then when I hear of Maggy's charms,
 And Roger tholing fair disdain,
 The bonny lads my bosom warms,
 And mickle I bemoan the swain.

For who can hear the lad complain,
And not participate and feel
His artless undissembled pain,
Unless he has a heart of steel?

But Patie's wiles and cunning arts
Appease th' imaginary grief,
Declare him well a clown of parts,
And bring the wretched wight relief.

More might be said, but in a friend
Encomiums seem but dull and flat;
The wise approve, but fools commend,
A Pope's authority for that.

Else *certes* 'twere in me unmeet,
To grudge the muse's utmost force,
Or spare in such a cause my feet,
To clinch at least in praise of your's.

JA. ARBUCKLE.



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TO THE
C R I T I C.

STAND, Critic, and before ye read,
Say, are ye free of party feud;
Or of a faul sae scrimp and rude,
To envy every thing that's good;
And if I should, perhaps, by chance,
Something that's new and smart advance,
Resolve ye not with scornful snuff,
To say 'tis a' confounded stuff;
If that's the case, Sir, spare your spite,
For, faith, 'tis not for you I write;
Gae gie your censure higher scope,
And Congreve criticise, or Pope;
Young's satires, or Swift's merry smile;
These, these are writers worth your while;
On me your talents wad be lost,
And tho' you gain a simple boast;
I want a reader wha deals fair,
And not ae real fault will spare;
Yet with good humour will allow
Me praise, whene'er 'tis justly due;
Blest be sic readers—but the rest,
That are with spleen and spite oppres'd,
May bards arise to gar them look divine
To death, with lays the maist divine,
For sma's the skaith they'll get by mine.

How many, and of various natures,
Are on this globe the crowd of creatures;
In Mexicanian forests fly
Thousands that never wing'd our sky;
'Mangst them there's ane of feathers fair,

That in the music bears nae skair,
 Only an imitating ranter,
 For whilk he bears the name of Taunter;
 Soon as the sun springs frae the east,
 Upon the branch he cocks his crest,
 Attentive, when frae bough and spray
 The tunefu' throats salute the day:
 'The brainless beau attacks them a',
 No ane escapes him great or sma';
 Frae some he takes the tone and manner,
 Frae this a bass, frae that a tenor,
 Turns love's soft plaint to a dull bustle,
 And sprightly airs to a vile whistle;
 Still labouring thus to counterfeit,
 He shaws the poorness of his wit.
 Anes, when with echo loud the taunter
 Tret with contempt ilk native chanter,
 Ané of them says, We own 'tis true,
 Few praises to our sangs are due;
 But pray, Sir, let's have ane frae yon.

THE MORNING INTERVIEW.

*Such killing looks, so thick the arrows fly,
 That 'tis unsafe to be a slander by:
 Poets approaching to describe the fight,
 Are by their wounds instructed how to write.*

WALLER, 136.

WHEN silent show'rs refresh the pregnant soil,
 And tender sallats eat with Tuscan oil,
 Harmonious music gladdens every grove,
 While bleating lambkins from their parents rove,
 And o'er the plain the anxious mothers stray,
 Calling their tender care with hoarser bae.
 Now cheerful Zephyr from the western skies,
 With easy flight o'er painted meadows flies

To kiss his Flora with a gentle air,
Who yields to his embrace, and looks more fair. 10

When from debauch, with sp'ritous juice oppress'd,
The sons of Bacchus stagger home to rest,
With tatter'd wigs, foul shoes, and uncock'd hats,
And all bedaub'd with snuff their loose cravats ;

The sun began to sip the morning dew, 15
As Damon from his restless pillow flew.

Him late from Celia's cheek a patch did wound,
A patch high seated on the blushing round.

His painful thoughts all night forbid him rest,
And he employ'd that night as one oppress'd ; 20

Musing revenge, and how to countermine
The strongest force, and ev'ry deep design
Of patches, fans, of necklaces and rings,
Ev'n music's pow'r, when Celia plays or sings.

Fatigu'd with running errands all the day, 25

} Happy in want of thought, his valet lay,
Recruiting strength with sleep.—His master calls,
He starts with lock'd-up eyes, and beats the walls.

A second thunder rouses up the sot,
He yawns and murmurs curses thro' his throat: 30

Stockings awry, and breeches knees unlac'd,

And buttons do mistake their holes for haste.

His master raves,—cries, Roger, make dispatch,
Time flies apace. He frown'd, and look'd his watch :

Haste, do my wig, ty't with the careless knots, 35

And run to Civet's, let him fill my box.

LER, 130. Go to my laundress, see what makes her stay,

And call a coach and barber in your way.

Thus orders juggle orders in a throng : 40
Roger with laden mem'ry trots along.

His errands done, with brushes next he must

Renew his toil amidst perfuming dust ;

5 The yielding comb he leads with artful care,
Through crook'd meanders of the flaxen hair:

E'er this perform'd he's almost choak'd to death, 45

The air is thicken'd, and he pants for breath.

The trav'ler thus, in the Numidian plains,
A conflict with the driving sands sustains.

Two hours are past, and Damon is equipt,
Pensive he stalks and meditates the fight:
Arm'd *cap-a-pee*, in dress a killing beau,
Thrice view'd his glass, and thrice resolv'd to go,
Flush'd full of hope to overcome his foe.
His early pray'rs were all to Paphos sent,
That Jove's sea-daughter wou'd give her consent ;
Cry'd, " Send thy little son unto my aid ;"
Then took his hat, tripp'd out, and no more said.
What lofty thoughts do sometimes push a man
Beyond the verge of his own native span !
Keep low thy thoughts, frail clay, nor boast thy

pow'r,

Fate will be fate ; and since there's nothing sure,
Vex not thyself too much, but catch th' auspicious
hour.

The tow'ring lark had thrice his mattins sung,
And thrice were bells for pious service rung ;
In plaids wrapp'd up, prudes throng the sacred dome, 65
And leave the spacious petticoat at home :
While softest dreams seal'd up fair Celia's eyes,
She dreams of Damon, and forgets to rise.
A sportive Sylph contrives the subtle snare ;
Sylphs know the charming baits which catch the fair ;
She shews him handsome, brawny, rich, and young,
With snuff-box, cane, and sword-knot finely hung,
Well skill'd in airs of dangle, tofs and rap,
Those graces which the tender hearts entrap.

Where Aulus oft makes law for justice pass,
And *Charles's* statue stands in lasting brass,
Amidst a lofty square which strikes the sight,
With spacious fabrics of stupendous height ;
Whose sublime roofs in clouds advance so high,
They seem the watch-tow'rs of the nether sky ;
Where once, alas ! where once the three estates
Of Scotland's parliament held free debates ;

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Here Celia dwelt, and here did Damon move,
Press'd by his rigid fate, and raging love.

To her apartment straight the daring swain 85
Approach'd, and softly knock'd, nor knock'd in vain.

The nymph new-wak'd starts from the lazy down,

And rolls her gentle limbs in morning-gown:

But half awake, she judges it must be

Frankalia come, to take her morning tea;

Cries, Welcome, cousin: But she soon began

To change her visage when she saw a man;

Her unfix'd eyes with various turnings range,

And pale surprize to modest red exchange:

Doubtful 'twixt modesty and love she stands,

Then ask'd the bold impertinent's demands.

Her strokes are doubled, and the youth now found

His pains increase, and open ev'ry wound.

Who can describe the charms of loose attire?

Who can resist the flames with which they fire? 100

Ah, barbarous maid! he cries, sure native charms

Are too too much, why then such store of arms?

Madam, I come, prompt by th' uneasy pains

Caus'd by a wound from you, and want revenge:

A borrow'd pow'r was posted on a charm; 105

A patch, damn'd patch! can patches work such harm?

He said, then threw a bomb, lay hid within

Love's mortar piece, the dimple of his chin:

It miss'd for once; she lifted up her head,

And blush'd a smile that almost struck him dead; 110

Then cunningly retir'd, but he pursu'd

Near to the toilet, where the war renew'd.

Thus the great Fabius often gain'd the day

O'er Hannibal, by frequent giving way:

So warlike Bruce and Wallace sometimes deign'd 115

To seem defeat, yet certain conquest gain'd.

Thus was he laid in midst of Celia's room,

Speechless he stood, and waited for his doom:

Words were but vain, he scarce could use his breath,

As round he view'd the implements of death. 120

Her dreadful arms in careless heaps were laid
 In gay disorder round her tumbled bed ;
 He often to the soft retreat would stare,
 Still wishing he might give the battle there.
 Stunn'd with the thought, his wand'ring looks did
 stray

To where lac'd shoes and her silk stockings lay, } 125
 And garters which are never seen by day.

His dazzl'd eyes almost deserted light,
 No man before had ever got the sight :

A lady's garters, earth ! their very name,
 Though yet unseen, sets all the soul on flame. } 130

The royal Ned knew well their mighty charms,
 Else he'd ne'er hoop'd one round the English arms.

Let barb'rous honours crown the sword and lance,
 Thou next their king does British knights advance, } 136

O garter ! *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

O who can all these hidden turns relate,

That do attend on a rash lover's fate !

In deep distress the youth turn'd up his eyes,
 As if to ask assistance from the skies.

The petticoat was hanging on a pin,
 Which the unlucky swain star'd up within ;

His curious eyes too daringly did rove,
 Around this oval conic vault of love :

Himself alone can tell the pain he found,
 While his wild sight survey'd forbidden ground. } 145

He view'd the ten-fold fence, and gave a groan ;

His trembling limbs bespoke his courage gone :

Stupid and pale he stood, like statue dumb,

The amber snuff dropt from his careless thumb. } 150

Be silent here, my muse, and shun a plea,

May rise betwixt old Bickerstaff and me,

For none may touch a petticoat but he.

132 The royal Ned.] *Edward III. king of England*
who established the most honourable Order of the Garter.

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Damon thus foil'd, breath'd with a dying tone,
 " Assist ye pow'rs of love, else I am gone." 155

The ardent pray'r soon reach'd the Cyprian grove,
 Heard and accepted by the Queen of Love.

Fate was propitious too, her son was by,
 Who 'midst his dread artillery did lie,
 Of Flanders lace, and straps of curious dye. 160

On India muslin shades the god did loll,
 His head reclin'd upon a tinsy roll.

The mother goddess thus her son bespoke :
 " Thou must, my boy, assume the shape of Shock,
 And leap to Celia's lap, whence thou may slip 165

Thy paw up to her breast, and reach her lip ;
 Strike deep thy charms, thy pow'rful art display,
 To make young Damon conqueror to-day.

Thou need not blush to change thy shape, since Jove
 Try'd most of brutal forms to gain his love ; 170
 Who, that he might his loud Saturnia gull,
 For fair Europa's sake inform'd a bull."

She spoke—Not quicker does the lamp of day
 Dart on the mountain-tops a gilded ray,
 Swifter than light'ning flies before the clap, 175
 From Cyprus ill he reached Celia's lap ;

Now fawns, now wags his tail, and licks her arm ;
 She hugs him to her breast, nor dreads the harm.

So in Ascanius' shape, the god unseen,
 Of old deceiv'd the Carthaginian queen. 180

So now the subtle Pow'r his time espies,
 And threw two barbed darts in Celia's eyes:

Many were broke before he cou'd succeed ;
 But that of gold flew whizzing threw her head:
 These were his last reserve.—When others fail, 185

Then the refulgent metal must prevail.
 Pleasure produc'd by money now appears,

Coaches and fix run rattling in her ears.

O liv'ry-men! attendants! household plate!
 Court-posts and visits! pompous air and state! 190

How can your splendour easy access find,
 And gently captivate the fair one's mind?
 Success attends, Cupid has play'd his part,
 And sunk the pow'rful venom to her heart.
 She cou'd no more, she's catch'd in the snare.
 Sighing she fainted in her easy chair.
 No more the sanguine streams in blushes glow,
 But to support the heart all inward flow,
 Leaving the cheek as cold and white as snow.
 Thus Celia fell, or rather thus did rise;
 Thus Damon made, or else was made a prize;
 For both were conquerors, and both did yield;
 First she, now he, is master of the field.

Now he resumes fresh life, abandons fear,
 Jumps to his limbs, and does more gay appear.
 Not gaming heir, when his rich parent dies;
 Not zealot reading Hackney's party lies;
 Not soft fifteen on her feet-washing night;
 Not poet when his muse sublimes her flight;
 Not an old maid for some young beauty's fall;
 Not the long 'tending Stibler at his call,
 Not husbandman in drougt when rain descends;
 Not miss when Limberham his purse extends,
 E'er knew such raptures as this joyful swain,
 When yielding, dying Celia calm'd his pain.
 The rapid joys now in such torrents roll,
 That scarce his organs can retain his soul.

Victor, he's gen'rous, courts the fair's esteem,
 And takes a balon fill'd with limpid stream,
 Then from his fingers form'd an artful rain,
 Which rous'd the dormant spirits of her brain,
 And made the purple channels flow again.
 She lives, he sings; she smiles, and looks more tame:
 Now peace and friendship is the only theme.

211 Stibler.] *A probationer.*

213 Limberham.] *A kind keeper.*

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The muse owns freely here she does not know
 If language pass'd between the belle and beau,
 Or if in courtship such use words or no.
 But, sure it is, there was a parley beat,
 And mutual love finish'd the proud debate.
 Then to complete the peace and seal the bliss,
 He for a diamond ring receiv'd a kiss
 Of her soft hand.—Next the aspiring youth,
 With eager transports press'd her glowing mouth.
 So by degrees the eagles teach their young
 To mount on high, and stare upon the sun.

A sumptuous entertainment crowns the war,
 And all rich requisites are brought from far.
 The table boasts its being from Japan,
 Th' ingenious work of some great artisan.
 China, where potters coarsest mould refine,
 That rays through the transparent vessels shine;
 The costly plates and dishes are from thence,
 And Amazonia must her sweets dispense;
 To her warm banks our vessels cut the main,
 For the sweet product of her luscious cane.
 Here Scotia does no costly tribute bring,
 Only some kettles full of Todian spring.

Where Indus and the double Ganges flow,
 On odorif'rous plains the leaves do grow,
 Chief of the treat, a plant the boast of fame,
 Sometimes call'd Green, Bohea's its greater name.

O happiest of herbs! who would not be
 Pythagoriz'd into the form of thee,
 And with high transports act the part of tea!

C

227 Use words.] *It being alledged that the eloquence of this species lies in the elegance of dress.*

243 Amazonia.] *A famous river in South America, whence we have our sugar.*

247 Todian spring.] *Tod's well, which supplies the city with water.*

Kisses on thee the haughty belles bestow, 225
 While in thy streams their coral lips do glow;
 Thy virtues and thy flavour they commend,
 While men, even beaux, with parched lips attend.

EPILOGUE.

THE curtain's drawn; now gen'rous reader say,
 Have ye not read worse numbers in a play? 260
 Sure here is plot, place, character, and time,
 All smoothly wrought in good firm British rhyme.
 I own 'tis but a sample of my lays,
 Which asks the civil sanction of your praise.
 Bestow't with freedom, let your praise be ample, 265
 And I myself will shew you good example.
 Keep up your face, altho' dull critics squint,
 And cry with empty nod, There's nothing in't:
 They only mean there's nothing they can use;
 Because they find most where there's most refuse. 270

ELEGY ON MAGGY JOHNSTON*,

Who died anno 1711.

AULD Recky, mourn in sable hue,
 Let fouth of tears dreep like May dew;

* *Maggy Johnston lived about a mile southward of Edinburgh, kept a little farm, and had a particular art of brewing a small sort of ale, agreeable to the taste, very white, clear, and intoxicating, which made people, who loved to have a good penny-worth for their money, be her frequent customers. And many others of every station, sometimes for diversion, thought it no affront to be seen in her barn or yard.*

1 Auld Recky.] A name the country people give Edinburgh from the cloud of smoke or reck that is always impending over it.

225 To braw tippony bid adieu,
Which we with greed
Bended as fast as she cou'd brew,
But ah! she's dead. 6

To tell the truth, now Maggy dang,
Of customers she had a bang;
For lairds and souters a' did gang
To drink bedeen:
The barn and yard was aft sae thrang,
We took the green. 12

And there by dizens we lay down;
Sync sweetly ca'd the healths aroun',
To bonny lassies black or brown,
As we loo'd best;
In bumpers we dull cares did drown,
And took our rest. 18

When in our pouch we fand some clinks,
And took a turn o'er Bruntfield Links,
Aften in Maggy's, at hy-jinks,
We guzzl'd scuds,
'Till we could scarce, wi' hale out drinks,
Cast aff our duds. 24

C 2

3 To braw tippony.] *She sold the Scots pint, which is near two quarts English for two pence.*

7 Maggy dang.] *He dings, or dang, is a phrase which means to excel or get the better.*

20 Bruntfield Links.] *Fields between Edinburgh and Maggy's, where the citizens commonly play at the game.*

21 Hy-jinks.] *A drunken game, or new project to drink and be rich: thus the queff or cup is filled to the brim, then one of the company takes a pair of dice and after crying Hy-jinks, he throws them out: The number he casts up points out the person that must drink; he who threw beginning at himself number one, and so round till the number of the person agree with that of the*

We drank and drew, and fill'd again,
 O wow but we were blyth and fain!
 When ony had their count mistain,
 O it was nice,
 To hear us a' cry, "Pike ye'r bain
 And spell ye'r dice."

Fou clos we us'd to drink and rant,
 Until we baith did glowr and gaunt,
 And pish and spew, and yesk and maunt,
 Right swash I true;
 Then of auld stōries we did cant
 Whan we were fou.

Whan we were weary'd at the gowff,
 Then Maggy Johnston's was our howff;
 Now a' our gamesters may sit dowff,
 Wi' hearts like lead.

dice (which may fall upon himself, if the number be within twelve); then he sets the dice to him, or bids him take them; he on whom they fall is obliged to drink, or pay a small forfeiture in money; then throws, and so on; but if he forget to cry Hy-jinks, he pays a forfeiture into the bank: Now he on whom it falls to drink, if there be any thing in bank worth drawing, gets it all if he drinks; then with a great deal of caution he empties his cup, sweeps up the money, and orders the cup to be filled again, and then throws; for if he err in the articles, he loses the privilege of drawing the money. The articles are (1) Drink, (2) Draw, (3) Fill, (4) Cry Hy-jinks, (5) Count just, (6) Chuse your doublet-man, viz. when two equal numbers of the dice is thrown, the person whom you chuse must pay double of the common forfeiture, and so must you when the dice is in his hand. A rare project this, and no bubble I can assure you; for a covetous fellow may save money, and get himself as drunk as he can desire in less than an hour's time.

29 Pike ye'r bain.] Is a cant phrase, when one leaves a little in the cup, he is advised to pike his bone, i. e. drink it clean out.

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Death wi' his rung rax'd her a yowff,
And fae she's dead. 42

Maun we be forc'd thy skill to tine,
For which we will right fair repine?
Or hast thou left to bairns of thine
The pauky knack
Of brewing ale amaisf like wine,
That gar'd us crack. 48

Sae brawly did a pease-scon toast
Biz i' the queff, and flie the frost;
There we got fou wi' little cost,
And muckle speed;
Now wae worth Death, our sports a' lost,
Since Maggy's dead. 54

Ae summer night I was fae fou,
Amang the rigs I gaed to spew;
Syne down on a green bawk, I trow,
I took a nap,
And foucht a' night balillilow,
As sound's a tap. 60

And whan the dawn begoud to glow,
I hirsl'd up my dizzy pow,
Frae 'mang the corn like wirricow,
Wi' bains fae fair,
And ken'd nae mair than if a ew
How I came there.

C 3

41 Rax'd her a yowff.] Reached her a blow.
50 Flie the frost.] Or, fright the frost or coldness out of it.
55 Ae summer night, &c.] The two following stanzas
are a true narrative:—

On that sid place where I'maist brak my bains,
To be a warning I set up twa slanes,
That nane may venture there as I hae done,
Unless we frosted nails be clink his stoon.

Some said it was the pith o' broom
 That she stow'd in her masking loom,
 Which in our heads rais'd sic a foam;
 Or some wild feed,
 Which aft the chappin stoup did toom,
 But fill'd our head.

But now since 'tis sae that we must
 Not in the best ale put our trust,
 But whan we're auld return to dust,
 Without remead,
 Why shou'd we tak it in disgust
 That Maggy's dead.

Of warldly comforts she was rife,
 And liv'd a lang and hearty life,
 Right free of care, or toil, or strife,
 'Till she was stale,
 And ken'd to be a kanny wife,
 At brewing ale.

Then farewell Maggy, douce and fell,
 Of brewers a' thou boor the bell;
 Let a' thy goffies yelp and yell,
 And without feed,
 Guess whether ye're in heav'n or hell,
 They're sure ye're dead.

EPITAPH.

O rare MAGGY JOHNSTON.

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ELEGY ON JOHN COWPER*,

Kirk-Treasurer's Man—anno 1714.

I WAIRN ye a' to greet and drone,
 John Cowper's dead, Ohon! ohon!
 To fill his post alake there's none,
 That wi' sic speed
 Cou'd sa'r sculdudry out like John,
 But now he's dead.

* 'Tis necessary, for the illustration of this elegy to strangers, to let them a little into the history of the kirk-treasurer and his man. The treasurer is chosen every year, a citizen respected for riches and honesty; he is vested with an absolute power to seize and imprison the girls that are too impatient to have on their green gown before it be hemm'd; them he strictly examines, but no liberty to be granted till a fair account be given of these persons they have obliged; it must be so; a list is frequently given sometimes of a dozen or thereby of married or unmarried unfair traders, whom they secretly assisted in running their goods; these his lordship makes pay to some purpose, according to their ability, for the use of the poor: If the lads be obstreperous, the kirk-sessions, and, worst of all, the stool of repentance is threatened, a punishment which few of any spirit can bear.

The treasurer being changed every year, never comes to be perfectly acquainted with the affair; but their general servant continuing for a long time, is more expert at discovering such persons, and the places of their resort, which makes him capable to do himself and customers both a good or an ill turn.—John Cowper maintained this post with activity and good success for several years.

5 Sa'r Sculdudry.] In allusion to a scent dog, Sa'r from savour or smell: Sculdudry, a name commonly given to whoring.

He was right nacky in his way,
And eydent baith by night and day,
He wi' the lads his part cou'd play,
When right fair fleed,
He gart them good bill-filler pay,
But now he's dead.

Of whore-hunting he gat his fill,
And made be't mony a pint and gill:
O' his braw poft he thought nae ill,
Nor did nae need,
Now they may mak a kirk and mill
O't, since he's dead.

Altho' he was nae man of weir,
Yet mony a ane, wi' quaking fear,
Durst scarce afore his face appear,
But hide their head:
The wylie carle he gather'd gear,
And yet he's dead.

Ay now, to some part far awa',
Alas, he's gane and left it a'!
May be to some fad whilliwah
O' fremit blood,
'Tis an ill wind that dis na blaw
Some body good.

Fy upon Death, he was to blame
To whirle poor John to his lang hame :
But tho' his arse be cauld, yet fame,
Wi' tout o' trumpet,
Shall tell how Cowper's awfu' name
Cou'd flie a strumpet.

II Bill-filler.] Bull silver.

She saw the Cow well serv'd, and took a great.

27 Whilliwha o' fremit blood.] Whilliwha is a kind of an insinuating deceitful fellow: Fremit blood, not akin, because he had then no legitimate heirs of his own body.

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He ken'd the bawds and lowns fou weil,
 And where they us'd to rant and reel,
 He paukily on them cou'd steal,
 And spoil their sport;
 Aft did they wish the muckle de'il
 Might tak him for't.

48

32 But ne'er a ane o' them he spar'd,
 E'en though there was a drunken laird
 To draw his sword, and make a faird
 In their defence,
 John quietly put them in the guard
 To learn mair sence.

48

18 There maun they lie till sober grown,
 The lad neist day his fault maun own;
 And to keep a' things hush and lown,
 He minds the poor,
 Syne after a' his ready's flown,
 He damns the whore.

44

24 And she, poor jade, withoutten din,
 Is sent to Leith-wynd fit to spin,
 Wi' heavy heart, and claithing thin,
 And hungry wame,
 And ilka month a well paid skin
 To mak her tame.

60

34 But now they may scoure up an' down,
 And safely gang their wakes aroun',
 Spreading the clap throw a' the town,
 But fear or dread;
 For that great kow to bawd an' loun,
 John Cowper's dead.

66

45 Make a faird.] *A bustle like a bully.*

52 He minds the poor.] *Pays busb-money to the trea-*

[Gay.urer

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, not akin,
y.
56 Leith-wynd fit.] *The house of correction at the foot
of Leith-wynd, such as Bridewell in London.*

Shame fa' ye'r chandler chafts, O Death!
 For flapping o' John Cowper's breath:
 The los' o' him is public skaith:
 I dare well say,
 To quat the grip he was right laith
 This mony a day.

POSTSCRIPT.

OF umquhile John to lie or bann,
 Shaws but ill will, and looks right shan,
 But some tell odd tales o' the man,
 For fifty head
 Can gie their aith they've seen him gawn
 Since he was dead.

Keek but up thro' the Stinking Stile
 On Sunday morning a wee while,
 At the kirk door, out frae an isle,
 It will appear;
 But tak good tent ye dinna file
 Ye'r breeks for fear.

For well we wat it is his ghaist;
 Wow, wad some fouk that can do't best
 Speak till't, an' hear what it confes'd;

67 Chandler chafts.] *Lean or meagre cheeked, when the bones appear like the sides or corners of a candlestick, which the Scots we call a chandler.*

77 Seen him gawn.] *The common people when they tell their tales of ghosts appearing, they say, he has been seen gawn or stalking.*

79 Stinking Stile.] *Opposite to this place is the door of the church which he attends, being a beadle.*

86 Wow, wad some fouk that can do't best.] *Another vulgar notion, that a ghost will not be laid to rest till some priest speak to it, and get account what disturbs it.*

'Tis a good deed
To send a wand'ring soul to rest
Amang the dead.

90

ELEGY ON LUCKY WOOD *

In the Canongate—May 1717.

O CANNIGATE! poor elritch hole,
What loss, what crosses does thou thole!
London and death gars thee look drole,
An' hing thy head;
Wow, but thou has e'en a cauld coal
To blaw indeed.

6

Hear me, ye hills, and every glen,
Ilk craig, ilk cleugh, and hollow den,
And echo shrill, that a' may ken
The waefou thud
By racklef death, wha came unsenn
To Lucky Wood.

12

She's dead, o'er true, she's dead and gane,
Left us and Willie burd alane,

* *Lucky Wood kept an ale-house in the Canongate, was much
respected for hospitality, honesty, and the neatness both of her per-
son and house.*

3 London and death.] *The place of her residence being
the greatest sufferer by the loss of our members of parliament,
which London now enjoys, many of them having their houses there,
being the suburb of Edinburgh nearest the King's palace; this,
with the death of Lucky Wood, are sufficient to make the place
unlucky.*

11 Came unsenn.] *Or unsent for. There is nothing ex-
traordinary in this, it being his common custom, except in some
instances of late, since the falling of the bubbles, i. e. South
sea adventurers*

14 Willie.] *Her husband, William Wood.*

To bleer and greet, to sab and mane,
 And rugg our hair,
 Because we'll ne'er see her again
 For ever mair.

She gaed as fait as a new preen,
 And kept her housie snod and bien;
 Her peuther glanc'd upo' your e'en
 Like filler plate;
 She was a donsie wife and clean,
 Without debate.

It did ane good to see her stools,
 Her boord, fire-side, and facing tools;
 Rax, chandlers, tangs and fire-shools,
 Basket wi' bread.
 Poor Facers now may chew pea-hools,
 Since Lucky's dead.

She ne'er gae in a lawin fause,
 Nor sloups a' froath aboon the hause,
 Nor kept dow'd tip within her waws,
 But reaming swats;
 She never ran sour jute, because
 It gees the batts.

She had the gate sae weil to please,
 With *gratis* beef, dry fish or cheese,
 Which kept our purses ay at ease,

26 Facing tools.] *Stoups, or pots, and cups, so called from the Facers.*—See l. 29.

29. Poor Facers.] *The Facers were a club of fair drinkers, who inclined rather to spend a shilling on ale than two-pence for meat: They had their name from a rule which they observed of obliging themselves to throw all they left in the cup in their own faces; wherefore, to save their face and cloaths, they prudently suck'd the liquor clean out.*

31 She ne'er gae in, &c.] *All this verse is a fine picture of an honest ale-seller: a rarity.*

And health in tift,
And lent her fresh nine gallon trees
A hearty lift. 42

She gae us aft hail legs o' lamb,
And did nae hain her mutton ham;
Then ay at Yule, whene'er we came,
A braw goose pye;
And was nae that good belly baum?
Nane dare deny. 43

The writer lads fow wiel may mind her,
Furthry was she, her luck design'd her
Their common mither, sure nane kinder
Ever brake bread;
She has nae left her mak' behind her,
But now she's dead. 54

To the sma' hours we aft sat still,
Nick'd round our toasts and snifhing mill;
Good cakes we wanted ne'er at will,
The best of bread;
Which aften cost us mony a gill
To Aikenhead. 60

Cou'd our saut tears like Clyde down rin,
And had we cheeks like Corra's lin,
That a' the warld might hear the din
Rair frae ilk head;
She was the wale of a' her kin,
But now she's dead. 66

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60 To Aikenhead.] *The Nether-bow porter, to whom
Lucky's customers were often obliged for opening the port for
them, when they staid out till the small hours after midnight.*

62 Like Corra's lin.] *A very high precipice nigh La-
mark, over which the river of Clyde falls, making a great noise
which is heard some miles off.*

O Lucky Wood! 'tis hard to bear
The loss; but, Oh! we maun forbear;
Yet fall thy memory be dear
While blooms a tree;
And after ages bairns will speir
'Bout thee and me.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this sod
Lies Lucky Wood,
Whom a' men might put faith in;
Who was nae sweer,
While she winn'd here,
To cram our wames for naithing.

THE LIFE AND ACTS OF.

OR,

AN ELEGY ON PATIE BIRNIE.

*The famous fiddler of Kinghorn;
Who gart the lieges garwiff and girn ay,
Aft 'till the cock proclaim'd the morn:
Tho' baith his * weeds and mirth were pirny,
He roos'd these things were langest worn,
The brown ale barrel was his kirn ay,
And faithfully he toom'd his born.*

And then besides his valiant acts,
At bridals he wan many placks.

HAB. SIMPSON.

In sonnet flee the man I sing,
His rare engine in rhyme shall ring,

* Weeds and mirth were pirny.] *When a piece of fish*

Wha slid the stick out o'er the string,
 Wi' sic an art;
 Wha sang sae sweetly to the spring,
 And rais'd the heart.

6

Kinghorn may rue the ruefu' day
 That lighted Patie to his clay,
 Wha gart the hearty billies stay,
 And spend their cash,
 To see his snowt, to hear him play,
 And gab sae gash.

12

When strangers landed, wow sae thrang,
 Puffing and peghing, he wa'd gang,
 And crave their pardon that sae lang,
 He'd been a coming;
 Syne his bread-winner out he'd bang,
 And fa' to bumming.

18

Your honour's father, dead and gane,
 For him he first wad mak' his main,
 But soon his face cou'd mak' ye fain,
 D 2

is wrought unequally, part coarse and part fine, of yarn of different colours, we call it pirny, from the pirn, or little hollow reed, which holds the yarn in the shuttle.

13 When strangers landed.] *It was his custom to watch when strangers went into a public-house, and attend them, pretending they had sent for him, and that he could not get away sooner from other company.*

19 Your honour's father.] *It was his first compliment to one (though he had perhaps never seen him nor any of his predecessors), that well he kens his honour's father, and been merry with him, and an excellent good fellow he was.*

IPSON.

21 Soon his face cou'd mak' ye fain.] *Shewing a very particular comicalness in his looks and gestures, laughing and groaning at the same time; he plays, sings, and breaks in with some queer tale twice or thrice e'er he get through the tune: His beard is no small addition to the diversion.*

a piece of fish

When he did fough,
O wiltu, wiltu do't again!
 And grain'd and leugh.

This sang he made frae his ain head,
 And eke *the auld man's mare she's dead,*
Tbo' peets and turfs and a's to lead;

O fy upon her!
 A bonny auld thing this indeed,
 An't like your honour.

After ilk tune he took a sowp,
 And bann'd wi' birr the corky cowp,
 That to the Papists' country scowp,
 To lear ha, ha's,
 Frae chiels that sing hap, flap, and lowp,
 Wantin' the b—s.

That beardless capons are nae men,
 We by their fozie springs might ken,
 But ours, he said, cou'd vigour len'
 To men o' weir,
 And gar them stout to battle stien'
 Withoutten fear.

How first he practis'd ye shall hear:
 The harn pan of an umquhile mare,
 He strung, and strak sounds fast and clear,
 Out o' the pow,
 Which fir'd his saul, and gart his ear
 With gladness glow.

23 O wiltu.] *The name of a tune he play'd upon all occasions.*

25 This sang he made.] *He boasted of being poet as well as musician.*

32 Bann'd wi' birr the corky cowp, &c.] *Curs'd strongly the light-headed fellows who run to Italy to learn soft music.*

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&c.] Curs'd
to learn soft

HORACE.

55 Johnny Stocks.] *A man of low stature, but very broad; a loving friend of his, who used to dance to his music.*

Pate was a carle of canny sense,
 And wanted ne'er a right bein spence,
 And laid up dollars in defence,
 'Gainst eild and gout,
 Wiel judging gear in future tense
 Cou'd stand for wit.

Yet prudent fouk may tak' the pet,
 Anes thrawart porter wadna let
 Him in while latter meat was hett,
 He gaw'd fou fair,
 Flang in his fiddle o'er the yett,
 Whilk ne'er did mair.

But profit may arise frae loss,
 Sae Pate gat comfort by his cross:
 Soon as he wan within the close,
 He doufly drew in
 Maer gear frae ilka gentle goss
 Than bought a new ane.

When lying bed-fast sick and fair,
 To parish priest he promis'd fair,
 He ne'er wad drink fou ony mair:
 But hale and tight,
 He prov'd the auld man to a hair,
 Strute ilka night.

The baly dad with care essays
 To wile him frae his wanton ways,
 And tell'd him of his promise twice:

80 Bein spence.] *Good store of provision, the spence be-
 ing a little apartment for meal, flesh, &c.*

86 Anes thrawart porter, &c.] *This happened in the
 Duke of Rothes's time: His Grace was giving an entertain-
 ment, and Patrick being deny'd entry by the servants, he either
 from a cunning view of the lucky consequence, or in a passion
 did what's described.*

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Pate answer'd clever:

*Wha tents what people raving says
When in a fever.*

108

At Bothwell Brig he gade to fight;
84 But being wise as he was wight,
He thought it shaw'd a faul but slight,
Daftly to stand,
And let gun-powder wrang his fight,
Or fiddle hand.

114

Right pawkily he left the plain,
90 Nor o'er his shoulder look'd again,
But scoor'd o'er moss and muir amain,
To Reeky straight,
And tald how mony whigs were slain
Before they faught.

120

Sae I've lamented Patie's end;
96 But left your grief o'er far extend,
Come dight your cheeks, ye'r brows unbend.
And lift ye'r head,
For to a' Britain be it kend
He is not dead.

126

January 25th, 1721.

THE LAST SPEECH

OF A

WRETCHED MISER.

spence be

opened in the
n entertain
ts, be either
in a passion

O DOOL! and am I forc'd to die,
And nae mair my dear filler see,

109 Bothwell Brig, upon Clyde, where the famous battle
was fought anno 1679, for the determination of some kittle
points: But I dare not assert that it was religion carried my
hero to the field.

That glanc'd fae fweetly in my e'e !
It breaks my heart :
My goud ! my bands ! alackanie !
That we shou'd part.

For you I labour'd night and day,
For you I did my friends betray,
For you on stinking caff I lay,
And blankets thin;
And for your sake fed mony a flae
Upon my skin.

Like Tantalus I lang have flood
Chin-deep into a filler flood ;
Yet ne'er was able for my blood,
 But pain and strife,
To ware ae drap on claiths or food,
 To cherish life.

Or like the wiffen'd beardless wights,
Wha herd the wives of eastern knights,
Yet ne'er enjoy the fast delights
Of lasses bony ;
Thus did I watch lang days and nights
My lovely money.

Although my annual rents cou'd feed
Thrice forty fouk that stood in need,
I grudg'd myself my daily bread ;
 And if frae hame,
My pouch produc'd an ingan head
 To please my wame.

To keep you cosie in a hoord,
This hunger I with ease endur'd;
And never dought a doit afford
To ane of skill,
Wha for a dollar might have cur'd
Me of this ill.

I never wore my claiths wi' brushing,
 For wrung awa' my farkes wi' washing ;
 For ever sat in taverns dashing

Awa' my coin,
 To find out wit or mirth by clashing
 O'er dearthfu' wine.

Abiet my pow was bald and bare,
 wore nae frizzl'd limmer's hair,
 Which tak's of flour to keep it fair,

Frae reest'ing free,
 As meikle as wad dine, and mair,
 The like of me.

Nor kept I servants tales to tell,
 but toom'd my coodies a mysel ;
 To hane in candle I had a spell

Baith cheap and bright,
 A fish-head, when it 'gins to smell,
 Gives curious light.

What reason can I shaw, quo' ye,
 To save and starve, to cheat and lie,
 To live a beggar, and to die

Sae rich in coin !
 That's mair than can be gi'en by me,
 Tho' Belzie join.

Some said my looks were groff and fowr,
 retfu' drumbly, dull, and dour:
 own it was nae in my pow'r,

My fears to ding ;
 Wherefore I never cou'd endure
 To laugh or sing.

I ever hated bookish reading,
 And musical or dancing breeding,
 And what's in either face or cleading,

Of painted things ;
 I thought nae pictures worth the heeding
 Except the king's.

Now of a' them the eard e'er bure,
I never rhymers cou'd endure,
They're sic a sneering pack, and poor,
I hate to ken 'em;
For 'gainst us thrifty fauls they're sure
To spit their venom.

But waster wives, the warst of a',
Without a yeuk they gar ane claw,
When wickedly they bid us draw
Our filler spungs,
For this and that, to mak' them braw,
And lay their tongues.

Some loo the courts, some loo the kirks,
Some loo to keep their skins frae lirks,
Some loo to woo beneath the birks
 Their lemans bony :
For me, I took them a' for firks
 That loo'd nae money.

They ca'd me slave to usury,
Squeeze, cleave the hair, and peel the fleece,
Clek, flay the flint, and penury,
 And fauleſs wretch;
But that ne'er ſkaith'd or troubled me,
 Gin I grew rich.

On profit a' my thoughts were bent,
And many thousands have I lent,
But sickerly I took good tent,
That double pawns,
With a cudeigh and ten *per cent.*
Lay in my hands.

When borrow'rs brak, the pawns were rug,
Rings, beads of pearl, or filler jug,
I sold them aff, ne'er fash'd my lug
With girns or curfes,
The mair they whing'd it gart me hug
My swelling purfes.

Sometimes I'd sigh, and ape a faint,
 And with a lang rat-rhime of cant,
 Wad mak' a mane for them in want ;
 But for ought mair,
 I never was the fool to grant
 Them ony skair.

I thought ane freely might pronounce
 That chiel a very silly dunce,
 That cou'd not honestly renounce,
 With ease and joys,
 At ony time, to win an unce,
 Of yellow boys.

When young I some remorse did feel,
 And liv'd in terror of the deel,
 His furnace, whips, and racking wheel :
 But by degrees,
 My conscience grown as hard as steel,
 Gave me some ease.

But fears of want and carking care
 To save my stock, and thirst for mair,
 By night and day oppress'd me fair,
 And turn'd my head ;
 While friends appear'd like harpies gare,
 That wish'd me dead.

For fear of thieves I aft lay waking
 The live lang night, till day was breaking,
 Byne thro' my sleep, with heart fair aiking,
 I've aften started,
 Thinking I heard my windows cracking,
 When Elspa f——.

O gear ! I held ye lang the gither ;
 For you I starv'd my good all mither,
 And to Virginia fald my brither,
 And crush'd my wife ;
 But now I'm gawn I kenna whither,
 To leave my life.

My life ! my god ! my spirit yearns,
Not on my kindred, wife or bairns,
Sic are but very laigh concerns,
Compar'd with thee ;
When now this mortal rattle warns
Me, I maun die.

It to my heart gaes like a gun,
To see my kin and graceless son,
Like rooks already are begun
To thumb my gear,
And cash that has nae seen the sun
This fifty year.

Oh ! oh ! that spendthrift son of mine,
Wha can on roasted muirfowl dine,
And like dub-water skink the wine,
And dance and sing ;
He'll soon gar my dear darlings dwine
Down to naething.

To that same place, where'er I gang,
O could I bear my wealth along !
Nae heir shou'd e'er a farthing fang,
That thus caroufes,
Tho' they shou'd a' on woodies hang,
For breaking houses.

Perdition! Sathan! is that you?
I sink!—am dizzy—Candle blue.
*Wi' that be never mair play'd pew,
But with a rair,
Away his wretched spirit flew,
It macksnae where*

THE
MONK AND THE MILLER'S WIFE.
A TALE.

Now lend your lugs, ye benders fine,
Wha ken the benefit of wine;
And you wha laughing, scud brown ale,
Leave jinks a wee, and hear a tale.

An honest miller winn'd in Fife,
That had a young and wanton wife,
Wha sometimes thol'd the parish-priest
To mak' her man a twa horn'd beast:
He paid right mony visits till her,
And to keep in with Hab the miller,
He endeavour'd aft to mak' him happy,
Where'er he kend the ale was nappy.
He condescension in a pastor,
Unit Halbert's love to him the faster;
And by his converse, troth 'tis true,
He learn'd to preach when he was fou.
Thus all the three were wonder pleas'd,
The wife well serv'd, the man well eas'd.
His ground his corns, and that did cherish
Himself with dining round the parish.
His, the good-wife, thought it nae skaith,
Since she was fit, to serve them baith.
When equal is the night and day,
And Ceres gives the schools the play,
A youth sprung frae a gentler pater,
Red at Saint Andrew's *alma mater*,
The day gawn hameward, it fell late,
And him benighted by the gate:
To lye without, pit-mirk did shore him,
He coudna see his thumb before him:

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But, clack—clack—clack, he heard a mill,
 Whilk led him by the lugs theretill.
 To tak the thread of tale along,
 This mill to Halbert did belang;
 Not less this note your notice claims,
 The scholar's name was Master James.

Now, smiling muse, the prelude past,
 Smoothly relate a tale shall last
 As lang as Alps and Grampian hills,
 As lang as wind or water-mills.

In enter'd James, Hab saw and kend him,
 And offer'd kindly to befriend him
 With sic good cheer as he cou'd make
 Baith for his ain and father's sake.
 The scholar thought himself right sped,
 And gave him thanks in terms wiel bred.
 Quoth Hab, I canna leave my mill
 As yet;—but step ye west the kill
 A bow-shot, and ye'll find my hame:
 Gae warm ye, and crack with our dame,
 'Till I set aff the mill, syne we
 Shall tak' what Bessy has to gi'e.
 James, in return, what's handsome said,
 O'er lang to tell; and aff he gade.
 Out of the house some light did shine,
 Which led him till't as with a line:
 Arriv'd, he knock'd, for doors were steekit;
 Straight thro' a window Bessy keekit,
 And cries, "Wha's that gi'es fowk a fright
 At sic untimous time of night?"
 James with good humour, maist discreetly,
 Tald her his circumstance completely.
 "I dinna ken ye," quoth the wife,
 "And up and down the thieves are rise;
 Within my lane, I'm but a woman,
 Sae I'll unbar my door to nae man;
 But since 'tis very like, my dow,
 That a' y'ere telling may be true,

lae, there's a key, gang in your way
 At the neist door there's braw 'ait strae;
 Creek down upon't, my lad, and learn
 They're no ill lodg'd that get a barn."
 Thus, after meikle clitter clatter,
 James fand he coudna mend the matter;
 And since it might nae better be,
 With resignation took the key,
 Unlockt the barn—clam up the mou,
 Where was an opening near the hou,
 Through whilk he saw a glent of light,
 That gawe diversion to his sight:
 By this he quickly cou'd discern
 A thin wa' sep'rate house and barn,
 And thro' this rive was in the wa',
 All done within the house he saw:
 He saw (what ought not to be seen,
 And scarce gawe credit to his een)
 The parish priest of reverend fame
 In active courtship with the dame—
 To lengthen out description here,
 Would but offend the modest ear,
 And beet the lewder youthfu' flame
 That we by satire strive to tame.
 Suppose the wicked action o'er,
 And James continuing still to glowr;
 Tha saw the wife as fast able,
 Spread a clean servite on the table,
 And syn'e frae the ha' ingle, bring ben
 Pyping het young roasted hen,
 And twa good bottles stout and clear,
 One of strong ale, and ane of beer.
 But wicked luck, just as the priest
 Sat in his fork in chucky's breast,
 An' unwelcome miller ga'e a roar,
 Cry'd, "Bessy, haste ye ope the door."—
 With that the haly letcher fled,
 And darn'd himself behind a bed;

While Bessy huddl'd a' things by,
 That nought the cuckold might espy;
 Syne loot him in,—but out of tume,
 Speer'd why he left the mill sae soon:
 “I come,” said he, “as manners claims,
 To crack and wait on Master James,
 Whilk I shou'd do, tho' ne'er sae bizzy;
 I sent him here, good-wife, where is he?”
 “Ye sent him here (quoth Bessy, grumbling),
 Kend I this James? A chiel come rumbling,
 But how was I assur'd, when dark,
 That he had been nae thievish spark,
 Or some rude wench gotten a dose,
 That a weak wife cou'd ill oppose?”
 “And what came of him? speak nae langer,”
 Cries Halbert, in a Highland anger.
 “I sent him to the barn,” quoth she:
 “Gae quickly bring him in,” quoth he.

James was brought in—the wife was bawked—
 The priest stood close—the miller cracked—
 Then ask'd his sunkan gloomy spouse,
 What supper had she in the house,
 That might be suitable to gi'e
 Ane of their lodger's qualitie?
 Quoth she, “Ye may wiel ken, good-man,
 Your feast comes frae the pottage-pan:
 The stov'd and roasted we afford,
 Are aft great strangers on our board.”
 “Pottage,” quoth Hab, “ye senseless tawpie!
 Think ye this youth's a gilly-gawpy?
 And that his gentle stamock's master
 To worry up a pint of plaster?
 Like our mill-knives that lift the laiding,
 Whase kytes can streek out like raw plaiding.
 Swith roast a hen, or fry some chickens,
 And send for ale frae Maggy Picken's.”
 “Hout aye,” quoth she, “ye may wiel ken,
 'Tis ill brought butt, that's no there ben;

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When but last owk, nae farder gane,
The laird got a' to pay his kain."

Then James, wha had as good a guess
Of what was in the house, as Befs,
With pawky smile, this plea to end,
To please himsell and ease his friend,
First open'd, with a flee oration,
His wond'rous skill in conjuration.

Said he, "By this fell art I'm able
To whop aff any great man's table
Whate'er I like to make a mail of,
Either in part, or yet the hail of,—
And if ye please I'll shaw my art"—
Cries Halbert, "Faith with all my heart!"
Befs sain'd herself,—cry'd, "Lord be here!"
And near hand fell a swoon for fear.

James leugh, and bad her naithing dread,
Syn to his conjuring went with speed:
And first he draws a circle round,
Then utters mony a magic sound
Of words, part Latin, Greek and Dutch,
Enow to fright a very witch:

That done, he says, "Now, now 'tis come,
And in the boal beside the lum;

Now set the board; good-wife, gae ben,
Bring frae yon boal a roasted hen."

She wadna gang but Haby ventur'd;

And soon as he the ambrie enter'd,

It smell'd sae wiel he short time sought it,

And wond'ring, 'tween his hands he brought it.

He view'd it round, and thrice he smell'd it,

Syn with a gentle touch he felt it.

Thus ilka sense he did convey,

Lest glamour had beguil'd his e'en;

They all in an united body,

Declar'd it a fine fat how towdy.

"Nae mair about it," quoth the miller,

"The fowl looks wiel, and we'll fa' till her."

Sae be't, says James ; and in a doup,
They snapt her up baith stoup and roup.

" Neist, O ! " cries Halbert, " cou'd your skill
But help us to a waught of ale,
I'd be oblig'd t' ye a' my life,
And offer to the deel my wife.
To see if he'll discreeter mak' her,
But that I'm fledd he winna tak' her."
Said James ; " Ye offer very fair,
The bargain's hadden, fae nae mair."

Then thrice he shook a willow-wand,
With kittle words thrice gave command ;
That done, with look baith learn'd and grave,
Said, " Now ye'll get what ye wad have ;
Twa bottles of as nappy liquer
As ever ream'd in horn or bicker,
Behind the ark that hads your meal,
Ye'll find twa standing corkit wiel."
He said, and fast the miller flew,
And frae their nest the bottles drew ;
Then first the scholar's health he toasted,
Whase art had gart him feed on roasted ;
His father's neist,——and a' the rest
Of his good friends that wish'd him best,
Which were o'er langsome at the time,
In a short tale, to put in rhyme.

Thus, while the miller and the youth
Were blythly flock'ning of their drowth,
Befs, fretting, scarcely held frae greeting,
The priest inclos'd, stood vex'd and sweating.

" O wow ! " said Hab, " if ane might spear,
Dear Master James, wha brought our cheer?
Sic laits appear to us fae awfu',
We hardly think your learning lawfu'."

" To bring your doubts to a conclusion,"
Says James, " ken I'm a Rosicrucian ;
Ane of the set that never carries
On traffic with black deels or fairies ;

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There's mony a sp'rit that's no a deel,
That constantly around us wheel.
There was a sage call'd Albumazor,
Whase wit was gleg as ony razor :
Frae this great man we learn'd the skill
To bring these gentry to our will ;
And they appear, when we've a mind,
In ony shape of human kind :
Now, if you'll drap your foolish fear,
I'll gar my Pacolet appear."

Hab sidg'd and leugh, his elbuck clew,
Baith fear'd and fond a sp'rit to view :
At last his courage wan the day,
He to the scholar's will gave way.

Bessy by this began to smell
A rat, but kept her mind to'r sell :
She pray'd like howdy in her drink,
But mean time tipt young James a wink.
James frae his e'e an answer sent,
Which made the wife right wiel content :
Then turn'd to Hab, and thus advis'd :
"Whate'er you see be nought surpriz'd,
But for your faul move not your tongue ;
And ready stand with a great rung :
Syne as the sp'rit gangs marching out,
Be sure to lend him a sound rout :
I bidna this by way of mocking,
For nought delytes him mair than knocking."

Hab got a kent—stood by the hallan,
And straight the wild mischievous callan
Cries, "Radamanthus Husky Mingo,
Monk, Horner, Hipock, Jinko Jingo,
Appear in likeness of a priest ;
No like a deel, in shape of beast,
With gaping chafts to fleg us a' :
Wauk forth, the door stands to the wa'."

Then frae the hole where he was pent,
The priest approach'd right wiel content ;

With silent pace strade o'er the floor,
 'Till he was drawing near the door,
 Then to escape the cudgel ran,
 But was not miss'd by the good-man,
 Wha lent him on his neck a lounder,
 That gart him o'er the threshold founder.
 Darkness soon hid him frae their sight;
 Ben slew the miller in a fright;
 "I trow," quoth he, "I laid well on;
 But wow he's like our own Mefs John!"

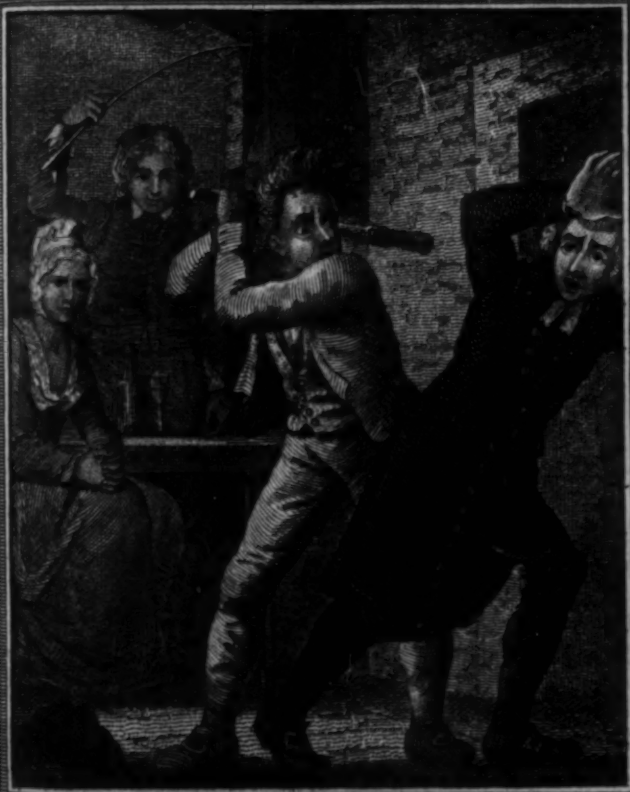
TARTANA:

OR,

THE PLAID.

YE Caledonian beauties, who have long
 Been both the muse and subject of my song,
 Assist your bard, who, in harmonious lays,
 Designs the glory of your Plaid to raise:
 How my fond breast with blazing ardour glows,
 Whene'er my song on you just praise bestows.

Phœbus and his imaginary Nine,
 With me have lost the title of divine;
 To no such shadows will I homage pay,
 These to my real muses shall give way:
 My muses, who on smooth meand'ring Tweed,
 Stray through the groves, or grace the clover mead;
 Or these who bathe themselves where haughty Clyde
 Does roaring o'er his lofty cat'racts ride;
 Or you who on the banks of gentle Tay
 Drain from the flow'rs the early dews of May,
 To varnish on your cheek the crimson dye,
 Or make the white the falling snow outvy;
 And you who on Edina's streets display
 Millions of matchless beauties every day;



Then to escape the cruel snare,
But was not wail'd by the miller's wife.

Drawn by W. Blair.

The monk and miller's wife.

Engraved by R. Smith.

Glasgow Printed for Stewart & Meikle, Jan^y. 1797.



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inspir'd by you, what poet can desire
To warm his genius at a brighter fire?

I sing the Plaid, and sing with all my skill,
Mount then, O fancy, standard to my will;
Be strong each thought, run soft each happy line,
That gracefulness and harmony may shine,
Adapted to the beautiful design.

26 }

Great is the subject, vast th' exalted theme,
And shall stand fair in endless rolls of fame.

The Plaid's antiquity comes first in view,
Precedence to antiquity is due:

30

Antiquity contains a certain spell,
To make ev'n things of little worth excel;
To smallest subjects gives a glaring dash,
Protecting high-born idiots from the lash:
Much more 'tis valu'd, when with merit plac'd,
It graces merit, and by merit's grac'd.

35

O first of garbs! garment of happy fate!
So long employ'd, of such an antique date;
Look back some thousand years, till records fail,
And lose themselves in some romantic tale,
We'll find our godlike fathers nobly scorn'd
To be with any other dress adorn'd;

40

Before base foreign fashions interwove,
Which 'gainst their int'rest and their brav'ry strove.

44

'Twas they could boast their freedom with proud Rome,
And, arm'd in steel, despise the senate's doom;
Whilst o'er the globe their Eagle they display'd,
And conquer'd nations prostrate homage paid,
They only, they unconquer'd stood their ground,
And to the mighty empire fix'd the bound.

50

Our native prince who then supply'd the throne,
In Plaid array'd, magnificently shone:

Nor seem'd his purple, or his ermine less,
Tho' cover'd by the Caledonian dress.

55

In this at court the thanes were gayly clad,
With this the shepherds and the hinds were glad,
In this the warrior wrapt his brawny arms,
With this our beauteous mothers veil'd their charms;

When ev'ry youth, and every lovely maid
Deem'd it a *disfabelle* to want their Plaid.

O heavens! how chang'd! how little look their race!
When foreign chains with foreign modes take place;
When East and Western Indies must combine
To deck the fop, and make the gewgaw shine.
Thus while the Grecian troops in Persia lay,
And learn'd the habit to be soft and gay,
By luxury enerv'd, they lost the day.

I ask'd Varell, what soldiers he thought best?
And thus he answer'd to my plain request:

“ Were I to lead battalions out to war,
And hop'd to triumph in the victor's car,
To gain the loud applause of worthy fame,
And columns rais'd to eternize my name,
I'd chuse, had I my choice, that hardy race
Who fearless can look terrors in the face;
Who 'midst the snows the best of limbs can fold
In Tartan Plaids, and smile at chilling cold:
No useless trash should pain my soldier's back,
Nor canvas-tents make loaden axles crack;
No rattling silks I'd to my standards bind,
But bright Tartanas waving in the wind:
The Plaid alone should all my ensigns be,
This army from such banners would not flee.
These, these were they, who naked taught the way
To fight with art, and boldly gain the day.”
Ev'n great Gustavus stood himself amaz'd,
While at their wond'rous skill and force he gaz'd.
With such brave troops one might o'er Europe run,
Make out what Richlieu fram'd, and Louis had begun.

Degenerate men! now ladies please to sit,
That I the Plaid in all its airs may hit,
With all the powers of softness mixt with wit.

While scorching Titan tawns the shepherd's brow,
And whistling hinds sweat lagging at the plow:
The piercing beams Brucina can defy,
Not sun-burnt she's, nor dazzl'd is her eye.

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60 Ugly's the mask, the fan's a trifling toy,
 To fill at church some girl or restless boy.
 65 } Fix'd to one spot's the pine and myrtle shades, 100
 } But on each motion wait the umbrellian Plaids,
 } Repelling dust when winds disturb the air,
 } And give a check to every ill-bred stare.
 } Light as the pinions of the airy fry,
 } Of larks and linnets who traverse the sky, 105
 } Is the Tartana, spun so very fine,
 } Its weight can never make the fair repine,
 70 } By raising ferments in her glowing blood,
 } Which cannot be escap'd within the hood:
 } Nor does it move beyond its proper sphere, 110
 } But lets the gown in all its shapes appear;
 } Nor is the straightness of her waste deny'd
 75 } To be by every ravish'd eye survey'd.
 } For this the hoop may stand at largest bend,
 } It comes not nigh, nor can its weight offend. 115
 } The Hood and Mantle make the tender faint;
 } I'm pain'd to see them moving like a tent.
 80 } By heather Jenny in her blanket drest,
 } The Hood and Mantle fully are express;
 } Which round her neck with rags is firmly bound, 120
 } While heather besoms loud she screams around.
 } Was Goody Strode so great a pattern, say?
 } Are ye to follow when such lead the way?
 85 } But know each fair who shall this Surtout use,
 } You're no more Scots, and cease to be my muse. 125
 } The smoothest labours of the Persian loom,
 } Lin'd in the Plaid, set off the beauty's bloom;
 } Faint is the gloss, nor come the colours nigh,
 90 } Tho' white as milk, or dipt in scarlet dye.
 } The lily pluckt by fair Pringella grieves, 130
 } Whose whiter hand outshines its snowy leaves:
 } No wonder then white silks in our esteem,
 } Match'd with her fairer face, they fully'd seem.
 } If shining red Campbella's cheeks adorn,
 } Our fancies straight conceive the blushing morn; 135

Beneath whose dawn the sun of beauty lies,
Nor need we light but from Campbella's eyes.

If lin'd with green, Stuarda's Plaid we view,
Or thine, Ramseia, edg'd around with blue;
One shews the spring when nature is most kind,
The other heav'n, whose spangles lift the mind.

A garden plot enrich'd with chosen flowers,
In sun-beams basking after vernal showers,
Where lovely pinks in sweet confusion rise,
And amaranths and eglintines surprise;
Hedg'd round with fragrant brier and jessamine,
The rosy thorn and variegated green:
These give not half that pleasure to the view,
As when, Fergusia, mortals gaze on you;
You raise our wonder, and our love engage,
Which makes us curse, and yet admire the hedge;
The silk and tartan hedge, which does conspire
With you to kindle love's soft spreading fire.
How many charms can every fair one boast!
How oft's our fancy in the plenty lost!
These more remote, these we admire the most.
What's too familiar often we despise,
But rarity makes still the value rise.

If Sol himself should shine through all the day,
We cloy, and lose the pleasure of his ray;
But if behind some marly cloud he steal,
Nor for some time his radiant head reveal,
With brighter charms his absence he repays,
And every sun-beam seems a double blaze.
So when the fair their dazzling lustres shroud,
And disappoint us with a tartan cloud,
How fondly do we peep with wishful eye,
Transported when one lovely charm we spy?
Oft to our cost, ah me! we often find
The pow'r of love strikes deep, tho' he be blind;
Perch'd on a lip, a cheek, a chin, or smile,
Hits with surprise, and throws young hearts in jail.

From when the cock proclaims the rising day,
And milk-maids sing around sweet curds and whey;

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Vol. I.

476 Sil

Till grey-ey'd twilight, harbinger of night, 175
Pursues o'er silver mountains sinking light,
I can unwearied from my casements view
The Plaid, with something still about it new.

How are we pleas'd, when with a handsome air 180
We see Hepburna walk with easy care?

One arm half-circles round her slender waist,
The other like an ivory pillar plac'd,
To hold her Plaid around her modest face,

Which saves her blushes with the gayest grace: 185
If in white kids her taper fingers move,
Or unconfin'd jet thro' the sable glove.

With what a pretty action Keitha holds
Her Plaid, and varies oft its airy folds;
How does that naked space the spirits move, 190
Between the ruff'd lawn and envious glove?

We by the sample, tho' no more be seen,
Imagine all that's fair within the screen.

Thus belles in Plaids veil and display their charms, }
The love-sick youth thus bright Humea warms, }
And with her graceful mien her rivals all alarms. }

The Plaid itself gives pleasure to the sight, 196
To see how all its sets imbibe the light;

Forming some way, which even to me lies hid,
White, black, blue, yellow, purple, green, and red.

Let Newton's royal club thro' prisms stare, 200
To view celestial dyes with curious care,

I'll please myself, nor shall my sight ask aid
Of crystal gimcracks to survey the Plaid.

How decent is the Plaid, when, in the pew,
It hides th' enchanting fair from ogler's view. 205

The mind's oft crowded with ill-tim'd desires,
When nymphs-unveil'd approach the sacred choirs.

Even senators, who guard the common weal,
Their minds may rove—Are mortals made of steel?

Vol. I. F

176 Silver mountains.] *Qchil hills.*

The finish'd beaux stand up in all their airs, 210
 And search out beauties more than mind their pray'rs.
 The wain'scot forty-six's are perplex
 To be eclips'd, spite makes them drop the text.
 The younger gaze at each fine thing they see;
 The orator himself is scarcely free. 215

Ye then who wou'd your piety express,
 To sacred domes ne'er come in naked dress.
 The pow'r of modesty shall still prevail:
 Then Scotian virgins use your native veil.

Thus far young Cosmel read; then star'd and 220
 curst,

And askt me very gravely how I durst
 Advance such praises for a thing despis'd?
 He, smiling, swore I had been ill advis'd:

To you, said I, perhaps this may seem true,
 And numbers vast, nor fools, may side with you; 225
 As many shall my sentiments approve:

Tell me what's not the butt of scorn and love?

Were mankind all agreed to think one way,

What wou'd divines and poets have to say?

No ensigns wou'd on martial fields be spread, 230

And *Corpus Juris* never wou'd be read:

We'd need no councils, parliaments, nor kings,

Ev'n wit and learning wou'd turn silly things.

You miss my meaning still, I'm much afraid,

I wou'd not have them always wear the Plaid. 235

Old Salem's royal sage, of wits the prime,
 Said, "For each thing there was a proper time."

Night's but Aurora's Plaid, that ta'en away,

We lose the pleasure of returning day;

Ev'n thro' the gloom, when view'd in sparkling skies,

Orbs scarcely seen, yet gratify our eyes: 240

So thro' Hamilla's open'd Plaid, we may

Behold her heav'nly face, and heaving milky way.

Spanish reserve, join'd with a Gallic air,

If manag'd well, becomes the Scotian fair. 245

Now you say well, said he; but when's the time
 That they may drop the Plaid without a crime?

Then I;

Left, O fair nymphs, ye shou'd our patience tire,
And starch reserve extinguish gen'rous fire;
Since heav'n your soft victorious charms design'd 250
To form a smoothness on the rougher mind:

When from the bold and noble toils of war,
The rural cares, or labours of the bar;
From these hard studies which are learn'd and grave,
And some from dang'rous riding o'er the wave; 255
The Caledonian manly youth resort

To their Edina, love's great mart and port,
And crowd her theatres with all that grace
Which is peculiar to the Scotian race;
At concert, ball, or some fair's marriage-day, 260
O then with freedom all that's sweet display.

When beauty's to be judg'd without a veil,
And not its pow'rs mete out as by retail,
But wholesale all at once to fill the mind
With sentiments gay, soft, and frankly kind; 265
Throw by the Plaid, and like the lamp of day,
When there's no cloud to intercept his ray;

So shine Maxella, nor their censure fear,
Who, slaves to vapours, dare not so appear.

On Ida's height, when to the royal swain, 270
To know who should the prize of beauty gain,

Love sent his two fair daughters and his wife,
That he might be the judge to end the strife:

Hermes was guide, they found him by a tree,
And thus they spake with air divinely free, 275

"Say, Paris, which is fairest of us three?"
To Jove's high queen, and the celestial maids,

E'er he wou'd pass his sentence, cry'd, "No Plaids."
Quickly the goddesses obey'd his call,

In simple nature's dress he view'd them all, 280
Then to Cyth'rea gave the golden ball.

Great critics hail! our dread, whose love or hate,
Can with a frown or smile, give verse its fate;

Attend, while o'er this field my fancy roams,
 I've some what more to say, and here it comes: 283
 When virtue was a crime, in Tancred's reign,
 There was a noble youth, who wou'd not deign
 To own for sovereign one a slave to vice,
 Or blot his conscience at the highest price;
 For which his death's devis'd with hellish art, 290
 To tear from his warm breast his beating heart.
 Fame told the tragic news to all the fair,
 Whose num'rous sighs and groans bound thro' the air,
 All mourn his fate, tears trickle from each eye,
 'Till his kind sister threw the woman by; 295
 She, in his stead, a gen'rous off'ring staid,
 And he, the tyrant baulk'd, hid in her Plaid.
 So when Æneas with Achilles strove,
 The goddess's mother hasted from above,
 Well seen in fate, prompt by maternal love, 300
 Wrapt him in mist, and warded off the blow
 That was design'd him by his valiant foe.
 I of the Plaid could tell a hundred tales;
 Then hear another, since that strain prevails:
 The tale no records tell, it is so old; 305
 It happen'd in the easy age of gold,
 When am'rous Jove, chief of the Olympian gods,
 Pall'd with Saturnia, came to our abodes,
 A beauty hunting; for in these soft days,
 Nor gods, nor men, delighted in a chace 310
 That wou'd destroy, not propagate their race.
 Beneath a fir-tree in Glentanar's groves,
 Where, e'er gay fabrics rose, swains sung their loves,
 His lay sleeping in the open air,
 A bright Tartana veil'd the lovely fair;
 The wounded god beheld her matchless charms 315
 With earnest eye, and grasp'd her in his arms.
 Soon he made known to her, with gaining skill,
 His dignity, and import of his will.

312 Glentanar's groves.] A large wood in the north
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"Speak thy desire," the divine monarch said. 320 }
 "Make me a goddess," cry'd the Scotian maid, }
 "Nor let hard fate bereave me of my Plaid."
 "Be thou the hand-maid to my mighty queen,
 Said Jove, and to the world be often seen
 With the celestial bow, and thus appear 325
 Clad with these radiant colours as thy wear."
 Now, say my muse, e'er thou forsake the field,
 What profit does the Plaid to Scotia yield?
 Justly that claims our love, esteem, and boast,
 Which is produc'd within our native coast. 330
 On our own mountains grows the golden fleece,
 Richer than that which Jason brought to Greece:
 A beneficial branch of Albion's trade,
 And the first parent of the Tartan Plaid.
 Our fair, ingenious ladies' hands prepare 335
 The equal threads, and give the dyes with care:
 Thousands of artists sullen hours decoy
 On rattling looms, and view their webs with joy.
 May she be curst to starve in *fragland fens*,
 To wear a *fala* ragg'd at both the ends, 340
 Groan still beneath an antiquated suit,
 And die a maid at *fifty-five*, to boot!
 May she turn *quaggy fat*, or *crooked dwarf*,
 Be ridicul'd while primm'd up in her scarf;
 May spleen and spite still keep her on the fret, 345
 And live till she *outlive* her beauty's date;
 May all this fall, and more than I have said,
 Upon that *wench* who disregards the Plaid.
 But with the sun let ev'ry joy arise,
 And from soft slumbers lift her happy eyes; 350
 May blooming youth be fixt upon her face,
 Till she has seen her fourth descending race;
 Blest with a mate with whom she can agree,
 And never want the finest of Bohea:

F 3

340 *Fala.*] *A little square cloth worn by the Dutch women.*

May ne'er the miser's fears make her afraid,
 Who joins with me, with me admires the Plaid.
 Let bright Tartanas henceforth ever shine,
 And Caledonian goddesses enshrine.

Fair judges, to your censure I submit,
 If you allow this poem to have wit,
 I'll look with scorn upon these musty fools,
 Who only move by old worm-eaten rules.
 But with th' ingenious, if my labours take,
 I wish them ten times better for their sake ;
 Who shall esteem this vain, are in the wrong ;
 I'll prove the moral is prodigious strong :
 I hate to trifle, men should act like men,
 And for their country only draw their sword and pen.

EDINBURGH:

ADDRESS TO THE COUNTRY.

Nov. 1718.

FROM me Edina, to the brave and fair,
 Health, joy, and love, and banishment of care :
 Forasmuch as bare fields and gurdy skies
 Make rural scenes ungrateful to the eyes :
 When Hyperborean blasts confound the plain,
 Driving, by turns, light snow and heavy rain ;
 Ye swains and nymphs, forsake the wither'd grove,
 That no damp colds may nip the buds of love ;
 Since winds and tempests o'er the mountains ride,
 Haste here where choice of pleasures do reside :
 Come to my tow'rs, and leave th' unpleasant scene,
 My cheerful bosom shall your warmth sustain.

Skreen'd in my walls, you may bleak winter shun,
 And, for a while, forget the distant sun :
 My blazing fires, bright lamps, and sparkling wine,
 As summer sun shall warm, like him shall shine.

My witty clubs of minds that move at large,
 Whoev'ry glass can some great thought discharge ;

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355 When from my senate, and the toils of law,
 T' unbend the mind from bus'ness you withdraw,
 With such gay friends to laugh some hours away,
 My winter even shall ding the summer's day.

My schools of law produce a manly train
 360 Of fluent orators, who right maintain,
 Practis'd t' express themselves a graceful way,
 An eloquence shines forth in all they say.

Some Raphael, Rubens, or Vandyke admire,
 Whose bosoms glow with such a godlike fire.

365 Of my own race I have, who shall e'er long,
 Challenge a place amongst th' immortal throng.

Others in smoothest numbers are profuse,
 And can in Mantuan dactyls lead the muse:
 And others can with music make you gay,
 With sweetest sounds Correlli's art display,
 While they around in softest measures sing,
 Or beat melodious solos from the string.

What pleasure can exceed to know what's great,
 The hinge of war, and winding draughts of state?
 These, and a thousand things th' aspiring youth
 May learn, with pleasure, from the sages mouth;
 While they full fraught judgments do unload,
 Relating to affairs home and abroad.

The generous soul is fir'd with noble flame,
 To emulate victorious Eugene's fame,
 Who with fresh glories decks th' Imperial throne,
 Making the haughty Ott'man empire groan.
 He'll learn when warlike Sweden and the Czar,
 The Danes and Prussians shall demit the war;
 T' observe what mighty turns of fate may spring,
 From this new war rais'd by Iberia's king.

Long e'er the morn from eastern seas arise,
 To sweep night-shades from off the vaulted skies,
 Oft *lova* or *lazu* in dreams your mind may toss,
 And push the sluggish senses to their posts;
 The hautboys distant notes shall then oppose
 Your phantom cares, and lull you to repose.

To *visit* and take *tea*, the well-dress'd fair
 May pass the crowd unruffled in her chair.
 No dust or mire her shining foot shall stain,
 Or on the horizontal hoop give pain.
 For *beaux* and *belles* no city can compare,
 Nor shew a *gallaxy* so made, so fair;
 The ears are charin'd, and ravish'd are the eyes,
 When at the concert my *fair stars* arise.
 What poets of fictitious beauties sing,
 Shall in bright order fill the dazzling ring:
 From Venus, Pallas, and the spouse of Jove,
 They'd gain the prize, judg'd by the god of love:
 Their sun-burnt features wou'd look dull, and fade,
 Compar'd with my *sweet rubite* and *blushing red*.
 The character of beauties so divine,
 The muse for want of words cannot define.
 The panting soul beholds with awful love,
 Impress'd on clay th' angelic forms above,
 Whose softest smiles can pow'rfully impart
 Raptures sublime, in dumb show, to the heart.
 The strength of all these chams, if ye defy,
 My *court of justice* shall make you comply.
 Welcome, my Session, thou my bosom warms,
 Thrice three times welcome to thy mother's arms:
 Thy father long, rude man! has left my bed,
 Thou'rt now my guard, and support of my trade;
 My heart yearns after thee with strong desire,
 Thou dearest image of thy ancient fire:
 Should proud Augusta take thee from me too,
 So great a loss wou'd make Edina bow;
 I'd sink beneath a weight I cou'd not bear,
 And in a heap of rubbish disappear.
 Vain are such fears: I'll rear my head in state,
 My boding heart foretells a glorious fate:
 New stately structures on new streets shall rise,
 And new-built churches tow'ring to the skies.
 From utmost Thule to the Dover-rock,
 Britain's best blood in crowds to me shall flock;

num'rous fleet shall be my Fortha's pride,
 While they in her calm roads at anchor ride ;
 These from each coast shall bring what's great and rare,
 To animate the *brave*, and please the *fair*.

*Written beneath the Historical Print of the wonderful
 preservation of Mr. David Bruce,
 and others his School-fellows,*

St. Andrew's Aug 19, 1710.

SIX times the day with light and hope arose,
 As oft the night her terrors did oppose,
 While tosa'd on roaring waves the tender crew
 Had nought but death and horror in their view :
 Pale famine, seas, bleak cold, at equal strife,
 Conspiring all against their bloom of life :
 Whilst like the lamp's last flame their trembling souls
 Are on the wing to leave their mortal goals ;
 And death before them stands with frightful stare,
 Their spirits spent, and sunk down to despair.
 Behold th' indulgent providential eye,
 With watchful rays descending from no high ;
 Angels come posting down the divine beam
 To save the helpless in their last extreme :
 Unseen the heav'nly guard about them flock,
 Some rule the winds, some lead them up the rock,
 While other two attend the dying pair,
 To waft their young white souls through fields of air.

THE SCRIBBLERS LASHED.

*You write Pindarics ! and be d—n'd,
Write epigrams for cutlers :
None with thy nonsense will be sham'm'd
But chambermaids and butlers.
In t'other world expect dry blows,
No tears shall wipe thy stains out :
Horace shall pluck thee by the nose,
And Pindar beat thy brains out.*

T. BROWN to T. D'URIN

THAT I thus prostitute my muse
On theme so low, may gain excuse ;
When following motives shall be thought on,
Which has this doggrel fury brought on.
I'm call'd in honour to protect
The fair, when treat with disrespect ;
Besides, a zeal transports my soul,
Which no constraint can e'er controul ;
In service of the government,
To draw my pen and satyr vent,
Against vile mungrels of Parnassus,
Who through impunity oppress us.
'Tis to correct this scribbling crew,
Who, as in former reigns, so now
Torment the world, and load our time
With jargon cloth'd in wretched rhyme,
Disgrace of numbers ! earth ! I hate them :
And as they merit, so I'll treat them.

And, first, these ill-bred things I lash,
That hated authors of the trash,
In public spread with little wit,
Much malice, rude and bootless spite,
Against the sex, who have no arms,
To shield them from insulting harms,

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except the lightning of their eye, 25
 Which none but such blind dolts defy.
 Ingen'rous war! t' attack the fair:
 But, ladies, fear not, ye're the care
 Of ev'ry wit of true descent,
 At once their song and ornament: 30
 They'll ne'er neglect the lovely crowd;
 In spite of all the multitude
 Of scribbling fops, assert your cause,
 And execute Apollo's laws:
 Apollo, who the bard inspires 35
 With softest thoughts and divine fires;
 Than whom, on all the earth, there's no man
 More complaisant to a fine woman.
 Such veneration, mixt with love,
 Points out a poet from above: 40
 But Zany's void of sense and merit,
 Love, fire, or fancy, wit, or spirit:
 Weak, frantic, clownish, and chagreen,
 Pretending, prompt by zealous spleen,
 To affront your head-dress, or your bone-fence, 45
 Make printers' presses groan with nonsense,
 And while Sol's offspring lives, as soon
 Shall they pull down his sister moon.
 They with low incoherent stuff,
 Dark sense, or none, lines lame and rough; 50
 Without a thought, air, or address,
 All the whole loggerhead confess.
 From clouded notions in the brain,
 They scribble in a cloudy strain;
 Of verse they reckon wit, 55
 And rhyme without one grain of it.
 Then hurry forth in public town
 Their scrawls, lest they should be unknown.
 Rather than want a fame, they chuse
 The plague of an infamous muse. 60
 In thinking, thus the fops aspire,
 And raise their own reproach the high'r:

By meddling with the modes and fashions
 Of women of politest nations.
 Perhaps by this they'd have it told us,
 That in their spirit something bold is,
 To challenge those who have the skill,
 By charms to save, and frowns to kill.
 If not ambition, then 'tis spite
 Which makes the puny insects write.
 Like old and mouldy maids turn'd four,
 When distant charms have lost their pow'r,
 Fly out in loud transports of passion,
 When ought that's new comes first in fashion ;
 'Till by degrees it creeps right snoddy
 On hips and head-dress of the g—y.
 Thus they to please the sighing sisters,
 Who often beet them in their misters,
 With their malicious-breath set sail,
 And write these silly things they rail.
 Pimps ! such as you, can ne'er extend
 A flight of wit, which may amend
 Our morals ; that's a plot too nice
 For you, to laugh folks out of vice.
 Sighing, " Oh hey ! " ye cry, " Alas !
 This fardingale's a great disgrace ! "
 And all indeed, because an ancle,
 Or foot is seen, might monarchs mane ;
 And makes the wife, with face upright,
 Look up, and bless heav'n for their flight.
 In your opinion nothing matches,
 O horrid sin ! the crime of patches !
 'Tis false, ye clowns ; I'll mak't appear,
 The glorious fun does patches wear :
 Yea, run thro' all the frame of nature,
 You'll find a patch for ev'ry creature :
 Ev'n you yourselves, ye black'ned wretches,
 To Heliconians are the patches.

78 Beet them in their misters.] *Oblige them upon
 fashion.*

But grant that ladies' modes were ill
 To be reform'd ; your creeping skills, 100
 Ye rhymers, never wou'd succeed,
 Who write what the polite ne'er read,
 To cure an error of the fair,
 Demands the nicest prudent care ;
 Wit utter'd in a pleasant strain, 105
 A point so delicate may gain :
 But that's a task as far above
 Your shallow reach, as I'm from Jove.
 No more then let the world be vex'd
 With baggage empty and perplex'd : 110
 But learn to speak with due respect
 Of Peggie's breasts and ivory neck.
 Such purblind eyes as yours, 'tis true,
 Shou'd ne'er such divine beauties view,
 If Nellie's hoop be twice as wide 115
 As her two pretty limbs can stride ;
 What then ? will any man of sense
 Take umbrage, or the least offence,
 At what even the most modest may
 Expose to Phœbus' brightest ray ? 120
 Does not the handsome of our city,
 The pious, chaste, the kind and witty,
 Who can afford it, great and small,
 Regard well shapen fardingale ?
 And will you, magpyes, make a noise ? [125
 You grumble at the lady's choice !
 But leav't to them, and mothers wise,
 Who watch'd their conduct, mien, and guise,
 To shape their weeds as fits their ease,
 And place their patches as they please. 130
 This shou'd be granted without grudging,
 Since we all know they're best at judging,
 What from mankind demands devotion,
 In gesture, garb, free airs, and motion.
 But you ! unworthy of my pen ! 135
 Unworthy to be clais'd with men !

Haste to Caffar, ye clumsy fots,
And there make love to Hottentots.

Another set with ballads waste
Our paper, and debauch our taste
With endless 'larmas on the street,
Where crowds of circling rabble meet.
The vulgar judge of poetry,
By what these hawkers sing and cry;
Yea, some who claim to wit amiss,
Cannot distinguish *that* from *this*.
Hence poets are accounted now,
In Scotland, a mean empty crew,
Whose heads are craz'd, who spend their time
In that poor wretched trade of rhyme:
Yet all the learn'd discerning part
Of mankind own the heav'nly art
Is as much distant from such trash,
As lay'd Dutch coin from sterling cash.

Others in lofty nonsense write,
Incomprehensible's their flight;
Such magic pow'r is in their pen,
They can bestow on worthless men
More virtue, merit, and renown,
Than ever they cou'd call their own.
They write with arbitrary power,
And pity 'tis they shou'd fall lower;
Or sloop to truth, or yet to meddle
With common sense, for crambo diddle.

But none of all the rhyming herd
Are more encourag'd and rever'd,
By heavy souls to theirs ally'd,
Than such who tell who lately dy'd.
No sooner is the spirit flown
From its clay cage, to lands unknown,
Than some rash hackney gets his name,
And thro' the town laments the same:
An honest burges cannot die,
But they must weep in elegy:

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- Ev'n when the virtuous soul is soaring 175
 Thro' middle air, he hears it roaring.
 These ills, and many more abuses,
 140 Which plague mankind and vex the muses,
 On pain of poverty shall cease,
 And all the fair shall live in peace: 180
 And every one shall die contented,
 Happy when not by them lamented,
 145 For great Apollo, in his name,
 Has order'd me thus to proclaim:—
 "Forasmuch as a grov'ling crew, 185
 With narrow mind, and brazen brow,
 Wou'd fain to poets' title mount,
 150 And with vile maggots rub affront
 On an old virtuoso nation,
 Where our lov'd Nine maintain their station; 190
 We order strict, that all refrain
 To write, who learning want, and brain;
 155 Pedants, with Hebrew roots o'er-grown,
 Learn'd in each language but their own.
 Each spiritless half-starving sinner, 195
 Who knows not how to get his dinner;
 Dealers in small ware, clinks, whim-whams,
 160 Acrostics, puns, and anagrams;
 And all who their productions grudge,
 To be canvast by skilful judge; 200
 Who can find out indulgent trip,
 Whilst 'tis in harmless manuscript.
 165 But to all them who disobey,
 And jog on still in their own way;
 Be't kend to all men that our will is, 205
 Since all they write so wretched ill is,
 They must dispatch their shallow ghosts,
 170 To Pluto's jakes, and take their posts;
 There to attend, till Dis shall deign
 To use their works; the use is plain." 210
 Now know, ye scoundrels, if ye stand
 To humph and ha at this command,

The Furies have prepar'd a halter,
 To hang, or drive ye helter skelter,
 Through bogs and muirs, like rats and mice,
 Pursu'd with hunger, rags, and lice,
 If e'er ye dare again to croak,
 And god of harmony provoke:
 Wherefore pursue some craft for bread,
 Where hands may better serve than head;
 Nor ever hope in verse to shine,
 Or share in Homers's fate or —.

C O N T E N T :

A POEM.

*Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
 And happy he who can that treasure find:
 But the base miser starves amidst his store,
 Broods on his gold, and gripping still for more,
 Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.*

DRYDEN.

Virtue was taught in verse, and Aithen's glory rose.

PRIOR.

WHEN genial beams wade thro' the dewy morn,
 And from the clod invite the sprouting corn;
 When chequer'd green, wing'd music, new blown scents,
 Conspir'd to soothe the mind, and please each sense,
 Then down a shady haugh I took my way,
 Delighted with each flow'r and budding spray;
 Musing on all that hurry, pain, and strife,
 Which flow from the fantastic ills of life;
 Enlarg'd from such distresses of the mind,
 Due gratitude to heav'n my thoughts refin'd,

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- And made me in the laughing sage's way,
 213 As a mere farce the murm'ring world survey;
 Finding imagin'd maladies abound,
 Tenfold for one, which gives a real wound.
 Godlike is he whom no false fears annoy, 15
 Who lives content, and grasps the present joy;
 224 Whose mind is not with wild convulsions rent,
 Of pride, and avarice, and discontent:
 Whose well-train'd passions, with a pious awe,
 Are all subordinate to reason's law: 20
 Then smooth Content arises like the day,
 And makes each rugged phantom fly away.
 To lowest men she gives a lib'ral share
 Of solid bliss; she mitigates our care,
 Enlarging joys, administering health; 25
 The rich man's pleasure, and the poor man's wealth;
 A train of comforts on her nod attend,
 And to her sway profits and honours bend,
 Hail, blest Content! who art by Heav'n design'd
 Parent of health and cheerfulness of mind: 30
 Serene Content shall animate my song,
 And make th' immortal numbers smooth and strong.
 Silenus, thou whose hoary beard and head
 Experience speak, and youth's attention plead;
 Retail thy gather'd knowledge, and disclose 35
 What state of life enjoys the most repose.
 Thus I address—And thus the ancient bard—
 "First, to no state of life fix thy regard.
 All mortals may be happy, if they please,
 Not rack'd with pain or lingering disease. 40
 Midas, the wretch, wrapt in his patched rags,
 With empty paunch, sits brooding o'er his bags;
 Meagre his look, his mind in constant fright,
 If winds but move his windows in the night;
 If dogs should bark, or but a mouse make din, 45
 He sweats and starts, and thinks the thief's got in

G 3

11 Laughing Sage.] *Democritus.*

His sleep forsakes him till the dawn appears,
 Which every thing but such a caitiff cheers :
 It gives him pain to buy a farthing light :
 He jurns at home in darkness all the night.
 What makes him manage with such cautious pain ?
 'T would break a sum ; a farthing spent so vain !
 If e'er he's pleas'd, 'tis when some needful man
 Gives ten *per cent.* with an insuring pawn ;
 Tho' he's provided in as much would serve
 Whole Nestor's years, he ever fears to starve.
 Tell him of alms ; alas ! he'd rather chuse
 Damnation, and the promis'd blis refuse."—
 " And is there such a wretch beneath the sun ?"—
 " Yes," he return'd, " thousands instead of one, 60
 To whom Content is utterly unknown."—
 " Are all the rich men such ?"—He answer'd, " No,
 Marcus hath wealth, and can his wealth bestow
 Upon himself, his friends, and on the poor ;
 Enjoys enough, and wishes for no more.

Reverse of these is he who braves the sky,
 Cursing his Maker when he throws the die :
 Gods, devils, furies, hell, heav'n, blood and wounds,
 Promiscuous fly in bursts of tainted sounds :
 He to perdition doth his soul bequeath,
 Yet inly trembles when he thinks of death.
 Except at game, he ne'er employs his thought,
 Till his'd and pointed at—not worth a groat.
 The desp'rate remnant of a large estate
 Goes at one throw, and points his gloomy fate ;
 He finds his folly now, but finds too late.
 I'll brooks my fondling master to be poor,
 Bred up to nought but bottle, game, and whore.
 How pitiful he looks without his rent !
 They who fly virtue, ever fly Content.

Now I beheld the sage look'd less severe,
 Whilst pity join'd his old satyric leer.
 The weakly mind, said he, is quickly torn :
 Men are not gods, some frailties must be born :

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Heav'n's bounteous hand all in their turn abuse;
 The happiest men at times their fate refuse,
 Besoof themselves—and trump up an excuse.

86

Is Lucius but a subaltern of foot?

His equal Gallus is a coronet.

Sterilla shuns a gossiping, and why?

90

The teeming mother fills her with envy.

The pregnant matron's grief as much prevails,

Some of the children always something ails:

One boy is sick, t'other has broke his head,

And nurse is blam'd when little miss is dead.

95

A duchess on a velvet couch reclin'd,

Blabs her fair cheeks till she is almost blind;

Poor Phil's death the briny pearls demands,

Who ceases now to snarl, and lick her hands.

The politicians, who, in learn'd debates,

100

With penetration carve out kingdoms fates,

Look sour, drink coffee, shrug and read gazettes.

Deep sunk in craft of state their souls are lost,

And all their hopes depend upon the post:

Each mail that's due they curse the contrair wind;

'Tis strange if this way men contentment find.

106

Tho' old, their humours I am yet to learn,

Who vex themselves in what they've no concern.

Ninny the glaring fop, who always runs

In tradesmen's books, which makes the careful duns,

Often e'er ten, to break his slumbering rest;

111

Whilst with their craving clamours he's oppress'd,

He frames excuses till his cranny akes,

Then thinks he justly damns the cursed sneaks.

The disappointed dun, with as much ire,

115

Both threats and curses till his breast's on fire;

Then home he goes, and pours it on his house,

His servants suffer oft, and oft his spouse.

Some groan thro' life amidst a heap of cares,

To load with too much wealth their lazy heirs.

120

The lazy heir turns all to ridicule,

And all his life proclaims his father fool:

He toils in spending—leaves a thread bare son,
To scrape anew, as had his grandfire done.

How is the fair Myrtila's bosom fir'd,
If Leda's fable locks are more admir'd ;
While Leda does her secret sighs discharge,
Because her mouth's a straw-breadth, ah ! too large."

Thus sung the sire, and left me to invite
The scorching beams in some cool green retreat ;
Where gentle slumber seiz'd my weary'd brain,
And mimic fancy op'd the following scene :

Methought I stood upon a rising ground,
A splendid landscape open'd all around,
Rocks, rivers, meadows, gardens, parks, and woods,
And domes which hide their turrets in the clouds ;
To me approach'd a nymph divinely fair,
Celestial virtue shone thro' all her air :

A nymph for grace, her wisdom more renown'd
Adorn'd each grace, and both true valour crown'd.
Around her heav'nly smiles a helmet blaz'd,
And graceful as she mov'd, a spear she gently rais'd.
My sight at first the lustre scarce could bear,
Her dazzling glories shone so strong and clear :
A majesty sublime with all that's sweet,
Did adoration claim, and love invite.

I felt her wisdom's charm my thoughts inspire,
Her dauntless courage set my soul on fire :

The maid, when thus I knew, I soon addrest,
My present wishful thoughts the theme suggest :
" Of all th' ethereal pow'rs thou noblest maid,
To human weakness lend'st the readiest aid :
To where Content and her blest train reside,
Immortal Pallas deign to be my guide."

With my request well pleas'd, our course we bent,
To find the habitation of Content.

Thro' fierce Bellona's tents we first advanc'd,
Where cannons bounc'd, and nervous horses pranc'd :
Here *vi & armis* sat with dreadful awe
And daring front, to prop each nation's law ;

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Attending squadrons on her motions wait,
 Array'd in deaths, and fearless of their fate.
 Here chieftain souls glow'd with as great a fire,
 As his who made the world but one empire.
 125 Even in low ranks brave spirits might be found, 165
 Who wanted nought of monarchs but a crown.
 But ah! ambition stood a foe to peace,
 Shaking the empty fob and ragged fleece;
 Which were more hideous to these sons of war,
 Than brimstone, smoke, and storms of bullets are.
 "Here," said my guide, "Content is rarely found, 171
 Where blood and noisy jars beset the ground."
 Trade's wealthy warehouse next fell in our way,
 134 Where in great bales part of each nation lay;
 The Spanish citron, and Hesperia's oil, 175
 Persia's soft product, and the Chinese toil;
 Warm Borneo's spices, Arab's scented gum,
 The Polish amber, and the Saxon mum;
 139 The Orient pearl, Holland's lace and toys.
 And tinsy work, which the fair nun employs; 180
 From India ivory, and the clouded cane;
 And cochineal from straits of Magellan.
 The Scandinavian rosin, hemp, and tar;
 The Lapland furs, and Russia's caviare;
 145 The Gallic puncheon charg'd with ruby juice, 185
 Which makes the hearts of gods and men rejoice:
 Britannia here pours from her plenteous horn,
 Her shining mirrors, clock-work, cloaths, and corn.
 Here *Cent per Cents* sat poring o'er their books,
 150 While many shew'd the bankrupts in their looks,
 Who by mismanagement their stock had spent, 191
 Curs'd these hard times, and blam'd the government:
 The missive letter, and peremptor bill,
 Forbade them rest, and call'd forth all their skill:
 Uncertain credit bore the sceptre here,
 156 And her prime ministers were Hope and Fear.
 The surly chufs demanded what we sought:
 "Content," said I, "may she with gold be bought?"
 160

"Content!" said one, then star'd and bit his thumb,
And leering ask'd, If I was worth a plum. 200

Love's fragrant fields, where mildest western gales,
Loaden with sweets, perfume the hills and dales;
Where longing lovers haunt the streams and glades,
And cooling groves, whose verdure never fades:
Thither with joy and hasty steps we strode, 205
There sure I thought our long'd-for bliss abode.
Whom first we met on that enchanted plain,
Was a tall yellow-hair'd young pensive swain;
Him I address,—“O youth! what heavenly power
Commands and graces yon Elysian bower? 210
Sure 'tis Content, else much I am deceiv'd.”
The shepherd sigh'd, and told me that I rav'd:
“Rare she appears, unless on some fine day
She grace a nuptial, but soon hastes away:
If her you seek, soon hence you must remove, 215
Her presence is precarious in love.”

Thro' these and other shrines we wander'd long,
Which merit no description in my song:
Till at the last, methought we cast our eye
Upon an antique temple, square and high, 220
Its area wide, its spire did pierce the sky;
On adamantinè Doric pillars rear'd,
Strong Gothic work the massy pile appear'd;
Nothing seem'd little, all was great design'd, 224
Which pleas'd the eye at once, and fill'd the mind.
Whilst wonder did my curious thoughts engage,
To us approach'd a studious rev'rend sage:
Both awe and kindness his grave aspect bore,
Which spoke him rich with wisdom's finest store.
He ask'd our errand there,—Straight I reply'd, 235
“Content, in these high towers does she reside?”
“Not far from hence,” said he, “her palace stands;
Ours she regards, as we do her demands;

200 Worth a plum.] 100,000 pounds.

thumb, Philosophy sustains her peaceful sway;
 200 And in return she feasts us every day." 235
 Then straight an ancient telescope he brought,
 By Socrates and Epictetus wrought.
 Improved since, made easier to the sight,
 Lengthen'd the tube, the glasses ground more bright;
 205 Thro' this he shew'd a hill, whose lofty brow 240
 Enjoy'd the sun, while vapours all below,
 In pitchy clouds, encircled it around,
 Where phantoms of most horrid forms abound;
 The ugly brood of lazy spleen and fear,
 210 Rightful in shape, most monstrous appear. 245
 Then thus my guide, —
 Your way lies through yon gloom, be not aghast,
 Come briskly on, you'll jest them when they're past;
 Mere empty spectres, harmless as the air,
 215 Which merit not your notice, less your care." 250
 Encourag'd with her word, I thus address
 My noble guide, and grateful joy express:
 O sacred wisdom! thine's the source of light,
 Without thy blaze the world wou'd grope in night;
 220 } Of wo and bliss thou only art the test; 255
 } Falsehood and truth before thee stand confest:
 Thou mak'st a double life; one nature gave,
 But without thine, what is it mortals have?
 224 } A breathing motion grazing to the grave." }
 Now through the damps methought we boldly went,
 Smiling at all the grins of Discontent; 261
 Tho' oft pull'd back, the rising ground we gain'd,
 Whilst inward joy my weary'd limbs sustain'd.
 Arriv'd the height, whose top was large and plain,
 235 } And what appear'd soon recompens'd my pain, 265 }
 } Nature's whole beauty deck'd th' enamell'd scene.
 Amidst the glade the sacred palace stood,
 The architecture not so fine as good;
 Nor scrimp, nor gousty, regular and plain,
 Plain were the columns which the roof sustain; 270
 An easy greatness in the whole was found,
 Where all that nature wanted did abound;

But here no beds are screen'd with rich brocade,
Nor fuel-logs in silver grates are laid;
No broken China bowls disturb the joy
Of waiting handmaid, or the running boy;
Nor in the cupboard heaps of plate are rang'd,
To be with each splenetic fashion chang'd.

A weather-beaten sentry watch'd the gate,
Of temper cross, and practis'd in debate:
Till once acquaint with him, no entry here,
Tho' brave as Cæsar, or as Helen fair;
To strangers fierce, but with familiars tame,
And Touchstone Disappointment was his name.

This fair inscription shone above the gate,
"Fear none but Him whose will directs thy fate."
With smile austere he lifted up his head,
Pointed the characters, and bid us read.
We did, and stood resolv'd. The gates at last
Op'd of their own accord, and in we past.

Each day a herald, by the Queen's command,
Was order'd on a mount to take his stand,
And thence to all the earth this offer make:
"Who are inclin'd her favours to partake,
Shall have them free, if they small rubs can bear
Of disappointment, spleen, and bug-bear fear."

Rais'd on a throne within the outer-gate,
The goddess sat, her vot'ries round her wait;
The beautiful divinity disclos'd
Sweetness sublime, which roughest cares compos'd:
Her looks sedate, yet joyful and serene,
Not rich her dress, but suitable and clean;
Unfurrow'd was her brow, her cheeks were smooth,
Tho' old as time, enjoy'd immortal youth;
And all her accents so harmonious flow'd,
That every list'ning ear with pleasure glow'd,
An olive garland on her head she wore,
And her right hand a cornucopia bore.
Cross Touchstone fill'd a bench without the door,
To try the sterling of each human ore:

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Vol. I.

Grim judge he was, and them away he sent,
 Unfit t' approach the shrine of calm Content.
 To him a hoary dotard, load with bags;
 27 Unwieldy load! to one who hardly drags
 His being.—More than seventy years, said he, 315
 I've sought this court, till now unfound by me:
 Now let me rest.—“Yes, if ye want no more;
 But e'er the sun has made his annual tour, [pow'r.” }
 28 Know, grov'ling wretch, thy wealth's without thy }
 The thoughts of death, and ceasing from his gain, 320
 Brought on the old man's head so sharp a pain,
 Which dimm'd his optic nerves, and with the light
 He lost the palace, and crawl'd back to night.
 29 Poor gripping thing, how useless is thy breath,
 While nothing's so much long'd for as thy death?
 How meanly hast thou spent thy lease of years? 326
 A slave to poverty, to toils and fears;
 And all to vie with some bleak rugged hill,
 30 Whose rich contents millions of chests can fill.
 As round the greedy rock clings to the mine, 330
 And hinders it in open day to shine,
 Still diggers hew it from the spar's embrace,
 Making it circle, stamp'd with Cæsar's face;
 31 How dost thou hoard, and from thy prince purloin
 His useful image, and thy country coin; 335
 Still gaping heirs have freed th' imprison'd slave,
 When to their comfort thou hast fill'd a grave.
 The next, who with a janty air approach'd,
 Was a gay youth, who thither had been coach'd;
 32 Weak were his Flanders mares, his liv'ries fine, 340
 With glittering gold his furniture did shine.
 Are such methought, may enter when they please,
 Tho have all these appearances of ease.
 33 Putting he march'd, nor any leave he crav'd,
 Attempt't to pass, but found himself deceiv'd; 345
 And Touchstone gave him on the breast a box,
 Which op'd the sluices of a latent pox;
 Then bid his equipage in haste depart.
 34 The youth look'd at them with a fainting heart;
 Vol. I. H

He found he could not walk, and bid them stay; 350
Swore three cramp oaths, mounted and wheel'd away.

The Pow'r express'd herself thus with a smile:

" These changing shadows are not worth our while;
With smallest trifles oft their peace is torn,
If here at night, they rarely wait the morn." 355

Another beau, as fine, but more vivace,
Whose airs sat round him with an easy grace,
And well-bred motion, came up to the gate,
I lov'd him much, and trembl'd for his fate.
The sentry broke his clouded cane—he smil'd,
Got fairly in, and all our fears beguil'd. 360

The cane was soon renew'd which had been broke,
And thus the Virtue to the circle spoke:

" Each thing magnificent or gay we grant,
To them who're capable to bear their want." 365

Two handsome toasts came next, them well I knew
Their lovely make the Court's observance drew;
Three waiting maids attended in the rear,
Each loaden with as much as she cou'd bear:
One mov'd beneath a load of silks and lace; 370
Another bore the off-sets of the face;
But the most bulky burden of the three,
Was her's who bore th' utensils of Bohea.
My mind indulgent in their favour pled,
Hoping no opposition would be made;
So mannerly, so smooth, so mild their eye,
Enough almost to give Content envy:
But soon I found my error; the bold judge,
Who acted as if prompted by some grudge,
Them thus saluted with a hollow tone:

" You're none of my acquaintance, get you gone;
What loads of trumpry these?—ha, where's my croak
I'll try if these be solid ware, or boss:"

The China felt the fury of his blow,
And lost a being, or for use or show;
For use or shew no more's each plate or cup,
But all in shreds upon the threshold drop.

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Now every charm which deck'd their face before,
 Give place to rage, and beauty is no more.
 The briny stream their rosy cheeks besmear'd, 390
 Whilst they in clouds of vapours disappear'd.
 A rustic hind, attir'd in home-spun gray,
 With forked locks, and shoes bedaub'd with clay;
 355 Palms shod with horn, his front fresh, brown, and broad,
 With legs and shoulders fitted for a load; 395
 He 'midst ten bawling children laugh'd and sung,
 While comfort Hobnails on the pavement rung;
 360 Up to the porter unconcern'd he came,
 Forcing along his offspring and their dame, 399
 Cross Touchstone strove to stop him, but the clown
 At handy-cuffs him match'd, and threw him down;
 And spite of him, into the palace went,
 365 Where he was kindly welcom'd by Content.
 Two Bursian philosophers put in their claims,
 Gamaliel and Critis were their names; 405
 But soon's they had our British Homer seen,
 With face unruff'd, waiting on the Queen,
 370 Envious hate their surly bosoms fir'd,
 Their colour chang'd, they from the porch retir'd;
 Backward they went, reflecting with much rage
 On the bad taste and humour of the age, 411
 Which paid so much respect to nat'ral parts,
 375 While they were starving graduates of arts.
 The goddesses fell a laughing at the fools,
 And sent them packing to their grammar-schools;
 Or in some garret elevate to dwell, 416
 There with Sisyphian toil to teach young beaux to spell.
 380 Now all this while a gale of eastern wind
 And cloudy skies oppress the human mind; 419
 The wind set west, back'd with the radiant beams,
 Which warm'd the air, and danc'd upon the streams,
 Exhal'd the spleen, and sooth'd a world of souls,
 385 Who crowded now the avenue in shoals.
 Numbers in black, of widowers, relicts, heirs,
 Of new-wed lovers many handsome pairs; 425

Men landed from abroad, from camps and seas;
 Others got through some dangerous disease;
 A train of belles adorn'd with something new,
 And even of ancient prudes there were a few,
 Who were refresh'd with scandal and with tea,
 Which for a space set them from vapours free.
 Here from their cups the lower species flockt,
 And knaves with bribes and cheating methods stockt.

The Pow'r survey'd the troop, and gave command
 They should no longer in the entry stand.
 But be convey'd into Chimera's tow'r,
 There to attend her pleasure for an hour.

Soon as they enter'd, apprehension shook
 The fabric, fear was fixt on every look;
 Old age and poverty, disease, disgrace,
 With horrid grin, star'd full in every face,
 Which made them, trembling at their unknown fate,
 Issue in haste out by the postern gate.

None waited out their hour but only two,
 Who had been wedded fifteen years ago.
 The man had learn'd the world, and fixt his mind;
 His spouse was cheerful, beautiful, and kind;
 She neither fear'd the shock, nor phantom's stare;
 She thought her husband wise, and knew that he was
 there.

Now while the court was sitting, my fair guide
 Into a fine Elysium me convey'd;
 I saw, or thought I saw, the spacious fields
 Adorn'd with all prolific nature yields,
 Profusely rich with her most valu'd store;
 But as m'enchanted fancy wander'd o'er
 The happy plain, new beauties seem'd to rise,
 The fields were fled, and all was painted skies.
 Pleas'd for a while, I wish'd the former scene;
 Straight all return'd, and eas'd me of my pain.
 Again the flow'ry meadows disappear,
 And hills and groves their stately summits rear;
 These sink again, and rapid rivers flow;
 Next from the rivers cities seem to grow.

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Some time the fleeting scene I had forgot, 464
 In busy thought entranc'd; with pain I sought,
 To know the hidden charm; straight all was fled,
 And boundless heav'ns o'er boundless oceans spread:
 Impatient I obtest my noble guide,
 430 "Reveal this wond'rous secret."—She reply'd:
 "We carried on what greatly we design'd, 470 }
 When all these human follies you resign'd,
 Ambition, lux'ry, and a cov'tous mind:
 Yet think not true Content can thus be bought,
 435 There's wanting still a train of virtuous thought.
 When me your leader prudently you chuse, 475
 And list'ning to my counsel, didst refuse
 Fantastic joys, your soul was thus prepar'd
 For true Content; and thus I do reward
 440 Your gen'rous toil. Observe this wond'rous clime:
 Of nature's blessings here are hid the prime; 480
 But wise and virtuous thought in constant course,
 Must draw these beauties from their hidden source;
 The smallest intermissions will transform
 445 The pleasant scene, and spoil each perfect charm.
 'Tis ugly Vice will rob you of Content, 485
 And to your view all hellish woes present;
 Nor grudge the cate in virtue you employ,
 Your present toil will prove your future joy;
 Then smil'd she heav'nly sweet, and parting said,
 Hold fast your virtuous mind, of nothing be afraid."
 450 A while the charming voice so fill'd my ears, 491
 I griev'd the divine form no more appears:
 Then to confirm my yet unsteady mind,
 Under a lonely shadow I reclin'd,
 455 To try the virtues of the clime I sought; 495
 Then straight call'd up a train of hideous thought;
 Famine, and blood, and pestilence appear,
 Wild shrieks and loud laments disturb mine ear;
 New woes and horrors did my sight alarm,
 460 Envy and Hate compos'd the wretched charm. 500

Soon as I saw, I dropt the hateful view,
 And thus I fought past pleasures to renew.
 To heav'nly love my thoughts I next compose,
 Then quick as thought the following sights disclose:
 Streams, meadows, grottos, groves, birds carolling;
 Calmness, and temp'rate warmth, and endless spring;
 A perfect transcript of these upper bow'rs,
 The habitation of the immortal pow'rs.

Back to the palace ravished I went,
 Resolved to reside with blest Content;
 Where all my special friends methought I met,
 In order 'mongst the best of mankind set;
 My soul, with too much pleasure overcharg'd,
 The captiv'd senses to their post enlarg'd;
 Lifting mine eyes I view'd declining day,
 Sprang from the green, and homeward bent my way;
 Reflecting on that hurry, pain, and strife,
 Which flow from false and real ills of life.

—♦♦♦—
 RICHY AND SANDY*:

A PASTORAL,

On the Death of JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq.

Richy.

WHAT gars thee look sae dowf, dear Sandy, say?
 Cheer up, dull fellow, take thy reed and play
 My apron deary,——or some wanton tune;
 Be merry, lad, and keep thy heart aboon.

Sand. Na, na, it winna do! leave me to mane;
 This aught days twice o'er tell'd I'll whistle nane.

Rich. Wow man, that's unco sad—Is't that ye'r jo
 Has ta'en the strunt? Or has some bogle bo,
 Glowring frae 'mang auld waws gi'en ye a fleg?
 Or has soime dauted wedder broke his leg?

* Richy and Sandy.] *Sir Richard Steel and Mr. Alexander Pope.*

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O' Richy
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27 Ho
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34 Rot

37 San

Sand. Naithing like that, sic troubles eith were born;
What's bogles, wedders, or what's Manfy's scorn?

Our loss is meikle mair, and past remead;
Edie, that play'd and sang sae sweet, is dead.

Rich. Dead! say'st thou: Oh! had up my heart,
O Pan!

Ye gods, what laids ye lay on feckless man!

Alake therefore, I canna wyt ye'r wae;

I'll bear ye company for year and day.

A better lad ne'er lean'd out o'er a kent,

Or hounded coly o'er the mossy bent:

Blyth at the bought, how aft ha' we three been;

Heartsome on hills, and gay upon the green.

Sand. That's true indeed! but now thae days are gane,
And, with him a' that's pleasant on the plain.

A summer day I never thought it lang,

To hear him make a roundel or a sang.

How sweet he sung, where vines and myrtles grow,

Of wimpling waters which in Latium flow.

Firry the Mantuan herd, wha lang sinfyne,

Best sung on aiten reed the lover's pine,

Had he been to the fore now in our days,

Wi' Edie he had frankly dealt his bays.

As lang's the world shall Amaryllis ken,

His Rosamond shall echo thro' the glen;

While on burn banks the yellow gowan grows,

Or wand'ring lambs rin bleating after ews,

His fame shall last; last shall his sang of weirs,

While British bairns brag of their bauld forbeas;

We'll meikle miss his blyth and witty jest

At spaining time, or at our Lammas feast.

O' Richy, but 'tis hard that death ay reaves

Away the best fouk, and the ill anes leaves.

27 How sweet.] *His poetic epistle from Italy to the Earl of Halifax.*

34 Rosamond.] *An opera wrote by him.*

37 Sang of weirs.] *His Campaign, an heroic poem.*

Hing down ye'r heads, ye hills, greet out ye'r springs
Upon ye'r edge nae maer the shepherd sings.

Rich. Then he had ay a good advice to gi'e,
And kend my thoughts amaißt as wiel as me;
Had I been thowless, vext, or oughtlins four,
He wad hae made me blyth in haff an hour;
Had Rosie ta'en the dorts—or had the tod
Worry'd my lamb—or were my feet ill shod,
Kindly he'd laugh, when fae he saw me dwine,
And tauk of happineß like a divine.

Of ilka thing he had an unco skill;
He kend be moon-light how tides ebb and fill;
He kend—what kend he no? E'en to a hair
He'd tell or night gin neist day wad be fair.
Blind John, ye mind, wha sang in kittle phrase,
How the ill sp'rit did the first mischief raise;
Mony a time, beneath the auld birk-tree,
What's bonny in that sang he loot me see.
The lasses aft flang down their rakes and pails,
And held their tongues, O strange! to hear his tales.

Sand. Sound be his sleep, and fast his wak'ning be;
He's in a better case than thee or me;
He was o'er good for us; the gods hae ta'en
Their ain but back—he was a borrow'd len:
Let us be good, gin virtue be our drift,
Then may we yet forgether 'boon the lift.
But see the sheep are wyfing to the cleugh;
Thomas has loos'd his ousen frae the pleugh;
Maggy by this has bewk the supper-scones;
And nuckle kye stand rowting on the loans:
Come, Richy, let us truse and hame o'er bend,
And make the best of what we canna mend.

57 Blind John.] *The famous Mr. Milton, the author of
the excellent poem on Paradise Lost, was blind.*

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TO MR. ALLAN RAMSAY,
ON HIS RIGHT AND SANDY,

BY MR. BURCHET.

WELL fare thee, *Allan*, who in mother tongue
So sweetly hath of breathless Addy sung:
His endless fame thy nat'ral genius fir'd;
And thou hast written as if he inspir'd.
Richy and Sandy, who do him survive,
Long as thy rural stanzas last, shall live:
The grateful swains thou'st made, in tuneful verse,
Mourn sadly o'er their late—lost patron's hearse:
Nor would the Mantuan bard, if living, blame
Thy pious zeal, or think thou'st hurt his fame,
Since Addison's inimitable lays
Give him an equal title to the bays.
When he of armies sang, in lofty strains,
It seem'd as if he in the hostile plains
Had present been; his pen hath to the life
Trac'd every action in the sanguine strife;
In council now sedate the chief appears,
Then loudly thunders in Bavarian ears;
And still pursuing the destructive theme,
He pushes them into the rapid stream;
Thus beaten out of Blenheim's neighb'ring fields,
The Gallic gen'ral to the victor yields,
Who as Britannia's Virgil hath observ'd,
From threaten'd fate all Europe then preserv'd.
Nor dost thou, Ramsay, sightless Milton wrong,
By ought contain'd in thy melodious song;
For none but Addy could his thoughts sublime
So well unriddle, or his mystic rhyme.
And when he deign'd to let his fancy rove
Where sun-burnt shepherds to the nymphs make love,
No one e'er told in softer notes the tales
Of rural pleasures in the spangled vales.

So much, O Allan ! I thy lines revere,
Such veneration to his mem'ry bear,
That I no longer could my thanks refrain
or what thou'ft sung of the lamented swain.

TO JOSIAH BURCHET, ESQ.

THIRSTING for fame, at the Pierian spring
The poet takes a waught, then seys to sing
Nature, and with the tentiest view to hit
Her bonny side wi' bauldest turns o' wit.
Streams slide in verse, in verse the mountains rise,
When earth turns toom, he rummages the skies,
Mounts up beyond them, paints the fields of rest,
Douns down to visit ilka laigh-land ghaist.
O hartsome labour ! wordy time and pains,
That, frae the best, esteem and friendship gains.
Be that my luck, and let the greedy bike
Stock-job the world among them as they like.

In blyth braid Scots allow me, Sir, to shaw
My gratitude, but fleetching or a slaw.
May routh o' pleasures light upon you lang,
Till to the blest Elysian bow'rs ye gang ;
Wha've clapt my head sae brawly for my sang.
When honour'd Burchet and his maiks are pleas'd
Wi' my corn-pipe, up to the starns I'm heez'd ;
Whence far I glowr to the fag-end of time,
And view the world delighted wi' my rhyme.
That when the pride of sprush new words are laid,
I, like the Classic authors, shall be read.
Stand yont, proud Czar, I wadna niffer fame
Wi' thee, for a' thy furs and paughty name.

If sic great ferlies, Sir, my mule can do,
As spin a three plait praise where it is due,
Frac me there's nane deserves it mair than you.

14 But fleetching.] But is frequently used for without
i. e. without flatter'ing.

frae me ! frae ilka ane ; for fure a breast
 the gen'rous is of a' that's good posselt.
 Till I can serve ye mair, I'll wish ye weel,
 and aft in sparkling claret drink your heal :
 binding the mem'ry of the great and good
 sweet Addison, the wale of human blood,
 Wha fell (as Horace anes said to his billy),
Nulli febilior quam tibi Virgili.

30.

SIR,

Your's, &c.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES

BETWEEN

LIEUTENANT WILLIAM HAMILTON AND
 ALLAN RAMSAY.

EPISTLE I.

Gilbertfield, June 26, 1719.

O FAM'D and celebrated *Allan!*
 Renowned *Ramsay*, canty callan,
 There's nowther Highlandman nor Lawlan,
 In poetrie,
 But may as soon ding down Tamtallan
 As match wi' thee.

4

For ten times ten, and that's a hunder,
 ha'e been made to gaze and wonder,
 When frae Parnassus thou didst thunder,
 W' wit and skill,
 Wherefore I'll soberly knock under,
 And quat my quill.

8

4 Tamtallan.] *An old fortification upon the Frith of Forth
 East Lothian.*

Of poetry the hail quintessence
Thou hast suck'd up, left nae excrescence,
To petty poets, or sic messengers,
 Tho' round thy stool
They may pick crumbs, and lear some lessons
 At Ramsay's school.

Tho' Ben and Dryden of renown
Were yet alive in London town,
Like kings contending for a crown;
 'Twad be a pingle,
Whilk o' you three wad gar words sound.
 And best to jingle.

Transform'd may I be to a rat,
Wer't in my pow'r, but I'd create
Thee upo' fight the laureat
Of this our age,
Since thou may'ft fairly claim to that
As thy juft wage.

Let modern poets bear the blame
Gin they respect not Ramsay's name,
Wha soon can gar them greet for shame,
To their great los; ;
And send them a' right sneaking hame
Be Weeping-crofs.

Wha bourds wi' thee had need be wary,
And lear wi' skill thy thrust to parry,
When thou consults thy dictionary
Of ancient words,

13 Tho' Ben.] *The celebrated Ben Johnson.*

19 The laureat.]

Scots Ramsay pres'd hard, and sturdily vaunted,
He'd fight for the laurel before he would want it.
But rish Apollo, and cry'd, Peace there, old stile,
Your wit is obscure to one half of the isle.

B. Sess. of Poets.

Which come from thy poetic quarry,
As sharp as swords. 28

Now tho' I should baith reel and rattle,
And be as light as Aristotle,
At Ed'nburgh we fall ha'e a bottle
Of reaming claret,
Gin that my haff-pay filler shottle. 32
Can safely spare it.

At crambo then we'll rack our brain,
Drown ilk dull care and aiking pain,
Whilk aften does our spirits drain
Of true content;
Now, wow! but we's be wonder fain, 36
When thus acquaint.

Wi' wine we'll gargarize our craig,
Then enter in a lasting league,
Free of ill aspect or intrigue;
And, gin ye please it,
Like princes when met at the Hague, 40
We'll solemnize it.

Accept of this, and look upon it
Thi' favour, tho' poor I have done it;
I conclude, and end my sonnet,
Who am most fully,
While I do wear a hat or bonnet, 44
Yours—*Wanton Willy*.

Vol. I.

[32 Haff-pay.] *He held his commission honourably in my
and Hyndford's regiment.*

*And may the stars who shine aboon
With honour notice real merit,
Be to my friend auspicious soon,
And cherish ay sue fine a spirit.*

POSTSCRIPT.

By this my postscript I incline
 To let ye ken my hail design
 Of sic a lang imperfect line,
 Lies in this sentence,
 To cultivate my dull engine
 By your acquaintance.

Your answer therefore I expect,
 And to your friend you may direct,
 At Gilbertfield; do not neglect,
 When ye have leisure,
 Which I'll embrace wi' great respect,
 And perfect pleasure.

ANSWER I.

Edinburgb, July 10, 1719.

SONSE fa' me, witty, wanton Willy,
 Gin' blyth I was nae as a filly:
 Not a fow pint, nor short-hought gilly,
 Or wine that's better,
 Cou'd please sae meikle, my dear Billy,
 As thy kind letter.

Before a lord and eik a knight,
 In gossy Don's be candle light,
 There first I saw't, and ca'd it right,
 And the mail feck
 Wha's seen't sunsyne, they ca'd as tight
 As that on Heck.

Ha, heh! thought I, I canna say
 But I may cock my nose the day,

51 Gilbertfield.] *Nigh Glasgou.*

When Hamilton the bauld and gay
 Lends me a heezy,
 In verse that slides sae smooth away, 12
 Wiel tell'd and easy.

Sae roos'd by ane o' wiel kend mettle,
 Nae sma did my ambition pettle,
 My canker'd critics it will nettle,
 And e'en sae be't :

4 This month I'm sure I winna settle, 16
 Sae proud I'm wi't.

When I begoud first to cun verse,
 And cou'd your Ardry Whins rehearse,
 Where Bonny Heck ran fast and fierce,
 It warm'd my breast ;

5 Then emulation did me pierce, 20
 Whilk since ne'er ceast.

May I be licket wi' a bittle,
 Gin of your numbers I think little,
 Ye're never rugget, shan, nor kittle,
 But blyth and gabby ;

10, 1719.

And hit the spirit to a title, 24
 Of standart Habby.

Ye'll quat your quill ! that were ill-willy,
 Ye's sing some mair yet, nill ye will ye,
 O'er meikle haining wad but spill ye,
 And gar ye four,

Then up and war them a' yet, Willy, 28
 'Tis in your pow'r.

To knit up dollars in a clout,
 And then to eard them round about,

I 2

18 Ardry Whins.] *The last words of Bonny Heck, of which he was author.*

24 Standart Habby.] *The elegy on Habby Simpson, piper of Kilbarban, a finished piece of its kind.*

Syne to tell up, they downa lout
 To lift the gear ;
 The malison lights on that rout,
 Is plain and clear.

The chieils o' London, Cam, and Ox,
 Ha'e rais'd up great poetic stocks
 Of Rapes, of Buckets, Sarks, and Locks,
 While we neglect
 To shaw their betters. This provokes
 Me to reflect

On the lear'd days of Gawn Dunkell ;
 Our country then a tale cou'd tell
 Europe had nane mair snack and snell
 At verse or prose ;
 Our kings, were poets too themself,
 Bauld and jocose.

To Ed'nburgh, Sir, whene'er ye come,
 I'll wait upon ye, there's my thumb,
 Were't frae the gill-bells to the drum,
 And tak' a bout,
 And faith I hope we'll no sit dumb,
 Nor yet cast out.

37 Gawn Dunkell.] Gawn Douglass, brother to the Earl of Angus, Bishop of Dunkell, who, besides several original poems, hath left a most exact translation of Virgil's *Æneis*.

40 Our kings.] James the first and fifth.

43 Frae the gill-bells.] From half an hour before twelve at noon, when the music-bells begin to play, frequently called the gill-bells, from peoples taking a wetting dram at that time [To the drum.] Ten o'clock at night, when the drum goes round to warn sober folks to call for a bill.

DEAR

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EPISTLE II.

Gilbertfield, July 24, 1719.

DEAR RAMSAY,

WHEN I receiv'd thy kind epistle,
It made me dance, and sing, and whistle ;
O sic a fike and sic a fistle

I had about it !

That e'er was knight of the Scots thistle

Sae fain, I doubted.

The bonny lines therein thou sent me,
How to the nines they did content me ;

Tho', Sir, sae high to compliment me,

Ye might deferr'd,

For had ye but haff wiel a kent me,

Some less wad ser'd.

Wi' joyfu' heart beyond expression,

They're safely now in my possession :

O gin I were a winter session

Near by thy lodging,

I'd close attend thy new profession

Without e'er budging.

In even down earnest, there's but few

To vie wi' Ramsay dare avow,

In verse, for to gi'e thee thy due,

And without fleetching,

Thou's better at that trade, I trow,

Than some's at preaching.

I 3

4 Knight of the Scots thistle.] *The ancient and most noble order of knighthood, erected by king Achaius. The ordinary ensign, worn by the knights of the order, was a green ribbon, to which was appended a thistle of gold, crown'd, with an imperial crown, within a circle of gold, with this motto, "Nemo me impune lacesset."*

16 Than some's at preaching.] *This compliment is entirely free of the fulsome hyperbois.*

For my part, till I'm better lear't,
 To troke wi' thee I'd best forbear't,
 For an' the foulk of Ed'nburgh hear't,
 They'll ca' me daft;
 I'm unco' irie, and dirt-feart
 I mak' wrang waft.

Thy verses nice as ever nicket,
 Made me as canty as a cricket;
 Pergh to reply, lest I slick it,
 Syne like a coof
 I look, or ane whose pouch is picket
 As bare's my loof.

Heh winsome! how thy fast sweet style,
 And bonny auld words gar me smile;
 Thou's travell'd fure mony a mile
 Wi' charge and cost,
 To learn them thus keep rank and file,
 And ken their post.

For I maun tell thee, honest Allie,
 (I use the freedom so to call thee)
 I think them a' sae braw and walie,
 And in sic order,
 I wad nae care to be thy valie
 Or thy recorder.

Has thou wi' Rosicrucians wandert,
 Or thro' some donsie desert dandert?
 That wi' thy magic, town and landart,
 For aught I see,
 Maun a' come truckle to thy standart
 Of poetrie

Do not mistake me, dearest heart,
 As if I charg'd thee wi' black art;
 'Tis thy good genius still alert,

33 Rosicrucians. *A people deeply learned in the occult sciences, who conversed with aerial beings.—Gentlemanlike kind of necromancers, or jcs.*

Thee w

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 20 Bra' to f
 For fifty

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 24 As eithe
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 32 To tye u
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To lea
 3 In secret
 Pray dip

I'm sure

Wi' w
 That wh
 I though

That does inspire
Thee wi' ilk thing that's quick and finart 40
To thy desire.

E'en mony a bonny knacky tale,
20 Bra' to set o'er a pint of ale:
For fifty guineas I'll find bail,
Against a bodle,
That I wad quat ilk day a mail 44
For sic a noddle.

And on condition I were as gabby,
24 As either thee, or honest Habby,
That I lin'd a' thy claes wi' tabby,
Or velvet plush,
And then thou'd be say far frae shabby, 48
Thou'd look right sprush.

What tho' young empty airy sparks
28 May have their critical remarks
On thir my blyth diverting warks;
'Tis sinna presumption,
To say they're but unlearned clarks, 52
And want the gumption.

Let coxcomb critics get a tether,
32 To tye up a' their lang loose leather;
If they and I chance to forgether,
The tane may rue it,
For an' they winna had their blether, 56
They's get a flewet.

To learn them for to peep and pry
3 In secret drolls 'twixt thee and I;
Pray dip thy pen in wrath, and cry,
And ca' them skellums,
I'm sure thou needs set little by 60
To bide their bellums.

Wi' writing I'm sae bleirt and doited,
That when I raise, in troth I stoited;
I thought I shou'd turn capernoited,

For wi' a gird,
 Upon my bum I fairly cloited
 On the cald eard:
 Which did oblige a little duple
 Upon my doup, closeby my rumple:
 But had ye seen how I did trumple,
 Ye'd split your side,
 Wi' mony a lang and weary wimple,
 Like troug h of Clyde.

ANSWER II.

Edinburgh, Aug. 4, 1719.

DEAR Hamilton, ye'll turn me dyver,
 My muse fae bonny ye describe her;
 Ye blaw her fae, I'm fear'd ye rive her,
 For wi' a whid,
 Gin ony higher up ye drive her,
 She'll rin red-wood.

Said I,—“Whisfit, quoth the vo ugy jade,
 William's a wise judicious lad,
 Has havins m air than e'er ye had,
 Ill bred hog-staker;
 But me ye ne'er say crouse had craw'd,
 Ye poor scull-thacker.

It sets you well indeed to gadge!
 E'er I t' Apollo did ye cadge,

4 Rin red-wood] *Run distracted.*

7 Ill-bred hog-staker, but me, &c.] *The muse, not unreasonably angry, puts me here in mind of the favours she has done by bringing me from stalking over bogs or wild marshes, to lift my head a little brisker among the polite world, which could never have been acquired by the low movements of a mechanic. Scull-thacker, i. e. thatcher of skulls.*

9 It sets ye well indeed, &c.] *Ironically she says, It becomes*

94 And got
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12 Gla

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23 Kai

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24 I've

good chur

94 And got ye on his honour's badge,
Ungratefu' beaft,
A Glasgow capon and a fadge 12
Ye thought a feast.

Swith to Castalius' fountain-brink,
Dad down a grouf, and tak' a drink,
98 Syne whisk out paper, pen and ink,
And do my bidding ;
Be thankfu' else I'fe gar ye stink 16
Yet on a midding.

My mistress dear, your servant humble,
Said I, I shou'd be laith to drumble
4, 1719. Your passions, or e'er gar ye grumble ;
'Tis ne'er be me
Shall scandalize, or fay ye bummil 20
Y'er poetrie.

Frae what I've tell'd, my friend may learn
How sadly I ha'e been forfairn,
'd better been ayont side Kairn-
amount, I trow ;
've kifs'd the taz, like a good bairn, 24
Now, Sir, to you.

Heal be your heart, gay couthy carle,
Lang may ye help to toom a barrel :
Be thy crown ay unclowr'd in quarrel,

*ne mighty well, to talk baughtily, and affront my benefactress,
y alledging so meanly, that it were possible to praise her out of
er solidity.*

*use, not unreasonably, for she has done
s for, to list my
b could need
banic. Scull
and.*

12 Glasgow capon, &c.] *A berring. (A fadge.) A*

arse kind of leaven'd bread, used by the common people

14 Dad down a grouf] *Fall flat on your belly.*

23 Kairn-amount.] A noted bill in the north of Scot-

ays, It becomes 24 I've kifs'd the taz.] *Kifs'd the rod, own'd my fault like
good could.*

When thou inclines
To knoit thrawn-gabbed sumphs that snarl
At our frank lines.

Ilk good chiel says, ye're wiel worth gowd,
And blythness on ye's wiel bestow'd,
'Mang witty Scots ye'r name's be row'd,
Ne'er fame to tine;
The crooked clinkers shall be cow'd,
But ye shall shine.

Set out the burnt side of your shin,
For pride in poets is nae sin;
Glory's the prize for which they rin,
And fame's their jo;
And wha blaws best the horn shall win:
And wherefore no?

Quisquis vocabit nos vain glorious,
Shaw scanter skill, than *malos mores*,
Multi et magni men before us
Did stamp and swagger,
Probatum est, exemplum Horace,
Was a bauld bragger.

Then let the doofarts, fash'd wi' spleen,
Cast up the wrang side o' their een,
Pegh, fry, and girn, wi' spite and teen,
And fa' a flyting,
Laugh, for the lively lads will screen
Us frae back-biting,

If that the gypsies dinna spung us,
And foreign whiskers ha'e nae dung us;

32 The crooked clinkers, &c.] *The scribbling rhymers with their lame versification shall be cow'd, i. e. scorned off.*

33 Set out the burnt side of your shin.] *As if we would say, "Walk stately with your toes out." An expression used when we would bid a person (merrily) look briske.*

sin I can snifter thro' mundungus,
 Wi' boots and belt on,
 hope to see you at St. Mungo's
 Atween and Beltan.

48

EPISTLE III.

Gilbertfield, August 24, 1719.

ACCEPT my third and last essay
 Of rural rhyme, I humbly pray,
 Bright Ramsay, and altho' it may
 Seem doilt and donsie,
 Yet thrice of a' things, I heard say,
 Was ay thought sonsie.

4

Wherefore I scarce cou'd sleep or slumber,
 Till I made up that happy number :
 The pleasure counterpois'd the cumber
 In every part,
 And snoov't away like three hand ombre,
 Sixpence a cart.

8

Of thy last poem, bearing date
 August the fourth, I grant receipt ;
 It was sae bra', gart me look blate,
 'Maist tyne my senses,
 And look just like poor country Kate
 In Lucky Spence's.

12

I shaw'd it to our parish-priest,
 Wha was as blyth as gi'm a feast ;
 He says, thou may had up thy creest,

ling rhyme

born off.

As if

An express

rise.

48 St. Mungo's.] *The High Church of Glasgow.*

8 Snoov't away.] *Whirl'd smoothly round. Snooving*

always expresses the action of a top or spindle, &c.

12 Country Kate.] *Vide Lucky Spence's Elegy, line 31.*

And craw fu' crouse,
The poets a' to thee's but jest,
Not worth a souse,

Thy blyth and cheerfu' merry muse,
Of compliments is sae profuse,
For my good havins dis me roose
Sae very finely,
It were ill breeding to refuse
To thank her kindly.

What tho' sometimes, in angry mood,
When she puts on her barlikhood,
Her dialect seem rough and rude,
Let's neer be flee't,
But tak our bit, when it is good,
And buffet wi't.

For gin we ettle anes to taunt her,
And dinna cawmly thole her baunter,
She'll tak' the flings; verse may grow scanter,
Syne wi' great shame
We'll rue the day that we do want her;
Then wha's to blame?

But let us still her kindness culzie,
And wi' her never breed a tulzie,
For we'll bring aff but little spulzie,
In sic a barter;
And she'll be fair to gar us fulzie,
And cry for quarter.

Sae little worth's my rhyming ware,
My pack I scarce dare apen mair,
Till I tak better wi' the lair,
My pen's sae blunted;
And a' for fear I file the fair,
And be affronted.

27 She'll tak' the flings.] *Turn sullen, restive, and kick.*

36 For fear I file the fair.] *This phrase is used when*

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Vol. I.

as attempt

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37 Du

49 A'

ad respo

take the l

- The dull draff-drink makes me fae dowff,
 10 A' I can do'sbut bark and yowff;
 Yet set me in a claret howff,
 Wi' fouk that's chancy,
 My muse may len me then a gowff 40
 To clear my fancy.
- Then Bacchus-like I'd bawl and bluster,
 20 And a' the muses 'bout me muste;
 Sae merrily I'd squeeze the cluster,
 And drink the grape,
 Twad gi'e my verse a brighter lustre, 44
 And better shape.
- The pow'rs aboon be still auspicious
 25 To thy atchievements maist delicious;
 Thy poems sweet and nae way vicious,
 But blyth and kanny:
 To see, I'm anxious and ambitious, 48
 Thy Miscellany.
- A' blessings, Ramsay, on thee row;
 30 lang may thou live, and thrive, and dow,
 Until thou claw an auld man's pow;
 And thro' thy creed,
 We kept frae the wirricow, 52
 After thou's dead.
- Vol. I. K

attempts to do what's banefome, and is affronted by not doing right—not a reasonable fear in him.

37 Dull draff-drink.] Heavy malt liquor.

49 A' blessings.] All this verse is a succinct cluster of
 30 and wishes, elegantly expressed, with a friendly spirit, so which
 take the liberty to add, Amen.

refuse, and

is used with

ANSWER III.

Edinburgh, Sept. 2, 1719.

MY TRUSTY TROJAN,

Thy laft oration orthodox,
 Thy innocent auldfarren jokes,
 And fonfie faw of three, provokes
 Me anes again,
 Tod lowrie like, to loofe my pocks,
 And pump my brain.

By a' your letters I ha'e read,
I eithly scan the man wiel-bred,
And foger that, where honour led,
Has ventur'd bauld ;
Wha now to youngsters leaves the yed,
To'tend his fald.

That bangster billy, Cæsar July,
Wha at Pharfalia wan the tooly,
Had better sped, had he mair hooly
Scamper'd thro' life,
And 'midst his glories sheath'd his gully,
And kifs'd his wife.

Had he, like you, as wief he cou'd,
Upon burn banks the mufes woo'd,
Retir'd betimes frae 'mang the crowd,
Wha'd been aboon him?
The fenate's durks, and faction loud,
Had ne'er undone him.

4 Tod lowrie like.] *Like Reynard the fox, to betake myself to some more of my wiles.*

8 Leaves the yed to 'tend his fauld.] *Leaves the martial contention and retires to a country life.*

13 As wicl he cou'd] 'Tis well known he could w
as well as fight.

Yet sometimes leave the riggs and bog,
Your howms and braes, and shady scrog,
And helm-a-lee the claret cog,

2, 1719.

To clear your wit :
Be blyth, and let the warld e'en shog,
As it thinks fit.

20

Ne'er fash about your neist year's state,
Nor wi' superior pow'rs debate,
Nor cantrapes cast to ken your fate ;
There's ills anew
To cram our days, which soon grow late :
Let's live just now.

24

When northern blasts the ocean snurl,
And gars the heights and hows look gurl,
Then left about the bumper whirl,
And toom the horn,
Grip fast the hours which hasty hurl,
The morn's the morn.

28

Thus to Leuconoe sang sweet Flaccus,
Wha nane e'er thought a Gillygacus :
And why should we let whimsies bawk us,
When joy's in season,
And thole sae aft the spleen to whauk us
Out of our reason ?

32

Tho' I were laird of tenscore acres,
Nodding to jouks o' hallenshakers,

K 2

27 Toom the horn.] 'Tis frequent in the country to drink
out of horn-cups, made in shape of a water-glass.

29 Thus to Leuconoe.] Vide Book I. II Ode of Ho-
race.

34 Hallenshakers.] A ballen is a fence (built of stone,
or a moveable stake of beather) at the sides of the door in
country places, to defend them from the wind. The trembling at-
tendant about a forgetful great man's gate or levee, is also expres-
sed in the term hallenshaker.

Yet crush'd wi' humdrums, which the weaker's
 Contentment ruins,
 I'd rather roost wi' causey rakers,
 And sup cauld sowens.

I think, my friend, an fouk can get
 A doll of roast beef pipin het,
 And wi' red wine their wyson wet,
 And cleathing clean,
 And be nae sick, or drown'd in debt,
 They're no to mean.

I read this verse to my ain kimmer,
 Wha kens I like a leg o' gimmer,
 Or sic and sic, good belly timmer;
 Quoth she, and leugh,
 "Sicker of thae winter and simmer,
 Ye're wiel enough."

My hearty goss, there is nae help,
 But hand to nive we twa maun skelp
 Up Rhine and Thames, and o'er the Alp-
 pines and Pyrenians.
 The cheerfu' carles do sae yelp
 To ha'e's their minions.

Thy raffian rural rhyme fae rare,
 Sic wordy, wanton, hand-wail'd ware,
 Sae gash and gay, gars fowk gae gare
 To ha'e them by them;
 Tho' gassin they wi' fides fae fair,
 Cry, "Wae gae by him!"

51 Gars fouk gae gare.] *Make people very earnest.*

52 Wi' fides fae fair, cry, "Wae gae by him!" *It is usual for many after a full laugh, to complain of sore sides, and to bestow a kindly curse on the author of the jest: But the folks of more tender consciences have turned their expletives to friendly wishes, such as this; or, "Sonse fa' ye," and the like.*

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I'll answ

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 Wha ca'

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YOUR
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60 G
 what ris
 not wort
 foolishly
 I Ha

Fair fa' that foger did invent
 To ease the poets' toil wi' print :
 26 Now, William, we maun to the bent,
 And poufs our fortune,
 And crack wi' lads wha're wiel content
 Wi' this our sporting. 56

Gin ony four-mou'd girning bucky
 Ca' me conceity keckling chucky,
 40 That we like nags whale necks are yucky
 Ha'e us'd our teeth ;
 I'll answer fine,—Gae kifs ye'r Lucky,
 She dwells i' Leith. 60

I ne'er wi' lang tales fash my head,
 But when I speak, I speak indeed :
 44 Wha ca's me droll, but ony feed,
 I'll own I am fae :
 And while my champers can chew bread,
 Your's—Allan Ramsay. 64

— — — — —
 AN EPISTLE

TO

LIEUTENANT HAMILTON,

*On the receiving the Compliment of a Barrel of Loehane
 Herrings from him.*

YOUR herrings, Sir, came hale and feer,
 In halefome brine a' foumin,

K 3

60 Gae kifs ye'r Lucky, &c.] *Is a cant phrase, from
 what rise I know not; but 'tis made use of when one thinks it is
 not worth while to give a direct answer, or think themselves
 foolishly accused.*

1 Hale and feer.] *Whole, without the least fault or want.*

Fu' fat they are, and gussy gear,
 As e'er I laid my thumb on:
 Bra' fappy fish
 As ane cou'd wish
 To clap on fadge or scone;
 They relish fine
 Good claret wine,
 That gars our cares stand yon.
 Right mony gabs wi' them shall gang
 About Auld Reekie's ingle,
 When kedgy carles think nae lang,
 Where stoups and trunchers gingle;
 Then my friend leal,
 We tofs ye'r heal,
 And wi' bauld brag advance,
 What's hoorded in
 Lochs Broom and Fine
 Might ding the stocks o' France.
 A jelly sum to carry on
 A fishery's design'd,
 Twa million good o' Sterling pounds,
 By men o' money's sign'd.
 Had ye but seen
 How unco keen
 And thrang they were about it,
 That we are bauld,
 Right rich, and ald-
 Farren, ye ne'er wad doubted.
 Now, now, I hope we'll ding the Dutch,
 As fine as a round Robin,
 Gin greediness to grow soon rich
 Invites not to stock-jobbing:

19 Broom and Fine.] *Two lochs on the western sea where plenty of herrings are taken.*

22 A fishery.] *The royal fishery; success to which is the wish and hope of every good man.*

And w

A heezy

Fy, fy!

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67 M

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- That poor bofs shade 35
Of finking trade,
5 And weather-glaſs politic,
Which heaves and ſets,
As public gets
A heezy or a wee kick. 40
Fy, fy ! but yet I hope 'tis daft
10 To fear that trick come hither ;
Na, we're aboon that dirty craft
Of biting ane anither.
The ſubject rich 45
Will gi' a hitch
15 T' increaſe the public gear,
When on our ſeas,
Like biſy bees,
Ten thouſand fiſhers ſteer. 50
Could we catch the united ſhoals
20 That crowd the weſtern ocean,
The Indies wad prove hungry holes,
Compar'd to this our Goſhen :
Then let's to wark 55
Wi' net and bark,
25 Them fiſh and faithfu' cure up ;
Gin ſae we join,
We'll cleek in coin
Frae a' the ports of Europe. 60
Thanks t'ye, Captain, for this ſwath
30 Of our ſtore, and your favour ;
Gin I be ſpar'd, your love to match
Shall ſtill be my endeavour.
Next unto you, 65
My ſervice due
Pleaſe gi'e to Matthew Cumin,
Wha wi' fair heart,
Has play'd his part,
And ſent them true and trim in. 70

67 Matthew Cumin.] Merchant in Glasgow, and one of
the late magiſtrates of that city.

LUCKY SPENCE'S LAST ADVICE*.

THREE times the earline grain'd and risted,
 Then frae the cod her porw she listied,
 In barvdy policy well gisted,
 When she now faun,
 That death nae langer wad be shifted,
 She thus began:

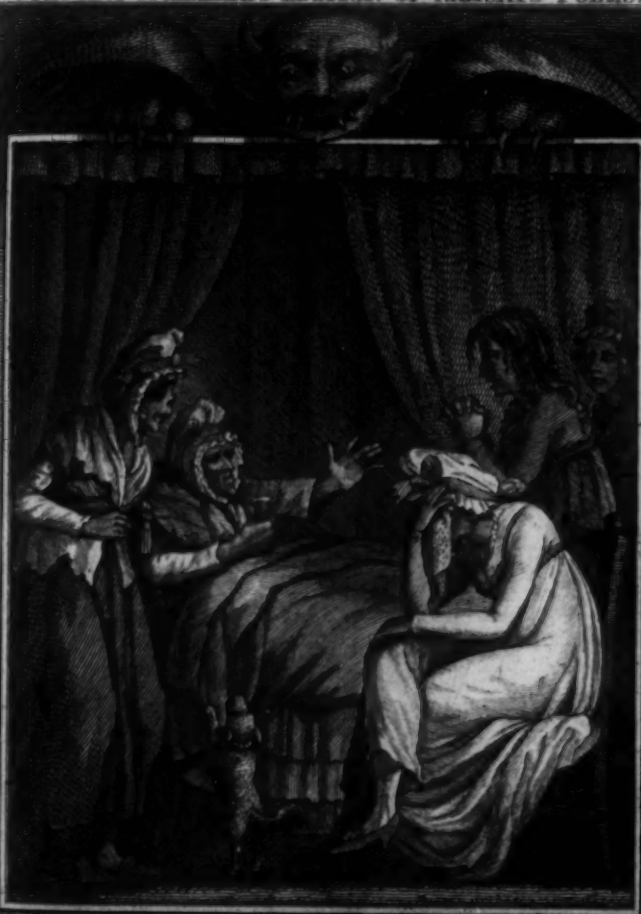
My loving lasses, I maun leave ye,
 But dinna wi' your greeting grieve me,
 Nor wi' your draunts and droning deave me,
 But bring's a gill;
 For faith, my bairns, ye may believe me,
 'Tis 'gainst my will.

O black ey'd Bess and mim mou'd Meg,
 O'er good to work, or yet to beg;
 Lay funkots up for a fair leg,
 For whan ye fail,
 Ye'r face will not be worth a feg,
 Nor yet ye'r tail.

Whane'er ye meet a fool that's fow,
 That ye're a maiden gar him trow,
 Seem nice, but stick to him like glew;
 And whan set down,
 Drive at the jango till he spew,
 Syne he'll sleep foun.

* *Lucky Spence, a famous barv'd, who flourished for several years about the beginning of the eighteenth century: She had her lodgings near Holyrood-house; she made many a benefit-night to herself, by putting a trade in the hands of young lasses that had a little pertness, strong passions, abundance of laziness, and no forethought.*

13 Mim mou'd.] *Expresses an affected modesty, by a pretence about the mouth,*



My loving lasses, I mean leave ye,
But diana wi' your greeting grieves me,
Nor wi' your demands and darning leave me,
But being a gill!

Drawn by W. Blair.

Vide Lady Spence.

Engraved by R. Smith.

Glasgow Printed for Stewart & Meikle, March 1797.

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pretenders

41 Ga
the kirk-t
hall; wh
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44 Cu

Whan he's asleep, then dive and catch
 His ready cash, his rings or watch;
 And gin he likes to light his match
 At your spunk-box,
 Ne'er stand to let the fumbling wretch
 E'en take the pox.

30

Cleek a' ye can by hook or crook,
 Ryp ilka poutch frae nook to nook;
 Be sure to truff his pocket-book:
 Saxty pounds Scots
 Is nae deaf nits; in little bouk
 Lie great bank notes.

36

To get amends of whinging fools,
 That's frightened for repenting stools,
 Wha often, whan their mettle cools,
 Turn sweer to pay,
 Gar the kirk-boxie hale the dools
 Anither day.

42

But dawt red coats, and let them scoup,
 Free for the fow of cutty stoup;
 To gi'e them up, ye need na hope
 E'er to do weel:
 They'll rive ye'r brats, and kick your doup,
 And play the deel.

48

27 Light his match, &c.] *I could give a large annotation on this sentence, but do not incline to explain every thing, lest I disoblige future critics, by leaving them nothing to do.*

35 Is nae deaf nits.] *Or empty nuts; this is a negative manner of saying a thing is substantial.*

37 To get amends. (*To be revenged.*) *Of whinging fools.] Fellows who wear the wrong side of their faces outmost, pretend to sanctity, who love to be smuggling in a corner.*

41 Gar the kirk boxie hale the dools.] *Delate them to the kirk-treasurer. Hale the dools is a phrase used at football; where the party that gains the goal or dool, is said to hale it or win the game, and so draws the stake.*

44 Cutty stoup.] *Little pot, i. e. a gill of brandy.*

There's ae fair cross attends the craft,
That curst correction-house, where aft
Wild hangy's taz ye'r riggings saft
Makes black and blae,
Enough to pit a body daft ;
But what'll ye say.

Nane gathers gear withoutten care,
 Ilk pleasure has of pain a skare;
 Suppose then they should tirlt ye bare,
 And gar ye fike,
 E'en learn to thole; 'tis very fair.
 Ye're nibour like.

Forby, my looves, count upo' losses,
Ye'r milk-white teeth, and cheeks like roses,
Whan jet-black hair and brigs of noses
Faw down wi' dads,
To keep your hearts up 'neath sic crosses,
Set up for bawds.

Wi' wiel-crish'd loofs I ha'e been canty,
Whane'er the lads wad fain hae faun t'ye,
To try the auld game Taunty, Raunty,
Like coosers keen,
They took advice of me, your aunty,
If ye were clean.

Then up I took my filler ca',
And whistl'd benn' whiles ane, whiles twa;
Roun'd in his lug, that there was a

51 Hangy's taz.] If they perform not the task assign'd
them, they are whipt by the hangman.

54 But what'll ye say.] *The emphasis of this phrase, like many others, cannot be understood but by a native.*

74 And whistl'd benn.] Butt and benn signify different ends or rooms of a house: To gang butt and benn is to go from one end of the house to the other.

75 Roun'd in his lug.] *Whisper'd in his ear.*

Poor country Kate,
 As hale some as the well of Spa,
 But unco blate. 78

Sae whane'er company came in,
 And were upo' a merry pin,
 Slade awa' wi' little din,
 And muckle mense,
 Left conscience judge, it was a' ane
 To Lucky Spence. 84

My bennison come on good doers,
 Who spend their cash on bawds and whores;
 May they ne'er want the wale of cures
 For a fair snout;
 Soul fa' the quacks wha that fire smoores,
 And puts nae out. 90

My malison light ilka day
 On them that drink and dinna pay,
 But tak' a snack and rin away;
 May't be their hap
 Never to want a gonorrhoea,
 Or rotten clap. 96

Lafs gi'e us in anither gill,
 Mutchken, jo, let's tak' our fill;
 Let Death syne registrate his bill
 Whan I want sense,
 I'll slip away wi' better will,
 Quo' Lucky Spence. 102

83 Left conscience judge.] *It was the usual way of vindicating herself, to tell ye, When company came to her house, would she be so uncivil as to turn them out? If they did any bad thing, said she, between God and their conscience be't.*

89 Fire smoores.] *Such quacks as bind up the external symptoms of the pox, and drive it inward to the strong holds, when it is not so easily expelled.*

WEALTH; OR THE WOODY,

A POEM ON THE SOUTH SEA,

Wrote June, 1720.

*Illi robur et æs triplex**Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci**Commisit pelago ratem**Primus, —*

HORACE.

Daring and unco stout he was,
 Wi' heart hool'd in three sloughs o' brags,
 Wha ventur'd first upon the sea,
 Wi' hempen branks, and horse o' tree.

THALIA, ever welcome to this isle,
 Descend and glad the nation wi' a smile;
 See frae yon bank where South Sea ebbs and flows,
 How sand-blind Chance woodies and wealth bestows:
 Aided by thee, I'll sail the wond'rous deep,
 And thro' the crowded alleys cautious creep.
 Not easy task to plow the swelling wave,
 Or in stock-jobbing prefs my guts to save:
 But naething can our wilder passions tame,
 Wha rax for riches or immortal fame.

Long had the grumblers us'd this murmur'ring sound
 "Poor Britain in her public debt is drown'd!"
 At fifty millions late we started a',
 And wow we wonder'd how the debt wad fa;
 But sonsy fauls, wha first contriv'd the way,
 Wi' project deep our charges to defray;

[Thalia ever welcome.] *Thalia, the cheerful muse the
 delights to imitate the actions of mankind, and produces the
 laughing comedy.—That kind of poetry ever acceptable to Brit-
 tans.*

O'er and aboon it heaps of treasure brings,
 That fouk be guefs become as rich as kings.
 Lang heads they were that first laid down the plan,
 Into the which the round anes headlang ran; 20
 Till overstock'd, they quat the sea, and fain wad been
 at lan'.

Thus, when braid flakes o' snaw have clad the green,
 Aften I have young sportive gilpies seen,
 The waxing ba' wi' meikle pleasure row,
 Till past their pith it did unwieldy grow. 25

'Tis strange to think what changes may appear

Within the narrow circle of a year:

How can ae project, if it be wiel laid,

Supply the simple want of trifling trade;

Saxty lang years a man may rack his brain, 30

Hunt after gear baith night and day wi' pain,

And die at last in debt, instead of gain.

But, O South Sea! what mortal mind can run

Thro' a' the miracles that thou hast done?

Nor scrimply thou thyself to bounds confines, 35

But like the sun on ilka party shines;

To poor and rich, the fools as wiel as wise,

Wi' hand impartial stretches out the prize.

Like Nilus swelling frae his unkend head,

Frae bank to brae o'erflows ilk rig and mead, 40

Instilling lib'ral store of genial sap,

Whence sun-burn'd gypies reap a plenteous crap:

Vol. I.

L

21 Fain wad been at land.] *Land, in the time of this golden two or three months, was sold at 45 or 50 years purchase.*

29 Trifling trade.] *All manner of traffic and mechanics was at that time despised. Subscriptions and transfers were the only commodities.*

39 Like Nilus.] *A river which crosses a great part of Africa, the spring head thereof unknown till of late. In the month of June it swells and overflows Egypt: When it rises so high, the inundation is dangerous, and threatens a famine, in this river are the monstrous amphibious animals named croco-*

Thus flows our sea, but wi' this diff'rence wide,
But anes a year their river heaves his tide;
Ours aft ilk day, t' enrich the common weal,
Bangs o'er its banks, and dings Egyptian Nile.

Ye rich and wise, we own success your due,
But your reverse their luck wi' wonder view.
How without thought these dawted petts of fate
Have jobb'd themselves into sae high a state,
By pure instinct sae leal the mark have hit,
Without the use of either fear or wit.
And ithers wha last years their garrets kept,
Where duns in vision fash'd them while they slept;
Wha only durst in twilight or the dark,
Steal to a common cook's wi' haff a mark,
A' their hale stock—Now by a kanny gale,
In the o'erflowing ocean spread their sail;
While they in gilded galleys cut the tide,
Look down on fisher boats wi' meikle pride.

Mean time, the thinkers wha are out o' play,
For their ain comfort kenna what to say;
That the foundation's loose fain wad they shaw,
And think nae but the fabric soon will fa':
That's a' but sham—for inwardly they fry,
Vext that their fingers were nae in the pye:

diles, of the same species with the late alligators of the South Sea which make a prey of, and devour all human creatures they lay hold on.

48 Your reverse.] *Poor fools.*

52 Of either fear or wit.] *One was reckoned a timorous thinking fool, who took advice of his reason in the grand affair.*

60 Look down on fisher boats.] *Despised the virtuous design of propagating and carrying on a fishery, which can never fail to be a real benefit to Britain.*

61 The thinkers.] *Many of just thinking at that time were vexed to see themselves trudging on foot, when some others of very indifferent capacities were setting up gilded equipages and notwithstanding of all the doubts they formed against it, pressed because they were not so lucky as to have some shares.*

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Faint-hearted wights, wha dully stood afar,
 Tholling your reason great attempts to mar;
 While the brave dauntless, of sic fetters free,
 Jump't headlong glorious in the golden sea: 70
 Where now, like gods, they rule each wealthy jaw,
 While you may thump your pows against the wa'.

On summer's e'en, the welkin cawm and fair,
 When little midges frisk in lazy air,
 Have ye not seen thro' ither how they reel, 75
 And time about how up and down they wheel?
 Thus eddies of stock-jobbers drive about;
 Upmost to-day, the morn their pipe's put out.
 Wi' penfive face, whene'er the market's high,
 Minutius crys, Ah! what a gowk was I: 80
 Some friend of his, wha wisely seems to ken
 Events of causes mair than ither men,
 Push for your interest yet, nae fear, he ories,
 For South Sea will to twice ten hundred rise.
 Waes me for him that sells paternal land, 85
 And buys when shares the highest sums demand:
 He ne'er shall taste the sweets o' rising stock,
 Which faws neist day; nae help for't, he is broke.

Dear Sea, be tenty how thou flows at shams
 Of Hogland Gad'rens in their froggy dams, 90
 Left in their muddy boggs thou chance to sink,
 Where thou may'st stagnate, syne of course maun stink.
 This I foresee (and time shall prove I'm right,
 For he's nae poet wants the second sight),

L 2

70 Jump't head-long.] *I threw off all the fetters of reason
 and plunged gloriously into confusion.*

81 Wha wisely.] *With grave faces many at that time pre-
 tended they could demonstrate this hoped-for rise of South Sea.*

90 Hogland Gad'rens.] *The Dutch; whom a learned
 author of a late essay has endeavoured to prove to be descended
 after a strange manner from the Gaderens, which essay Lewis
 XIV. was mightily pleased with, and bounteously rewarded the
 author.*

When autumn's stores are ruck'd up in the yard, 98
 And fleet and snaw dreeps down cauld winter's beard;
 When bleak November winds make forests bare,
 And with splenetic vapours fill the air;
 Then, then in gardens, parks, or silent glen,
 When trees bear naithing else, they'll carry men,
 Wha shall like paughty Romans greatly swing 101
 Aboon earth's disappointments in a string.
 Sae ends the tawring faul that downa see
 A man move in a higher sphere than he.

Happy that man wha has thrown up a main, 105
 Which makes some hundred thousands a' his ain,
 And comes to anchor on sae firm a rock,
 Britannia's credit, and the South Sea stock:
 Ilk blythsome pleasure waits upon his nod,
 And his dependents eye him like a god: 111
 Close may he bend Champaign frae e'en to morn,
 And look on cells of tippony wi' scorn:
 Thrice lucky pimps, or smug-fac'd wanton fair,
 That can in a' his wealth and pleasure skair:
 Like Jove he sits, like Jove, high heav'n's goodman, 115
 While the inferior gods about him stan',
 Till he permits, wi' condescending grace,
 That ilka ane in order take their place:
 Thus wi' attentive look mensfou they sit,
 Till he speak first, and shaw some shining wit; 121
 Syne circling wheels the flattering gaffaw,
 As wiel they may, he gars their beards wag a'.
 Imperial gowd, what is't thou canna grant?
 Posselt of thee, what is't a man needs want?
 Commanding coin, there's nothing hard to thee;
 I canna guess how rich fouk come to die.

Unhappy wretch, link'd to the threed-bare nine,
 The dazzling equipage can ne'er be thine:

122 Their beards wag a'.] Feasts them at his own expense; hence the proverb—" 'Tis fair in ba' where beards wag a'."

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Destin'd to toil thro' labyrinths of verse,
 Dar'st speak of great stock-jobbing as a farce. 130
 Poor thoughtless mortal, vain of airy dreams,
 Thy flying horse, and bright Apollo's beams,
 And Helicon's wersh well thou ca'st divine,
 Are naithing like a mistress, coach, and wine.
 Wad some good patron (whase superior skill 135
 Can make the South Sea ebb and flow at will)
 Put in a stock for me, I own it fair,
 In epic strain I'd pay him to a hair;
 immortalize him, and whate'er he loves;
 In flowing numbers I shall sing—*Approves:* 140
 If not, fox-like, I'll thraw my gab and gloom,
 And ca' your hundred thousand a *four plum*.



EDINBURGH'S SALUTATION

TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

MY LORD MARQUIS OF CARNARVON*.

WELCOME, my Lord, Heav'n be your guide,
 And further your intention,
 To whate'er place you sail or ride,
 To brighten your invention. 4
 The book o' mankind lang and wide,
 Is wiel worth your attention:

L 3

142 A four plum.] *The fox in the fable, that despised the
 lambs he could not reach, is well known: 100,000 pounds being
 called a plum, makes this a right pun; and some puns deserve
 not to be classed amongst low wit, though the generality of them do.*

* Marquis of Carnarvon.] *Eldest son to his Grace the
 Duke of Chandos, who in May 1720, was at Edinburgh, in
 his tour through Scotland.*

Wherefore, please sometime here abide,
 And measure the dimension
 Of minds right stout.

O that ilk worthy British peer
 Wad follow your example,
 My auld gray head I yet wad rear,
 And spread my skirts mair ample.
 Shou'd London poutch up a' the gear,
 She might spare me a sample:
 In troth his Highness shou'd live here,
 For without oil our lamp will
 Gang blinkan out.

Lang syne, my Lord, I had a court,
 And nobles fill'd my causey;
 But since I have been fortune's sport,
 I look nae haffsae gawfy.
 Yet here brave gentlemen resort,
 And mony a handsome lassie:
 Now that you're lodg'd within my port,
 Fow wiel I wat they'll a' say,
 Welcome, my Lord.

For you my best cheer I'll produce,
 I'll no mak' muckle vaunting;
 But routh for pleasure and for use,
 Whatever you be wanting,
 You's have at will to chap and chuse,
 For few things am I scant in;
 The wale of wiel-set ruby juice,
 When you like to be rantin,
 I can afford.

13 Shou'd London.] *Edinburgh too justly complains, that the North of Britain is so remote from the Court, and so rarely enjoys the influence of British flares of the first magnitude.*

31 The wale of wiel-set, &c.] *The most choice of first class.*

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Than I, nor Paris, nor Madrid,
Nor Rome, I trow's mair able
To busk you up a better bed,
Or trim a tighter table.

36

My sons are honourably bred,
To truth and friendship stable:

What my detracting faes have said,

You'll find a feigned fable,

40

At the first sight.

May classic lear and letters belle,

And travelling conspire,

Ilk unjust notion to repell,

And god-like thoughts inspire;

44

That in ilk action wise and snell

You may shaw manly fire:

Sae the fair picture o' himself,

Will give his Grace, your Sire,

48

Immense delight.



THE PROSPECT OF PLENTY:

A POEM,

On the NORTH SEA FISHERY, inscribed to the Right Honourable the ROYAL BOROUGHs of SCOTLAND.

— Βαίῳ δὲ πόντῳ μέγα κέρδος ὀπηδεῖ.

Oppian. Halieutic. Lib. III.

THALIA, apes again, in blythsome lays,
In lays immortal, chant the North Sea's praise.
Tent how the Caledonians, lang supine,
Begin, mair wise, to open baith their een;

39 What my detracting faes.] Those who, from a malicious low prejudice, (only the scum indeed of our neighbours) have falsely reproached us with being rude, un hospitable, and false.

And, as they ought, t' employ that store which heav'n
 In sic abundance to their hands has giv'n.
 Sae heedless heir, born to a lairdship wide,
 That yields mair plenty than he kens to guide;
 Not wiel acquainted wi' his ain good luck,
 Lets ilka sneaking fellow take a pluck;
 Till at the lang-run, wi' a heart right fair,
 He sees the bites grow bein, as he grows bare;
 Then wak'ning, looks about wi' glegger glowr,
 And learns to thrive, wha ne'er thought on't before.

Nae nation in the world can parallel
 The plenteous product of this happy isle:
 But past'ral heights, and sweet prolific plains,
 That can at will command the fastest strains,
 Stand yont; for Amphitrite claims our sang,
 Wha round fair Thule drives her finny thrang,
 O'er shaws of coral, and the pearly sands,
 To Scotia's smoothest lochs and crystal strands.
 There keeps the tyrant pike his awfu' court,
 Here trouts and salmon in clear channels sport.
 Wae to that hand, that dares by day or night
 Defile the stream where sporting fries delight.
 But herrings, lovely fish, like best to play,
 In rowan ocean, or the open bay:
 In crowds amazing thro' the waves they shine,
 Millions on millions form ilk equal line:
 Nor dares th' imperial whale, unless by stealth,
 Attack their firm united commonwealth.
 But artfu' nets, and fishers' wylie skill,
 Can bring the scaly nation to their will.
 When these retire to caverns of the deep,
 Or in their oozy beds thro' winter sleep,

19 Amphitrite.] *The wife of Neptune.*

20 Thule.] *The northern islands of Scotland are allowed all to be the Thule of the ancients.*

25 Wae to that hand, &c.] *There are acts of Parliament which severely prohibit sleeping of lint, or any other way defiling these clear rivers where salmon abound.*

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48 Iber
 54 AEB

Then shall the tempting bait, and stented string,
Beguile the cod, the sea-cat, tusk, and ling:

Thus may our fishery thro' a' the year

Be still employ'd t' encrease the public gear.

40

Delytesfu' labour, where the industrious gains
Profits surmounting ten times a' his pains.

Nae pleasure like success; then lads stand be,

Ye'll find it endless in the Northern Sea,

O'er lang wi' empty brag wi' have been vain

45

Of toom dominion on the plenteous main,

While others ran away wi' a' the gain.

Thus proud Iberia vaunts of sov' reign sway

O'er countries rich, frae rise to set o' day;

She grasps the shadow, but the substance times,

50

While a' the rest o' Europe milk her mines.

But dawns the day sets Britain on her feet;

Lang look't-for's come at last, and welcome be't;

For numerous fleets shall hem Æbudan rocks;

Commanding seas, wi' rowth to raise our stocks;

Nor can this be a toom chimera found,

56

The fabric's bigget on the surest ground.

Sm'a' is our need to toil on foreign shores,

When we have baith the Indies at our doors:

Yet, for diversion, laden vessels may

60

To far aff nations cut the liquid way;

And fraught frae ilka port what's nice or bra',

While for their trifles we maintain them a'.

Goths, Vandals, Gauls, Hesperians, and the Moors,

Shall a' be treated frae our happy shores:

65

The rantin Germans, Russians, and the Poles,

Shall feast wi' pleasure on our gusty shoals:

For which deep in their treasures we shall dive:

Thus by fair trading, North Sea stock shall thrive.

Sae far the bonny prospect gave delight,

70

The warm ideas gart the muse take flight,

48 Iberia.] *Spain.*

54 Æbudan rocks.] *The Lewis and other western islands.*

When straight a grumbletonian appears,
 Peghing fu' fair beneath a lade of fears: [fain
 "Wow! that's bra' news," quoth he, "to make fool
 But gin ye be nae warlock, how d' ye ken?
 Does Tam the Rhymer spae oughtlins of this?
 Or do ye prophesy just as ye wish?
 Will projects thrive in this abandon'd place?
 Unsonsy we had ne'er sae meikle grace.
 I fear, I fear, your tawring aim fa' short,
 Alake we winn o'er far frae king and court!
 The Southernns will wi' pith your project bauk,
 They'll never thole this great design to tak'."

Thus do the dubious ever countermines,
 Wi' party wrangle, ilka fair design.
 How ean a faul that has the use o' thought,
 Be to sic little creeping fancies brought?
 Will Britain's king or parliament gainstand
 The universal profit o' the land?
 Now when nae sep'rate interest eags to strife,
 The ancient nations join'd like man and wife,
 Maun study close for peace and thriving's sake,
 Aff a' the wisslen'd leaves o' spite to shake:
 Let's weave and fish to ane anither's hands,
 And never mind wha serves or wha commands;
 But baith alike consult the common weal,
 Happy that moment friendship makes us leal
 To truth and right—then springs a shining day,
 Shall clouds of sma' mistakes drive fast away.
 Mistakes and private int'rest hence be gane,
 Mind what ye did on dire Pharsalia's plain,
 Where doughty Romans were by Romans slain.

A meaner phantom neist, wi' meikle dread,
 Attacks wi' senseless fears the weaker head:

76 Tam the Rhymer.] *Thomas Learmond, alias the Rhymer, lived in the reign of Alexander the III. king of Scotland and is held in great esteem by the vulgar for his dark predilections.*

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The Dutch," say they, "will strive your plot to stop,
 They'll toom their banks before you reap their crop:
 lang have they ply'd that trade like bily bees,
 And suck'd the profit o' the Pic'tland seas;
 Thence riches fish't mair, by themselves confest,
 Than e'er they made by Indies East and West." 110
 O mighty fine and greatly was it spoke!
 Maun bauld Britannia bear Batavia's yoke?
 May she not apen her ain pantry door,
 or fear the paughty state shou'd gi'e a roar!
 Dare she nane o' her herrings sell or prive, 115
 afore she say, "Dear Matkie, wi' ye'r leave?"
 curse on the wight wha tholes a thought sae tame,
 He merits not the manly Briton's name.
 Grant they're good allies, yet its hardly wise
 To buy their friendship at sae high a price: 120
 out frae that airth we needna fear great skaith,
 These people, right auldfarren, will be laith
 To thwart a nation, wha wi' ease can draw
 Up ilka sluice they have, and drown them a'.
 Ah slothfu' pride! a kingdom's greatest curse, 125
 How dowff looks gentry wi' an empty purse?
 How worthless is a poor and haughty drone,
 Wha thowless stands a lazy looker on?
 While active fauls a stagnant life despise,
 Will ravish'd wi' new pleasures as they rise. 130
 'Er lang, in troth, have we by-standers been,
 And loot fouk lick the white out o' our een:
 100 For can we wyt them, since they had our vote,
 At now they'se get the whistle o' their groat.
 Here did the muse intend a while to rest, 135
 Till hame-o'er spitefu' din her lugs opprest;
 Nither set o' the envyfu' kind
 Wi' narrow notions horridly confin'd),

132 And loot fouk lick, &c.] *This phrase is always ap-
 plied when people, with pretence of friendship, do you an ill turn,
 one sucking a mole out of your eye makes it bleed-foot.*

Wag their bos noddles, syne wi' filly spite
 Land ilka worthy project in a bite.
 They force wi' aukward girn their ridicule,
 And ca' ilk ane concern'd a simple fool,
 Excepting some wha a' the lave will nick,
 And gi'e them nought but bare whop-shafts to lick.
 Malicious envy ! root of a' debates,
 The plague o' government, and bane o' states ;
 The nurse o' positive destructive strife,
 Fair Friendship's fae, which sours the sweets o' life ;
 Promoter o' sedition and base fead,
 Still over-joy'd to see a nation bleed.
 Stap, stap, my lass, forgetna where ye'r gawn,
 If ye rin on, heav'n kens where ye may lan' ;
 Turn to your fishers' sang, and let fouk ken
 The North Sea skippers are leal-hearted men,
 Vers'd in the critic seasons o' the year,
 When to ilk bay the fishing bush should steer :
 There to hawl up wi' joy the plenteous fry,
 Which on the decks in shining heaps shall lye,
 Till carefu' hands, ev'n while they've vital heat,
 Shall be employ'd to save their juices sweet ;
 Strick tent they'll tak' to stow them we strang brine,
 In barrels tight, that shall nae liquor tine ;
 Then in the foreign markets we shall stand
 Wi' upright front, and the first sale demand.
 This, this our faithfu' trustees have in view,
 And honourably will the task pursue ;
 Nor are they bigging castles in a cloud,
 Their ships already into action scud.

151 Lass.] *The Muse.*

154 North Sea skippers.] *The managers.*

159. Vital heat.] *It is a vast advantage to cure them immediately after they are taken.*

161 Strang brine.] *Foreign salt.*

168 Into action scud.] *Several large ships are already employed, and took in their salt and barrels a month ago.*

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Now, dear ill-natur'd billies, say nae mair,
 140 ut leave the matter to their prudent care; 170
 hey're men o' candor, and right wiel they wate.
 That truth and honesty hads lang the gate:
 shoulder to shoulder let's stand firm and stout,
 and there's nae fear but we'll soon make it out;
 145 We've reason, law, and nature on our side, 175
 and have nae bars, but party, sloth, and pride.
 When a's in order, as it soon will be,
 and fleets o' bushes fill the Northern Sea,
 What hopefu' images wi' joy arise,
 150 n order rang'd before the muse's eyes; 180
 A wood o' masts, wiel mann'd—their jovial din,
 like eydent bees gawn out and coming in.
 ere haff a nation, healthfu', wise, and stark,
 Wi' spirits only tint for want o' wark,
 155 shall now find place their genius to exert, 185
 While in the common good they act their part.
 These, fit for servitude, shall bear a hand,
 and these find government form'd for command.
 Besides, this as a nursery shall breed
 160 out skill'd marines, when Britain's navies need. 190
 leas'd wi' their labour, when their task is done,
 they'll leave green Thetis to embrace the sun:
 then freshest fish shall on the brander bleeze,
 and lend the bisy browster wife a heez:
 165 While healthfu' hearts shall own their honest flame, 196
 Wi' reaming quaff, and whomelt to her name,
 Whase active motion to his heart did reach,
 as the the cods was turning on the beech.
 urs'd poortith, Love and Hymen's deadly fae,
 That gars young fook in prime cry aft, "Oh hey,"
 Vol. I. M

cure them in

are almost
ago.

172 Hads lang the gate.] *Holds long up its head, longest
up the high way or gate*

198 The beech.] *The beech is a number of big stones,
where they dried the cod and ling.*

And single live, till age and runckles shaw
 Their canker'd spirit's good for nought at a';)
 Now flit your camp, far frae our confines scour,
 Our lads and lasses soon shall slight your pow'r;
 For rowth shall cherish love, and love shall bring
 Mae men t' improve the soil and serve the king.
 Thus universal Plenty shall produce

Strength to the state, and arts for joy and use.

O Plenty! thou delyte o' great and sma',
 Thou nervous sinnow o' baith war and law:
 The statesman's drift, spur to the artist's skill,
 Nor does the very *flamens* like thee ill;
 The shabby poets hate thee! that's a lie,
 Or else they are nae of a mind wi' me.

Plenty shall cultivate ilk scawp and muir,
 Now lee and bare, because the landlord's poor.
 On scroggy braes shall akes and ashes grow,
 And bonny gardens clead the brecken-how.
 Do others backward dam the raging main,
 Raising on barren sands a flow'ry plain;
 By us then shou'd the thought o't be endur'd,
 To let braid traicts o' land lye unmanur'd?
 Uncultivate nae mair they shall appear,
 But shine wi' a' the beauties o' the year;
 Which start wi' ease frae the obedient soil,
 And ten times o'er reward a little toil.

Alang wild shores, where tumbling billows break,
 Plenisht wi' nought but shells and tangle wreck,
 Bra' towns shall rise, wi' steeples mony a ane,
 And houses bigget a' wi' estler stane;
 Where schools polite shall lib'ral arts display,
 And make auld barb'rous darknes fly away.

Now Nereus rising frae his watry bed,
 The pearly drops hap down his lyart head;

212 *Flamens.*] *Priests.*

219 The raging main.] *The Dutch have gained a great deal from the sea.*

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Oceanus wi' pleasure hears him sing, 235
 Tritons and Nereids form a jovial ring;
 and dancing on the deep, attention draw,
 While a' the winds in love, but sighing, blaw.
 The sea-born prophet sang in sweetest strain,
 Britons, be blyth, fair queen of isles be fain;
 richer people never saw the sun: 241
 sang tightly thro' what fairly you've begun;
 spread a' your sails and streamers in the wind,
 for ilka pow'r in sea and air's your friend;
 Great Neptune's unexhausted bank has store 245
 of endless wealth, will gar yours a' run o'er."
 He sang sae loud, round rocks the echoes flew,
 'Tis true, he said; and they return'd, 'Tis true.

September, 1720.

THE RISE AND FALL OF STOCKS,

1720.

EPISTLE to the Right Hon. my LORD RAMSAY, now
 in Paris.

Your pettifoggers damn their souls!
 To share with knaves in cheating fools;
 And merchants, vent'ring on the main,
 Slight pirates, rocks, and horns, for gain.

HUDIBRAS,

MY LORD,

WITHOUTTEN preface or preamble,
 My fancy being on the ramble;
 transported wi' an honest passion,
 viewing our poor bambouz'd nation,
 ting her nails, her knuckles wringing,
 er cheeks sae blae, her lip sae hinging;
 rief and vexation's like to kill her,
 or tyning baith her tick and filler.
 Allow me then to make a comment
 on this affair of greatest moment,

M 2

Which has fa'n out, my Lord, since ye
 Left Lothian and the Edge-well tree :
 And, wi' your leave, I needna stickle
 To lay we're in a sorry pickle,
 Since poortith o'er ilk head does hover
 Frae John-a-Groat's house, south to Dover.
 Sair have we pelted been wi' stocks,
 Casting our credit at the cocks ;
 Lang guilty of the highest treason
 Against the government of reason :
 We madly at our ain expences,
 Stock-jobb'd away our cash and senses.

As little bairns frae winnocks high
 Drap down saip bells to waiting fry,
 Wha run and wrestle for the prize,
 Wi' face erect and watchfu' eyes ;
 The lad wha gleggest waits upon it,
 Receives the bubble on his bonnet,
 Views wi' delight the shining 'beau-thing,
 Which in a twinkling bursts to nothing :
 Sae Britain brought on a' her troubles,
 By running dastly after bubbles.

Impos'd on by lang-nebbit jugglers,
 Stock-jobbers, brokers, cheating smugglers,
 Wha set their gowden girns sae wylie,
 Tho' ne'er sae cautious they'd beguile ye :
 The covetous infatuation
 Was smittle out o'er a' the nation ;

12 Edge-well tree.] *An oak-tree which grows on the
 of a fine spring, nigh the castle of Dalhousie, very much obse-
 ed by the country people, who give out, that before any of the
 mily died, a branch fell from the Edge-well tree. The old
 some few years ago, fell altogether ; but another sprung
 the same root, which is now tall and flourishing, and lang
 for.*

16 John-a-Groat's house.] *The northernmost house in S-*
land.

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Clergy and lawyers and physicians,
 Mechanics, merchants, and musicians : 40
 Faith sexes, of a' sorts and sizes,
 Drapp'd ilk design, and jobb'd for prizes :
 Frae noblemen to livery varlets ;
 Frae topping toasts to hackney harlots :
 Poetic dealers were but scarce, 45
 Less browden still on cash than verse ;
 Only ae bard to coach did mount,
 By finging praise to Sir John Blunt ;
 But since his mighty patron fell,
 He looks just like Jock Blunt himself. 50

Some lords and lairds sell'd riggs and castles,
 And play'd them aff wi' tricky rascals,
 Wha now wi' rowth o' riches vapour,
 While their late honours live on paper ;
 But ah ! the difference 'twixt good land, 55
 And a poor bankrupt bubble's band.

Thus Europeans Indians rise,
 And give them for their gowd some trifle ;
 As deugs of velvet, chips of crystal,
 A facon's bell, or baubie whistle. 60

Merchants and bankers heads gade wrang,
 They thought to millions they might spang,
 Despis'd the virtuous road to gain,
 And look'd on little bills wi' pain ;
 The wiel-win thousands of some years, 65
 In ae big bargain disappears :

'Tis fair to bide, but wha can help it,
 Instead of coach, on foot they skelp it.
 The ten per cents wha durstna venture,
 But lent great sums upon indenture, 70
 To billies wha as frankly war'd it,
 As they out o' their guts had spar'd it :

M 3

47 Only ae bard, &c.] *Wide Dick Franklin's epistle.*
 50 He looks just like Jock Blunt.] *This is commonly*
said of a person who is out of countenance at a disappointment.

When craving money they have lent,
 They're answer'd, *Item*, "A' is spent :"
 The miser hears him wi' a gloom,
 Girns like a brock, and bites his thumb,
 Syne shores to grip him by the wyson,
 And keep him a' his days in prison.
 Sae may ye do, replies the debtor,
 But that can never mend the matter :
 As soon can I mount Charle-wain,
 As pay ye back your gear again.
 Poor mouldy rins quite by himsell,
 And bans like ane broke loose frae hell.
 It lulls a wee my mullygrubs,
 To think upon these bitten scrubs,
 When naething saves their vital low,
 But the expences of a tow.

Thus children aft wi' carefu' hands,
 In summer dam up little strands,
 Collect the drizel to a pool,
 In which their glowing limbs they cool;
 Till by comes some ill-deedy gift,
 Wha in the bulwark makes a rift,
 And wi' ae strake, in ruins lays
 The work of use, art, care, and days.

Even handy craftsmen too turn'd saucy,
 And maun be coaching't thro' the causey ;
 Syne stroot fu' paughty in the alley,
 Transferring thousands wi' some valle' ;
 Grow rich in fancy, treat their whore,
 Nor mind they were, or shall be poor,
 Like little Joves they treat the fair,
 Wi' gowd frae banks built in the air ;

83 By himsell.] *Mad ; out of his wits.*

93 Ill-deedy gift.] *A requish boy, who is seldom without
 doing a bad action.*

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- For which their Danaes lift the lap, 105
 And compliment them wi' a clap;
 11 Which by aft jobbing grows a pox,
 Till brigs of noses fa' wi' stocks.
 Here coachmen, grooms, or pasment trotter,
 Glitter'd a while, then turn'd to snorter; 110
 Like a shot starn, that thro' the air
 8 Skys east or west wi' unco glare,
 But found neist day on hillock side,
 Nae better seems nor paddock ride.
 Some reverend brethren left their flocks, 115
 And sank their stipends in the stocks;
 8 But tining baith, like Æsop's colly,
 O'er late, they now lament their folly.
 For three warm months, May, June, and July,
 There was odd scrambling for the spulzy; 120
 And mony a ane, till he grew tir'd,
 9 Gather'd what gear his heart desir'd.
 We thought that dealer's stock an ill ane,
 That was not wordy haff a million.
 O had this golden age but lasted, 125
 And no sae soon been broke and blasted,
 9 There is a person wiel I ken
 Might wi' the best gane right far benn;
 His project better had succeeded,
 And far less labour had he needed: 130
 But 'tis a' daffin to debate,
 10 And aurgle-bargain wi' our fate.
 Wiel, had this gowden age but lasted,
 And not sae soon been broke and blasted,
 O wow, my Lord, these had been days 135
 Which might have claim'd your poet's lays;
 But soon, alake! the mighty Dagon
 Was seen to fa' without a rag on:

Seldom without

105 Danaes.] Danae, the daughter of Acrisius, king of Argos, to whom Jupiter descended in a shower of gold.

127 A person, &c.] Meaning myself, with regard to my writing this volume by subscription.

In harveft was a dreadfu' thunder,
Which gart a' Britain glower and wonder;
The phizzing bowt came wi' a blatter,
And dry'd our great sea to a gutter.

But mony fouk wi' wonder speir,
What can become of a' the gear?
For a' the country is repining,
And ilka ane complains of tyning.
Plain answer I had best let be,
And tell ye just a similie.

Like Belzie when he nicks a witch,
Wha sells her faul she may be rich;
He finding this the bait to damn her,
Casts o'er her een his oheating glamour:
She signs and seals, and he affords
Her heaps of visionary hoords;
But when she comes to count the cunzie,
'Tis a' sklate stanes instead of money.

Thus we've been trick'd wi' bra' projectors,
And faithfu' managing directors,
Wha for our cash, the faul of trade,
Bonny propines of paper made;
On footing clean, drawn unco fair,
Had they not vanisht into air.

When South Sea tide was at a hight,
My fancy took a daring flight;
Thalia, lovely muse; inspir'd
My breast, and me wi' fore fight fir'd;
Rapt into future months, I saw
The rich ærial Babel fa';
'Yond seas I saw the upstarts drifting,
Leaving their coaches for the listing.
These houses fit for wights gane mad,
I saw cramm'd fou as they cou'd had;
While little fauls sunk wi' despair,
Implor'd could death to end their care.

164 My fancy, &c.] *Wealth; or the Woody*, wrote
the month of June last.

- ut now a sweeter scene I view, 175
 Time has, and time shall prove I'm true;
 or fair Astrea moves frae heav'n,
 and shortly shall make a' odds even:
 The honest man shall be regarded,
 and villains, as they ought, rewarded. 180
 The setting moon and rosie dawn
 speak a shining day at hand:
 A glorious sun shall soon arise,
 To brighten up Britannia's skies:
 Our king and senate shall engage 185
 To drive the vultures off the stage:
 Trade then shall flourish, and ilk art
 A lively vigour shall impart
 To credit, languishing and famisht,
 And Lombard-street shall be replenisht. 190
 Got safe ashore after this blast,
 Britons shall smile at follies past.
 God grant your Lordship joy and health,
 Long days and rowth of real wealth;
 Safe to the Land of Cakes heav'n send ye, 195
 And frae cross accidents defend ye.

Edinburgh, March 25th, 1721.

PROLOGUE,

- spoke by one of the young Gentlemen who, for their improvement
 and diversion, acted the ORPHAN and CHEATS of SCAPIN,
 the last night of the year 1719.

- BRA' lads, and bonny lasses, welcome here—
 But wha's to entertain ye—never speer—
 Quietness is best—Tho' we be leal and true,
 Good sense and wit's mair than we dare avow—
 Somebody says to some fook, We're to blame,
 That 'tis a scandal and black burning shame.

To thole young callands thus to grow fae snack,
 And lear—O mighty crimes!—to speak and act.—
 Stage plays, quoth Dunce, are unco things indeed!
 He said, he gloom'd—and shook his thick boss head.
 They're Papery, Papery!—cry'd his nibour neist,
 Contriv'd at Rome by some malignant priest,
 To witch away fouks minds frae doing wiel,
 As faith Rab Ker *, M'Millan and M'Neil.

But let them tauk.—In spite of ilk cadaver
 We'll cherish wit, and scorn their fead or favour:
 We'll strive to bring in active eloquence,
 Tho' for a while upon our fame's expence.
 I'm wrang—Our fame will mount wi' mettled carles,
 And for the rest, we'll be aboon their snarls.—
 Knock down the fools, wha dare wi' empty rage
 Spit in the face of virtue and the stage.
 'Cause heretics in pulpits thump and rair,
 Must naithing orthodox b' expected there!
 Because a Rump cut off a royal head,
 Must not anither parli'ment succeed?
 Thus tho' the Drama's aft debauch'd and rude,
 Must we, for some are bad, refuse the good?
 Answer me that—if there be ony log,
 That's come to keek upon us here *incog*.
 Anes, twice, thrice—But now I think on't, stay,
 I've something else to do, and must away—
 This prologue was design'd for use and sport,
 The chiel that made it, let him answer for't.

* Rab Ker.] One who puts the canting phrases of M'Millan and M'Neil (two non-conforming bill-preachers), in a wretched rhyme.

CUPID

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CUPID THROWN INTO THE SOUTH SEA.

MYRTILLA, as like Venus' fell
 As e'er an egg was like anither,
 Anes Cupid met upon the Mall,
 And took her for his bonny mither.
 He wing'd his way up to her breast:
 She started, he cry'd, Mam, 'tis me;
 The beauty, in o'er rash a jest,
 Flang the arch gytling in South Sea.

Frae thence he raise wi' gilded wings,
 His bow and shafts to gowd were chang'd;
 Deel's i' the sea, quoth he, it dings:
 Syne back to Mall and park he rang'd.
 Breathing mischief, the god look'd gurlly,
 Wi' transfers a' his darts were feather'd;
 He made a horrid hurly burly,
 Where beaus and belles were thickest gather'd.
 He tentily Myrtilla fought,
 And in the thrang Change-Alley got her;
 He drew his bow, and quick as thought
 Wi' a bra' new subscription shot her.

 THE SATYR'S COMIC PROJECT

FOR RECOVERING

A YOUNG BANKRUPT STOCK-JOBBER.

A SONG.

ON the shore of a low ebbing sea*,
 A fighting young jobber was seen,

* From the beginning to the 20th line, sing to the tune of Co-
 a's Complaint.

Staring wishfully at an old tree
 Which grew on the neighbouring green.
 There's a tree that can finish the strife
 And disorder that wars in my breast,
 What need one be pain'd with his life,
 When a halter can purchase him rest?

Sometimes he would stamp and look wild;
 Then roar out a terrible curse
 On bubbles that had him beguil'd,
 And left ne'er a doyt in his purse.
 A Satyr that wander'd along,
 With a laugh to his raving reply'd;
 The savage maliciously sung,
 And jok'd while the stock-jobber cry'd.

To mountains and rocks he complain'd,
 His cravat was bath'd with his tears;
 The Satyr drew near like a friend,
 And bid him abandon his fears.
 * Said he, Have ye been at the sea,
 And met with a contrary wind,
 That you rail at fair Fortune so free?
 Don't blame the poor goddess, she's blind.

Come hold up thy head, foolish wight,
 I'll teach thee the loss to retrieve;
 Observe me this project aright,
 And think not of hanging, but live.
 Hecatiſſa, conceited and old,
 Affects in her airs to seem young,
 Her jointure yields plenty of gold,
 And plenty of nonsense her tongue.

Lay siege to her for a short space,
 Ne'er mind that she's wrinkled or gray;

* From the 21st line, where the Satyr begins to speak, *sings*
the tune of, The kirk wad let me be.

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 Vol. I.

Extol her for beauty and grace,
 And doubt not of gaining the day.
 In wedlock you fairly may join,
 And when of her wealth you are sure,
 Make free with the old woman's coin,
 And purchase a sprightly young w——.

TO THE MUSIC CLUB.

E'ER on old Shinar's plain the fortress rose,
 Rear'd by those giants who durst heav'n oppose;
 An universal language mankind us'd,
 Till daring crimes brought accents more confus'd;
 Discord and jar for punishment were hurl'd
 On hearts and tongues of the rebellious world.

The primar speech with notes harmonious clear,
 Transposing thought, gave pleasure to the ear;
 Then music in its full perfection shin'd,
 When man to man melodious spoke his mind.

As when a richly freighted fleet is lost
 In rolling deeps, far from the ebbing coast,
 Down many fathoms of the liquid mass,
 The artist dives in ark of oak, or brass,
 And matches some ingots of Peruvian ore,
 And with his prize rejoicing makes the shore.
 Oft this attempt is made, and much they find;
 They swell in wealth tho' much is left behind.

Amphion's sons, with minds elate and bright,
 Thus plunge th' unbounded ocean of delight,
 And daily gain new stores of pleasing sounds
 To glad the earth, fixing to spleen its bounds;
 While vocal tubes and concert strings engage
 To speak the dialect of the golden age.

Then you whose symphony of souls proclaim
 Your kin to heav'n, add to your country's fame,
 Vol. I. N

And shew that music may have as good fate
 In Albion's glens, as Umbria's green retreat ;
 And with Correlli's soft Italian song
 Mix *Crawdén-Knaws* and *Winter nights are long* :
 Nor should the martial *pibrogh* be despis'd ;
 Own'd and refin'd by you, these shall the more be priz'd
 Each ravish'd ear extols your heav'nly art,
 Which sooths our care, and elevates the heart,
 Whilst hoarser sounds the martial ardors move,
 And liquid notes invite to shades and love.
 Hail, safe restorer of distemper'd minds,
 That with delight the raging passion binds :
 Extatic concord only banish'd hell,
 Most perfect where the perfect beings dwell.
 Long may our youth attend thy charming rites,
 Long may they relish thy transporting sweets.

WINE AND MUSIC :

AN ODE.

SYMON.

O COLIN how dull is't to be,
 When a soul is sinking wi' pain,
 To one who is pained like me :
 My life's grown a load,
 And my faculties nod,
 While I sigh for cold Jeanie in vain :
 By beauty and scorn I am slain :
 The wound it is mortal and deep,
 My pulses beat low in each vein,
 And threaten eternal sleep.

COLIN.

Come, here are the best cures for thy wounds,
 O boy, the cordial bowl !
 With soft harmonious sounds ;

Wounds! these can cure all wounds,
 With soft harmonious sounds,
 And pull off the cordial bowl.
 O Symon, sink thy care, and tune up thy drooping soul:
 Above, the gods beinly bouze,
 When round they meet in a ring;
 They cast away care and carouse
 Their nectar, while they sing;
 They drink and cheerfully sing,
 These make the blood circle fine;
 Strike up the music,
 The safest physic,
 Compounded with sparkling wine.

*On the GREAT ECLIPSE of the SUN, the 22d of April, nine
 o'clock of the morning, wrote a month before it happened,
 March, 1715.*

NOW do I press among the learned throng,
 To tell a great Eclipse in little song.
 At me nor scheme nor demonstration ask,
 That is our Gregory's * or fam'd Halley's task;
 'Tis they who are conversant with each star,
 Who know how planets planets rays debar:
 This to pretend, my muse is not so bold,
 She only echoes what she has been told.
 Our rolling globe † will scarce have made the sun
 Seem half way up Olympus to have run,
 When night's pale queen, in her oft changed way,
 Will intercept in direct line his ray,
 And make black night usurp the throne of day.

N 2

* Our Gregory's.] *Mr. Gregory, Professor of Mathe-
 matics in Edinburgh. Fam'd Halley.] Fellow of the Royal
 Society, London.*

† Rolling globe.] *According to the Copernican system.*

The curious will attend that hour with care,
 And wish no clouds may hover in the air,
 To dark the medium, and obstruct from sight
 The gradual motion and decay of light;
 Whilst thoughtless fools will view the water-pail,
 To see which of the planets will prevail:
 For then they think the sun and moon make war;
 Thus nurses tales oft times the judgment mar.

When this strange darkness overshades the plains,
 'Twill give an odd surprise to unwarn'd swains;
 Plain honest hinds, who do not know the cause,
 Nor know of orbs, their motions or their laws,
 Will from the half-plough'd furrows homeward bend
 In dire confusion, judging that the end
 Of time approacheth; thus possest with fear,
 They'll think the general conflagration near.
 The traveller, benighted on the road,
 Will turn devout, and supplicate his God.
 Cocks with their careful mates and younger fry,
 As if't were evening, to their roosts will fly.
 The horned cattle will forget to feed,
 And come home lowing from the grassy mead.
 Each bird of day will to his nest repair,
 And leave to bats and owls the dusky air.
 The lark, and little robin's softer lay
 Will not be heard till the return of day.
 Now this will be great part of Europe's case,
 While Phebe's as a mask on Phoebus' face.
 The unlearn'd clowns, who don't our æra know,
 From this dark Friday will their ages show;
 As I have often heard old country men,
 Talk of dark Monday, and their ages then.

Not long shall last this strange uncommon gloom,
 When light dispels the ploughman's fear of doom;
 With merry heart he'll lift his ravish'd sight
 Up to the heav'ns, and welcome back the light.
 How just's the motions of these whirling spheres!
 Which ne'er can err while time is mete by years.

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The Club
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How vast is little man's capacious soul!
 That knows how orbs thro' wilds of æther roll.
 How great's the power of that omnific hand!
 Who gave them motion by his wise command,
 That they should not, while time had being, stand.



THE GENTLEMAN'S QUALIFICATIONS,

AS DEBATED BY

SOME OF THE FELLOWS OF THE EASY CLUB*,

April—1715.

FROM different ways of thinking comes debate,
 This we despise, and that we over-rate,
 As the fancy takes, we love or hate.
 Hence Whig and Tory live in endless jar,
 And most of families in civil war;
 Hence 'mongst the easiest men beneath the skies,
 Ev'n in their easy dome, debates arise:
 As late they did with strength of judgment scan
 These qualities that form a gentleman.

N 3

* Easy Club,] A juvenile society, of which I am a fellow, from the general antipathy we all seemed to have at the ill-humour and contradictions which arise from trifles, especially those which agitate Whig and Tory, without having the grand reason for it. This engaged us to take a pleasure in the sound of an Easy Club.

The Club, by one of our special laws, must not exceed twelve; and any gentleman at his admission was to take the name of some author, or one eminent for something extraordinary, for putting his real name in the register of our lucubrations, such as he named in this debate, Tippermalloch, Buchanan, Hector, &c.

First Tippermalloch pled with Spanish grace,
 That gentry only sprung from ancient race,
 Whose names in old records of time were fix'd,
 In whose rich veins some royal blood was mix'd.
 I being a poet sprung from a Douglas' loin,
 In this proud thought did with the doctor join;
 With this addition if they could speak sense,
 Ambitious I, ah! had no more pretence.
 Buchanan, with stiff argument and bold,
 Pled gentry took its birth from powerful gold,
 Him Hector Boece join'd, they argu'd strong;
 Said they, to wealth that title must belong;
 If men are rich, they're gentle; and if not,
 You'll own their birth and sense are soon forgot.
 Pray say, said they, how much respectful grace
 Demands an old red coat and mangled face?
 Or one, if he could like an angel preach,
 If he to no rich benefice can reach?
 Ev'n progeny of dukes are at a stand
 How to make out bare gentry without land.
 But still the doctor would not quit the field,
 But that rich upstarts should to birth-right yield;
 He grew more stiff, nor would the plea let go,
 Said he was right, and swore it should be so.

But happy we, who have such wholesome laws,
 Which without pleading can decide a cause.
 To this good law recourse we had at last,
 That throws off wrath, and makes our friendship fast,
 In which the legislators laid the plot,
 To end all controversy by a vote.

Yet that we more good humour might display,
 We frankly turn'd the vote another way;
 As in each thing we common topics shun,
 So the great prize, nor birth nor riches won.
 The vote was carried thus, that easy he
 Who should three years a social fellow be,
 And to our Easy Club give no offence,
 After triennial trial, should commence

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 mended to

A gentleman, which gives as just a claim
To that great title, as the blast of fame
Can give to them who tread in human gore,
Or those who heap up hoards of coined ore;
Since in our social friendship nought's design'd
But what may raise and brighten up the mind;
We aiming close to walk by virtue's rules,
To find true honour's self, and leave her shade to fools.



ON WIT.

MY easy friends, since ye think fit
This night to lucubrate on wit;
And since ye judge* that I compose
My thoughts in rhyme better than prose,
I'll give my judgment in a sang;
And here it comes, be't right or wrang.
But first of a' I'll tell a tale,
That with my case runs parallel.
There was a manting lad in Fife,
Wha cou'd nae for his very life
Speak without stammering very lang,
Yet never manted when he sang.
His father's kiln he anes saw burning,
Which gart the lad run breathless mourning:
Hameward with cliver strides he lap,
To tell his daddy his mishap.
At distance, e'er he reach'd the door,
He stood and rais'd a hideous roar.
His father, when he heard his voice,
Stept out and said, Why a' this noise?

* Since ye judge, &c.] Being but an indifferent orator, my friends would merrily alledge that I was not so happy in prose as rhyme; it was carried in a vote, against which there is no opposition, and the night appointed for some lessons on wit, I was desired to give my thoughts in verse.

The calland gap'd and glowr'd about,
 But no ae word cou'd he lug out.
 His dad cry'd, kenning his defect,
 Sing, sing, or I shall break your neck.
 Then soon he gratified his fire,
 And sang aloud, *Your kiln's a-fire.*
 Now ye'll allow there's wit in that,
 To tell a tale sae very pat.
 Bright wit appears in mony a shape,
 Which some invent, and others ape.
 Some shaw their wit in wearing claiths,
 And some in coining of new aiths;
 There's crambo wit in making rhyme,
 And dancing wit in beating time;
 There's mettl'd wit in story-telling,
 In writing grammar and right spelling;
 Wit shines in knowledge of politics,
 And wow! what wit's amang the critics.

So far, my mates, excuse me while I play
 In strains ironic with that heav'nly ray,
 Rays which the human intellects refine,
 And make the man with brilliant lustre shine,
 Marking him sprung from origin divine.
 Yet may a well-rigg'd ship be full of flaws,
 So may loose wits regard no sacred laws:
 That ship the waves will soon to pieces shake,
 So 'midst his vices sinks the witty rake,
 But when on first-rate virtues wit attends,
 It both itself and virtue recommends,
 And challenges respect where'er its blaze extends.

—>><<—

ON FRIENDSHIP.

THE earth-born clod, who hugs his idol pelf,
 His only friends are Mammon and himself:
 The drunken sots, who want the art to think,
 Still cease from friendship when they cease from drink.

The empty fop, who scarce for man will pass,
 Ne'er sees a friend but when he views his glass.
 Friendship first springs from sympathy of mind,
 Which to complete the virtues all combine,
 And only found 'mongst men who can espy
 The merits of his friend without envy.
 Thus all-pretending friendship's but a dream,
 Whose base is not reciprocal esteem.

— — — — —

K E I T H A:

A PASTORAL,

*lamenting the Death of the Right Honourable MARY Countess
 of WIGTOUN.*

RINGAN.

O'ER ilka thing a gen'ral sadness hings!
 The burds wi' melancholy droop their wings;
 The sheep and kye neglect to moup their food,
 And seem to think as in a dumpish mood.
 Mark how the winds fouch mournfu' thro' the broom,
 The very list puts on a heavy gloom:
 My neighbour Colin too, he bears a part,
 His face speaks out the fairness of his heart;
 Tell, tell me, Colin, for my boding thought,
 What bang of fears into my breast has brought.

COLIN.

There hast thou been, thou simpleton, wha speers
 The cause of a' our sorrow and our tears?
 Tha unconcern'd can hear the common skaith
 The world receives by lovely Keitha's death?
 The bonniest sample of what's good and kind;
 Her was her make, and heav'nly was her mind.
 But now this sweetest flower of a' our plain
 Leaves us to sigh, tho' a' our sighs are vain;

For never mair she'll grace the heartsome green,
 Ay heartsome, when she deign'd there to be seen.
 Speak, flow'ry meadows, where she us'd to wauk;
 Speak, flocks and burds, wha've heard her sing or tauk;
 Did ever you sae meikle beauty bear?
 Or ye sae mony heav'nly accents hear?
 Ye painted haughs, ye minstrels of the air,
 Lament, for lovely Keitha is nae mair.

RINGAN.

Ye westlin winds, that gently us'd to play
 On her white breast, and steal some sweets away,
 Whilst her delicious breath perfum'd your breeze,
 Which gratefu' Flora took to feed her bees:
 Bear on your wings, round earth, her spotless fame,
 Worthy that noble race* from whence she came:
 Resounding braes, where'er she us'd to lean,
 And view the crystal burn glide o'er the green,
 Return your echoes to our mournfu' sang,
 And let the streams in murmurs bear't along.
 Ye unkend pow'rs, wha water haunt or air,
 Lament, for lovely Keitha is nae mair.

COLIN.

Ah! wha could tell the beauties of her face?
 Her mouth, that never op'd but wi' a grace!
 Her een, which did wi' heav'nly sparkles glow?
 Her modest cheek, flush'd wi' a rosie glow?
 Her fair brent brow, smoothe as th' uncrinkled deep
 When a' the winds are in their caves asleep?
 Her presence, like a simmer's morning ray,
 Lighten'd our hearts, and gart ilk place look gay.
 Now twin'd of life, these charms look cauld and bare
 And what before gave joy, now makes us wae.

* Worthy that noble race,] *She was daughter to
 late Earl Marisbal, the third of that honourable rank of nobles*

er goodness shin'd in ilka pious deed,—
 subject, Ringan, for a lofty reed?
 shepherd's sang maun sic high thoughts decline,
 eft rustic notes should darken what's divine.
 outh, beauty, graces, a' that's good and fair
 ment, for lovely Keitha is nae mair.

RINGAN.

How tenderly she smooth'd our master's mind,
 Then round his manly waist her arms she twin'd,
 and look'd a thousand fast things to his heart,
 While native sweetness sought nae help frae art!
 To him her merit still appear'd mair bright,
 Yielding she own'd his superior right.
 With fast and sound he slept within her arms,
 As were his dreams, the influence of her charms.
 When as the morning dawn'd, he'd draw the screen,
 And watch the op'ning of her fairer een;
 Thence sweetest rays gusht out in sic a thrang,
 Beyond expression in my rural sang.

COLIN.

O Clementina! sprouting fair remains
 Of her wha was the glory of our plains.
 Thy innocence, wi' infant-darkness blest,
 Which hides the happiness that thou hast mist.
 Say a' thy mither's sweets thy portion be,
 And a' thy mither's graces shine in thee.

RINGAN.

She loot us ne'er gae hungry to the hill,
 And a' she gae, she geed it wi' good will;
 'Tis mony, mony a ane will mind that day
 In which frae us she's tane fae soon away;
 With hynds and herds, wha's cheeks bespake nae scant,
 And thro' the howms could whistle, sing, and rant,

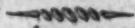
Will miss her fair, till happily they find
 Anither in her place fae good and kind.
 The lasses wha did at her graces mint,
 Ha'e by her death their bonniest pattern tint.
 O ilka ane wha did her bounty skair,
 Lament, for gen'rous Keitha is nae mair.

COLIN.

O Ringan, Ringan! things gang fae unev'n,
 I canna wiel take up the will o' Heav'n.
 Our crosses teughly last us mony a year,
 But unco soon our blessings disappear.

RINGAN.

I'll tell thee, Colin, my last Sunday's note,
 I tented wiel Mefs Thamas ilka jot.
 The pow'rs aboon are cautious as they're just,
 And dinna like to gi'e o'er meikle trust
 To this inconstant earth, wi' what's divine,
 Left in laigh damps they should their lustre tinc.
 Sae let's leave aff our murmuring and tears,
 And never value life by length of years:
 But as we can in goodness it employ,
 Syne wha dies first, first gains eternal joy.
 Come, Colin, dight your cheeks, and banish care,
 Our lady's happy, tho' wi' us nae mair.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 THE TOWN COUNCIL OF EDINBURGH
 THE
 ADDRESS OF ALLAN RAMSAY.

YOUR poet humbly means and shaws,
 That contrair to just rights and laws
 I've suffer'd muckle wrang

y Lucky Reid, and ballad fingers,
 Tha thumb'd wi' their coarfe dirty fingers 5
 Sweet Edie's funeral sang.
 They spoil'd my sense, and staw my cash,
 My muse's pride murgully'd,
 and printing it like their vile trash,
 The honest lieges whilly'd. 10
 Thus undone, to London
 It gade to my disgrace,
 Sae pimpin and limpin
 In rags wi' bluther'd face.
 et gleg-eyed friends thro' the disguise 15
 receiv'd it as a dainty prize,
 For a' it was sae hav'ren,
 art Lintot take it to his press,
 and clead it in a bra' new dress,
 Syne took it to the tavern. 20
 at tho' it was made clean and bra',
 Sae fair it had been knoited,
 blather'd buff before them a',
 And aften times turn'd doited.
 It griev'd me, and reav'd me 25
 Of kindly sleep and rest,
 By carlings and gorlings
 To be sae fair opprest.
 O
 Vol. I.

Lucky Reid.] *A printer's relict; who, with the bar-
 re-printed my pastoral on Mr. Addison, without my know-
 , on ugly paper, full of errors.*

BLE
 INBURGH
 To London.] *One of their incorrect copies was re-
 ed at London by Bernard Lintot, in folio first, before he
 ed it a second time from a correct copy of my own, with
 honourable Mr. Burchet's English version of it.*

MSAY.
 Blather'd buff.] *Spoke nonsense, from words being
 ting, and many wrong spelled and changed, such as gras
 ars, praise for phrase, &c.*

Wherefore to you, ne'er kend to guide ill,
But wisely had the good town's bridle,

My case I plainly tell,

And, as your ain, plead I may have
Your word of weight, when now I crave
To guide my gear mysell.

Then clean and fair the type shall be,
The paper like the snaw,

Nor shall our town think shame wi' me,
When we gang far awa.

What's wanted, if granted,
Beneath your honour'd wing,
Baith hantily and cantily
Your supplicant shall sing.

INSCRIPTION

ON THE GOLD TEA-POT, GAINED BY SIR JAMES
CUNNINGHAM, OF MILNCRAIG, BART.

AFTER the gaining Edinburgh's prize
The day before with running thrice,
Me Milncraig's Rock most fairly won,
When thrice again the course he run:
Now for diversion 'tis my share
To run three heats and please the fair.

32 As your ain.] *A free citizen.*

33 Your word of weight.] *To interpose their just authority in my favour, and grant me an act to ward off these like pirates, which I gratefully acknowledge the receipt of.*

42 Shall sing.] *There being abundance of their petitioners who daily oblige themselves to pray.*

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2 Glen

INSCRIPTION,

Engraven on the Piece of Plate, which was a Punch-Bowl and Ladle, given by the Captains of the Trained Bands of Edinburgh, and gained by Captain Charles Crochat's Swallow.

CHARGE me with Nantz and limpid spring,
 Let sour and sweet be mixt;
 Bend round a health syne to the King,
 To Edinburgh's Captains next,
 Wha form'd me in sae blyth a shape,
 And gave me lasting honours,
 Take up my ladle, fill and lape,
 And say, Fairfa' the donors.



TO THE WHIN-BUSH CLUB*,

THE BILL OF ALLAN RAMSAY.

OF Crawford-Muir, born in Leadhill,
 Where min'ral springs Glengoner fill,
 Which joins sweet flowing Clyde,
 Between auld Crawford-Lindsay's tow'rs,
 And where Deneetne rapid pours
 His stream thro' Glotta's tide;

O 2

* Whin-bush.] This club consists of Clydesdale-shire gentlemen, who frequently meet at a diverting hour and keep up a good understanding amongst themselves over a friendly bottle. And, from a charitable principle, easily collect into their treasurer's box a small fund, which has many a time relieved the distresses of indigent persons of that shire.

1 Leadhill.] In the parish of Crawford-Muir, famous for the lead and gold mines belonging to the Earl of Hopetoun.

2 Glengoner.] The name of a small river, which takes its

Native of Clydesdale's upper ward,
 Bred fifteen summers there,
 Tho', to my loss, I'm no a laird
 By birth, my title's fair
 To bend wi' ye, and spend wi' ye
 An evening, and gaffaw,
 If merit and spirit
 Be found without a flaw.

Since dously ye do nought at random,
 Then take my bill to avisandum;
 And if there's nae objection,
 I'll deem't my honour, and be glad,
 To come beneath your Whin-bush shade,
 And claim to its protection.
 If frae the caverns of a head
 That's boss a storm should blaw,
 Etling wi' spite to rive my reed,
 And give my muse a fa',
 When poring and foring
 O'er Heliconian heights,
 She traces these places
 Where Cynthus delights.

AN EPISTLE

TO

MR. JAMES ARBUCKLE OF BELFAST, A. M.

Edinburgh, January, 1719.

As errant knight wi' sword and pistol
 Bestrides his steed wi' mighty fistle;
 Then stands some time in jumbled swither,
 To ride in this road, or that ither;

*rise from the Leadhills, and enters Clyde between the Gossly
 Cnarofurd and the mouth of Denectne, another of the branches of
 Clyde.*

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At last spurs on, and disna care for 5
A how, a what way, or a wherefore:

Or like extemporary Quaker,
10 Wasting his lungs, t' enlighten weaker
Lanthorns of clay, where light is wanting,
With formless phrase, and formal canting; 10

While Jacob Behmen's salt does season,
And saves his thought frae corrupt reason,
Gowling aloud wi' motions queerest,
15 Yerking these words out which lie nearest.

Thus I (no longer to illustrate 15
Wi' similes, lest I should frustrate
Design laconic of a letter,

Wi' heap of language and no matter),
20 Bang'd up my blyth auld-fashion'd whistle,
To sow ye o'er a short epistle, 20

Without rule, compasses, or charcoal,
Or serious study in a dark hole.

Three times I ga'e the muse a rug,
25 Then bate my nails, and claw'd my lug;
Still heavy, at the last my nose 25

I prim'd wi' an inspiring dose,
Then did ideas dance (dear safe us!)

As they'd been daft.—Here ends the preface.

Good Mr. James Arbuckle, Sir,
'That's merchants' style as clean as fir) 30

Ye're welcome back to Caledonie,
Lang life and thriving light upon ye,

Harvest, winter, spring, and summer,
And ay keep up your heartsome humour,
That ye may thro' your lucky task go, 35

Of brushing up our sister Glasgow;
O 3

11 Jacob Behmen.] *A Quaker, who wrote volumes of
intelligible enthusiastic bombast.*

26 Inspiring dose.] *Vide Mr. Arbuckle's poem on snuff.*

31 Welcome back.] *Having been in his native Ireland,
visiting his friends.*

Where lads are dext'rous at improving,
And docile lasses fair and loving:
But never tent these fellows girning,
Wha wear their faces ay in mourning,
And frae pure dulness are malicious,
Terming ilk turn that's witty, vicious.

Now, Jamie, in neist place, *secundo*,
To give you what's your due *in mundo*;
That is to say in hame-o'er phrases,
To tell ye, men of mettle praises
Ilk verse of your's, when they can light on't,
And trowth I think they're in the right on't;
For there's ay something sae auld-farren,
Sae slid, sae unconstrain'd and darin,
In ilka sample we have seen yet,
That little better e'er has been yet.
Sae much for that.—My friend Arbuckle,
I ne'er afore roos'd ane sae muckle.
Fause flatt'ry nane but fools will tickle,
That gars me hate it like auld Nicol:
But when ane's of his merit conscious,
He's in the rang, when prais'd, that glunshes.

Thirdly, not tether'd to connection,
But rattling by inspir'd direction,
Whenever fame, wi' voice like thunder,
Sets up a chield a world's wonder,
Either for flashing fouk to dead,
Or having wind-mills in his head,
Or poet, or an airy beau,
Or ony twa-legg'd rary show,
They wha have never seen't are biffy
To speer what like a carlie is he.

Imprimis, then, for tallness I
Am five feet and four inches high;
A black-a-vic'd smod dapper fallow,
Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' tallow;
Wi' phiz of a Morocco cut,
Resembling a late man of wit,

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- Auld gabbet Spec, wha was fae cunning 75
 To be a dummie ten years running.
 Then for the fabric of my mind,
 40 'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclin'd:
 Rather chuse to laugh at folly,
 Than show dislike by melancholy; 80
 Viel judging a sour heavy face
 Is not the truest mark of grace.
 45 I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
 Let I'm nae fae to wine and mutton:
 Great tables ne'er engag'd my wishes, 85
 When crowded wi' o'er mony dishes;
 A healthfu' stomach sharply set
 50 prefers a back-sey pipin het.
 I never cou'd imagin't vicious
 Of a fair fame to be ambitious: 90
 Proud to be thought a comic poet,
 And let a judge of numbers know it, }
 55 court occasion thus to shew it. }
 Second of thirdly—Pray take heed,
 He's get a short swatch of my creed. 95
 To follow method negatively
 Taken takes place of positively:
 60 Viel then, I'm nowther Whig nor Tory,
 Nor credit give to Purgatory.
 Transtub, Loretta-house, and mae tricks, 100
 As prayers to saints, Katties, and Patricks;
 Nor Afgilite, nor Bess Clarksonian,
 65 Nor Mountaineer, nor Mugletonian;

75 Auld-gabbet Spec.] *The Spectator*, who gives us a satirical description of his short face and taciturnity, that he had been esteemed a dumb man for ten years.

70 102 Nor Afgilite.] *Mr. Afsil*, a late member of parliament, advanced (whether in jest or earnest I know not) some very whimsical opinions, particularly, that people need not die if they pleased, but be translated alive to heaven like Enoch and Elijah.—*Clarksonian*.] *Bessy Clarkson*, a Lanarkshire wo-

Nor can believe, ant's nae great ferly,
In Cotmoor fouk, and Andrew Harley.

Neist Anti-Toland, Blunt, and Wh——,
Know positively I'm a Christian,
Believing truths and thinking free,
Wishing thrawn parties wad agree.
Say, wad ye ken my gate of fending,
My income, management, and spending?
Born to nae lairdship, mair's the pity!
Yet denison of this fair city,
I make what honest shift I can,
And in my ain house am goodman,
Which stands on Edinburgh's street the sun-side:
I theek the out, and line the inside
Of mony a douse and witty pash;
And baith ways gather in the cash;
Thus heartily I graze and beau it,
And keep a wife ay great wi' poet:
Contented I have sic a skair,
As does my business to a hair,
And fain wad prove to ilka Scot
That poortith's no the poet's lot.

Fourthly and lastly, baith together,
Pray let us ken when ye come hither;
There's mony a canty carle and me
Wad be much comforted to see ye:
But if your outward be refractory,
Send us your inward manufactory,

man. Vide the history of her life and principles. Mountaineer.] Our wild folks, who always prefer a hill side to a church under any civil authority. Mugletonian.] A kind of Quakers, so called by one Mugleton. See Leslie's Snake in the Grass.

105 Cotmoor fouk.] *A family or two who had a particular religion of their own, valued themselves on using vain repetitions in prayers of six or seven hours long; were pleased with ministers of no kind. Andrew Harley.] A dull fellow with no education, was head of the party.*

109 That when we're kedgy o'er our claret,
 We correspond may wi' your spirit.
 —, Accept of my kind wishes, with
 The same to Dons Butler and Smith;
 Health, wit, and joy, fauls large and free,
 110 a' your fates——sae God be wi' ye.

135

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
 WILLIAM EARL OF DALHOUSIE.

Mæcenas atavis editæ regibus.

HORACE.

n-side :

DALHOUSIE of an auld descent,
 My chief, my stoup and ornament,
 111 for entertainment a wee while,
 Except this sonnet wi' a smile;
 Setting great Horace in my view,
 To Mæcenas, I to you:
 But that my muse may sing wi' ease,
 112 I'll keep or drap him as I please.
 How differently are fouk inclin'd,
 There's hardly twa of the same mind;
 Some like to study, some to play,
 Some on the links to win the day,
 113 And gar the courser rin like wood,
 Drappin down wi' sweat and blood:
 The winner syne assumes a look
 Might gain a monarch or a duke.
 Next view the man wi' pauky face
 As mounted to a fashious place,
 Incl'in'd by an o'er-ruling fate,
 He's pleas'd wi' his uneasy state;
 Slow'd at a while, he gangs fu' bra',
 Till frae his kittle post he fa'.
 The Lothian farmer he likes best
 To be of good faugh riggs possess,

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And fen upon a frugal stock,
Where his forebears had us'd the yoke;
Nor is he fond to leave his wark,
And venture in a rotten bark,
Syne unto far aff countries steer,
On tumbling waves, to gather gear.

The merchant, wreck'd upon the main,
Swears he'll ne'er venture on't again;
That he had rather live on cakes,
And shyrest swats, wi' landart maiks,
As rin the risk by storms to have,
When he is dead, a living grave.
But seas turn smooth, and he grows fain,
And fairly takes his word again:
Tho' he shou'd to the bottom sink,
Of poverty he downa think.

Some like to laugh their time away,
To dance while pipes or fiddles play,
And have nae sense of ony want
As lang as they can drink and rant.

The ratt'ling drum and trumpet's tout
Delight young swankies that are stout:
What his kind frighted mother ugs,
Is music to the foger's lugs.

The hunter, wi' his hounds and hawks
Bangs up before his wife awakes;
Nor speers gin she has ought to say,
But scours o'er hights and hows a' day,
Thro' moss and muir, nor does he care
Whether the day be foul or fair,
If he his trusty hounds can cheer
To hunt the tod or drive the deer.

May I be happy in my lays,
And won a lasting wreath of bays,
Is a' my wish; wiel pleas'd to sing
Beneath a tree, or by a spring,
While lads and lasses on the mead
Attend my Caledonian reed,

and with the sweetest notes rehearse
 My thoughts, and roose me for my verse.
 If you, my Lord, class me amang
 those who have sung baith fast and strang,
 of smiling love or doughty deed,
 o starns sublime I'll lift my head,

HORACE TO VIRGIL,

ON HIS TAKING A VOYAGE TO ATHENS.

Sic te diva potens Cypri,—

CYPRIAN goddess, twinkle clear,
 And Helen's brithers ay appear;
 ye stars, wha shed a lucky light,
 auspicious ay keep in a sight;
 sing Eol grant a tydie tirl,
 ut boast the blasts that rudely whirl;
 ear ship, be canny wi' your care,
 t Athens land my Virgil fair,
 me soon and safe, baith lith and spaul,
 ring hame the tae haff o' my faul.
 Daring and unco' stout he was,
 i' heart hool'd in three sloughs o' brass,
 Tha ventur'd first on the rough sea,
 i' hempen branks, and horle o' tree;
 Tha in the weak machine durst ride
 thro' tempests, and a rairing tide;
 nor clinty craigs, nor hurricane,
 that drives the Adriatic main,
 and gars the ocean gowl and quake,
 ou'd e'er a foul sae sturdy shake.
 The man wha cou'd sic rubs win o'er,
 Without a wink at death might glowr,
 Tha unconcern'd can take his sleep
 amang the monsters of the deep.

Jove vainly twin'd the sea and eard,
 Since mariners are not afraid
 Wi' laws of nature to dispense,
 And impiously treat Providence.
 Audacious men at nought will stand,
 When vicious passions have command.
 Prometheus ventur'd up, and staw
 A lowan coal frae heav'n's high ha';
 Unsonfy theft, which fevers brought
 In bikes, which fowk like sybows hought:
 Then death erst slow began to ling,
 And fast as haps to dart his sting.
 Neist Dedalus must contradict
 Nature forsooth, and feathers stick
 Upon his back, syne upward streek,
 And in at Jove's high winnocks keek,
 While Hercules, wi's timber mell,
 Plays rap upo' the yates of hell.

What is't man winna ettle at?
 E'en wi' the gods he'll bell the cat:
 Tho' Jove be very laith to kill,
 They winna let his bowt ly still.



AN ODE TO MR. F——.

Solvitur acris hiems——

HORACE.

Now gowans sprout, and lavrocks sing,
 And welcome west winds warm the spring,
 O'er hill and dale they fastly blaw,
 And drive the winter's cauld awa'.
 The ships, lang gyzen'd at the peer,
 Now spread their sails, and smoothly steer;
 The nags and nowt hate wisslen'd frae,
 And frisking to the fields they gae;

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Vol.

Nor hynds wi' elson and hemp lingle,
 Sit solling shoon out o'er the ingle.
 Now bonny haughs their verdure boast,
 That late were clade wi' snaw and frost,
 Wi' her gay train the Paphian Queen
 By moon-light dances on the green;
 She leads, while Nymphs and Graces sing,
 And trip around the fairy ring.
 Mean time, poor Vulcan, hard at thrift,
 Gets mony a fair and heavy lift,
 Whilst rinnen down, his haff-blind lads
 Blaw up the fire, and thump the gads.

Now leave your fittled on the dew,
 And busk ye'rsell in habit new.
 Be gratefu' to the guiding pow'rs,
 And blythly spend your easy hours.
 O kanny F——! 'tutor time,
 And live as lang's ye'r in your prime;
 That ill-bred death has nae regard
 To king or cottar, or a laird;
 As soon a castle he'll attack,
 As wa's of divots roof'd wi' thack,
 Immediately we'll a' take flight
 Unto the mirk realms of night,
 As stories gang, wi' ghaists to roam,
 In gloumie Pluto's gousty dome;
 Bid fair good-day to pleasure syne
 Of bonny lasses and red wine

Then deem ilk little care a crime,
 Dares waste an hour of precious time;
 And since our life's sae unco short,
 Enjoy it a', ye've nae mair for't.

TO THE PH—:

AN ODE.

*Vides ut alta stet nive candidum**Soracte.*—

HORACE.

LOOK up to Pentland's tow'ring taps,
 Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
 O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar and flap,
 As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
 There's no ae gowfer to be seen,
 Nor doufer fouk wyfing a jee
 The byass bouls on Tamson's green.

Then sling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
 And heck the house baith butt and benn,
 That mutchkin stoup it hads but dribs,
 Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
 And drives away the winter soon;
 It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
 And heaves his faul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care;
 If that they think us worth their while,
 They can a rowth of blessings spare,
 Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
 That will they do, should we gang wood;
 If they command the storms to blow,
 Then upo' light the hailstones thud.

But soon as e'er they cry, Be quiet,
 The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,

But cour into their caves, and wait
The high command of supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute's only ours;
On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's feckle's pow'rs.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time;
The lads and lasses, while it's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersell in some dark nook;

Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
Nineteen nay-says are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss,
Frae her fair finger whop a ring,
As taiken of a future blis.

These bennifons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods' indulgent grant;
Then, surly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us wi' your whining cant.

TO MR. WILLIAM AIKMAN.

'Tis granted, Sir, pains may be spar'd
 Your merit to set forth,
 When there's sae few wha claim regard,
 That disna ken your worth.

Yet poets give immortal fame
 To mortals that excel,
 Which if neglected they're to blame;
 But you've done that yoursell.

While frae originals of yours
 Fair copies shall be tane,
 And fix'd on brags to busk our bow'rs,
 Your mem'ry shall remain.

To your ain deeds the maist deny'd,
 Or of a taste o'er fine,
 May be ye're but o'er right, afraid
 To sink in verse like mine.

The last can ne'er the reason prove,
 Else whereso're with good will
 Do ye my nat'ral lays approve,
 And help me up the hill?

By your assistance unconstrain'd,
 To courts I can repair,
 And by your art my way I've gain'd
 To closets of the fair.

Had I a muse like lofty Pope,
 For tow'ring numbers fit,
 Then I th'ingenious mind might hope
 In truest light to hit.

But comic tale, and sonnet flee,
 Are coosten for my share,
 And if in these I bear the gree,
 I'll think it very fair.

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SPOKEN TO
THREE YOUNG LADIES,

*Who would have me to determine which of them was the
bonniest.*

ME anes three beauties did surround,
And ilka beauty gave a wound,
Whilst they with smiling eye,
Said, Allan, which think ye maist fair,
Gi'e judgment frankly, never spare.
Hard is the task, said I:

But added, seeing them sae free,
Ladies, ye maun say mair to me,
And my demand right fair is:
First, like the gay celestial three,
Shaw, a' your charms, and then ha'e wi' ye,
Faith I shall be your Paris.



TO SIR WILLIAM BENNET

OF GRUBBET, BART.

WHILE now in discord giddy changes reel,
And some are rack'd about on fortune's wheel,
You with undaunted stalk, and brow serene,
May trace your groves, and press the dewy green;
No guilty twangs your manly joys to wound,
Or horrid dreams to make your sleep unsound.
To such as you, who can mean care despise,
Nature's all beautiful 'twixt earth and skies.
Not hurried with the thirst of unjust gain,
You can delight yourself on hill or plain,

Observing when those tender sprouts appear,
Which crowd with fragrant sweets the youthful year,
Your lovely scenes of Marlesfield abound
With as much choice as is in Britain found :
Here fairest plants from nature's bosom start
From soil prolific, serv'd with curious art :
Here oft the heedful gazer is beguil'd,
And wanders thro' an artificial wild,
While native flow'ry green, and crystal strands,
Appear the labours of ingenious hands.

Most happy he who can those sweets enjoy
With taste refin'd, which does not easy cloy,
Not so plebeian souls, whom sporting fate
Thrusts into life upon a large estate,
While spleen their weak imagination sours,
They're at a loss how to employ their hours :
The sweetest plants which fairest gardens show,
Are lost to them, for them unheeded grow.
Such purblind eyes ne'er view the son'rous page,
Where shines the raptures of poetic rage :
Nor thro' the microscope can take delight,
T' observe the tusks and bristles of a mite ;
Nor by the lengthen'd tube learn to descry
These shining worlds which roll around the sky.
Bid such read hist'ry to improve their skill,
Polite excuse ! their memories are ill.
Moll's maps may in their dining-rooms make show,
But their contents they're not oblig'd to know ;
And gen'rous friendship's out of sight too fine,
They think it only means a glass of wine.

But he whose cheerful mind hath higher flown,
And adds learn'd thoughts of others to his own,
Has seen the world, and read the volume *Man*,
And can the springs and ends of actions scan ;
Has fronted death in service of his king,
And drunken deep of the Castalian spring ;
This man can live,—and happiest life's his due,
Can be a friend—a virtue known to few ;
Yet all such virtues strongly shine in you.

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AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND

AT FLORENCE,

In his way to Rome.

YOUR steady impulse foreign climes to view,
 To study nature, and what art can shew,
 I now approve, while my warm fancy walks
 O'er Italy, and with your genius talks ;
 We trace, with glowing breast, and piercing look,
 The curious gall'ry of th' illustrious Duke,
 Where all those masters of the arts divine,
 With pencils, pens, and chizels greatly shine,
 Immortalizing the Augustan age,
 On medals, canvas, stone, or written page.
 Profiles and busts originals express,
 And antique scrolls, old e'er we knew the press.
 For's love to science, and each virtuous Scot,
 May days unnumber'd be great Cosmus' lot.
 The sweet Hesperian fields you'll next explore,
 Twixt Arno's banks and Tiber's fertile shore.
 Now, now I wish my organs could keep pace,
 With my fond muse and you these plains to trace ;
 We'd enter Rome with an uncommon taste,
 And feed our minds on every famous waste ;
 Amphitheatres, columns, royal tombs,
 Triumphal arches, ruins of vast domes,
 Old aerial aqueducts, and strong-pav'd roads,
 Which seem to've been not wrought by men but gods.
 These view'd, we'd then survey with utmost care
 What modern Rome produces fine or rare,
 Where buildings rise with all the strength of art,
 Proclaiming their great architect's desert,
 Which citron shades surround and jessamin,
 And all the soul of Raphael shines within :
 Then we'd regale our ears with sounding notes,
 Which warble tuneful thro' the beardless throats,

Join'd with the vib'rating harmonious strings,
 And breathing tubes, while the soft eunuch sings.
 Of all those dainties take a hearty meal ;
 But let your resolution still prevail :
 Return before your pleasure grow a toil,
 To longing friends, and your own native soil :
 Preserve your health, your virtue still improve,
 Hence you'll invite protection from above.



THE
 BEAUTIFUL ROSE TREE INCLOSED.

WITH awe and pleasure we behold thy sweets,
 Thy lovely roses have their pointed guards,
 Yet tho' the gath'rer opposition meets,
 The fragrant purchase all his pain rewards.

But hedg'd about and watch'd with wary eyes,
 O plant superior, beautiful and fair,
 We view thee like yon stars which gem the skies,
 But equally to gain we must despair.

Ah ! wert thou growing on some secret plain,
 And found by me, how ravish'd would I meet
 All thy transporting charms, to ease my pain,
 And feast my raptur'd soul on all that's sweet.

Thus sung poor Symon : Symon was in love,
 His too aspiring passion made him smart ;
 The rose tree was a mistress far above
 The shepherd's hope, which broke his tender heart.

TO R — H — B —;

AN ODE.

*Nullam, Vare, sacra vite prius severis arboram,
Circa mite solum Tiburis, et moenia Catili.*

HQR.

O B —, could these fields of thine
Bear as in Gaul the juicy vine,
How sweet the bonny grape wou'd shine
On wa's where now,
Your apricocks and peaches fine
Their branches bow,

Since human life is but a blink,
Why should we its short joys so sink;
We disna live that canna link
The glafs about;
When warm'd with wine, like men we think,
And grow mair stout.

The cauld-rife carlies clogg'd wi' care,
Wha gathering gear gang hyt and gare,
Framm'd wi' red, they rant and rair
Like mirthfu' men,
A soothly shaws them they can spare
A rowth to spen'.

What foger, when wi' wine he's bung,
Did e'er complain he had been dung,
Or of his toil, or empty spung;
Na, o'er his glafs,
Nought but bra' deeds employ his tongue,
Or some sweet las.

Yet trowth, 'tis proper we should stint
Oursells to a fresh mod'rate pint,
Why should we the blyth blessing mint.

To waift or spill,
 Since, aften, when our reason's tint,
 We may do ill.

Let's fet these hair-brain'd fouk in view,
 That when they're stupid, mad, and fow,
 Do brutal deeds, which aft they rue
 For a' their days,
 Which frequently prove very few
 To fuch as these.

Then let us grip our blifs mair ficker,
 And tape our heal and sprightly liquor,
 Which fober tane makes wit the quicker,
 And fenfe mair keen,
 While graver heads that's muckle thicker
 Grane wi' the spleen.

May ne'er sic wicked fumes arife
 In me, fhall break a' fared ties,
 And gar me like a fool defpife,
 Wi' fliffnefs rude,
 Whatever my beft friends advife,
 Tho' ne'er fo gude.

'Tis beft then to evite the fin
 Of bending till our fauls gae blin',
 Left, like our glafs, our breafte grow thin,
 And let fouk peep
 At ilka fecret hid within,
 That we fhould keep.

CLYDE'S WELCOME

TO HIS PRINCE.

WHAT cheerful founds from ev'ry fide I hear,
 How beauteous on their banks my nymphs ap-
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 4 Roch
 recipies,
 6 Evan
 Hamilton.

Not thro' these massy mountains at my source,
 O'er rocks stupendous of my upper course,
 To these fair plains where I more smoothly move, 5
 Thro' verdant vales to meet Evana's love.
 Consider she comes beneath Dodona's shade,
 How blyth she looks ! how sweet and gaylie clade;
 Her flow'ry bounds bear all the pride of May,
 While round her soft meanders shepherds play. 10
 Hail, lovely Naiad ! to my bosom large,
 Amidst my stores commit thy crystal charge,
 And speak these joys all thy deportment shews,
 That to old Ocean I may have good news.
 With solemn voice, thus spoke majestic Clyde; 15
 In softer notes lov'd Evan thus reply'd:
 Great Glotta ! long have I had cause to mourn,
 While my forsaken stream gush'd from my urn ;
 Since my late *Lord*, his nation's just delight,
 Greatly lamented, sunk in endless night. 20
 His hopeful *Stem*, our chief desire and boast,
 Expos'd to danger on some foreign coast,
 Lonely, for years, I've murmur'd on my way,
 When dark I wept, and sigh'd in shining day.
 The Sire return'd, Just reasons for thy pains, 25
 So long to wind thro' solitary plains:
 Thy loss was mine, I sympathiz'd with thee,
 Since one our griefs, then share thy joys with me.
 Then hear me, liquid chieftain of the dale,
 Hush all your cat'racts, till I tell my tale, 30
 Then rise and roar, and kiss your bord'ring flowers,
 And sound our joys around yon lordly towers;
 Yon lordly towers, which happy now contain
 Our brave and youthful *Prince*, return'd again.
 Welcome, in loudest raptures cry'd the flood, 35
 His welcome echo'd from each hill and wood;

4 Rocks stupendous.] *The river falls over several high precipices, such as Corra's Lin, Stone-Byre Lin, &c.*

6 Evana.] *The small river Evan, which joins Clyde near Hamilton.*

I hear,
nymphs ap

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May ne'er sic wicked fumes arise
 In me, shall break a' sacred ties,
 And gar me like a fool despise,
 Wi' stiffness rude,
 Whatever my best friends advise,
 Tho' ne'er so gude.

'Tis best then to evite the fin
 Of bending till our fauls gae blin',
 Lest, like our glafs, our breasts grow thin,
 And let fouk peep
 At ilka secret hid within,
 That we should keep.

CLYDE'S WELCOME

TO HIS PRINCE.

WHAT cheerful sounds from ev'ry side I hear,
 How beauteous on their banks my nymphs appear!
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 On lordly towers, which happy now contain
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I hear,
 nymphs ap

4 Rocks stupendous.] *The river falls over several high precipices, such as Corra's Lin, Stone-Byre Lin, &c.*

6 Evana.] *The small river Evan, which joins Clyde near Hamilton.*

Enough, Evana, long may they contain
 The noble youth, safely return'd again.
 From the green mountain where I lift my lead,
 With my twin-brothers Annan and the Tweed,
 To those high arches where, as Culdees sing,
 The pious Mungo fish'd the trout and ring.
 My fairest nymphs shall on my margin play,
 And make ev'n all the year one holy day.
 The Sylvan powers and watches of each hight,
 Where fleecy flocks and climbing goats delight,
 Shall from their groves and rocky mountains roam,
 To join with us and sing his welcome home.
 With lofty notes we'll sound his high descent,
 His dawning merits and heroic bent:
 These early rays which stedfastly shall shine,
 And add new glories to his ancient line;
 A line ay loyal, and fir'd with gen'rous zeal,
 The bravest patrons of the common weal;
 From him who plung'd his sword (so muses sing)
 Deep in his breast, who durst defame our king.

39 Green mountain.] *From the same hill the rivers Clyde, Tweed, and Annan have their rise; yet run to three different seas, viz. the Northern Ocean, the German Ocean, and the Irish Sea.*

41 High arches.] *The bridge of Glasgow, where, as is reported, St. Mungo, the patron of that city, drew up a stone which brought him a ring which had been dropt; which miracle Glasgow retains the memory of in her arms.*

55 So muses sing.] *Vide the ingenious Mr. Patrick Gordon's account of this illustrious family, in his poem on the various achievements of our great king Robert, surnamed the Bruce, Chap. IV. beginning at this stanza, the prophet speaks to the monarch:*

“ Now in thy time, quoth he, there shall arrive
 A worthy knight, that from his native land
 Shall fly, because he bravely shall deprive,
 In glorious fight, a knight that shall withstand

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We'll sing the fire, which in his bosom glows
 To warm his friends, and scorch his daring foes;
 Endow'd with all these sweet, yet manly charms,
 As fit him for the fields of love, or arms: 60
 Fixt in an high and independent state,
 Above to act what's little, to be great.
 Guard him, first Pow'r, whose hand directs the sun,
 And teaches me thro' eaverns dark to run;
 Long may he on his own fair plains reside, 65
 And slight my rival Thames, and love his Clyde.



ON THE MOST HONOURABLE

THE MARQUIS OF BEAUMONT'S CUTTING
OFF HIS HAIR.

I SHALL Berenice's tresses mount the skies,
 And by the muse to shining fame arise;
 Belinda's lock invite the smoothest lays
 Of him whose merit claims the British bays; —
 And not, dear Beaumont, beautiful and young,
 The graceful ringlets of thy head be sung!
 How many tender hearts thine eyes hath pain'd!
 How many fighting nymphs thy locks have chain'd!
 The god of love beheld him with envy,
 And on Cytherea's lap began to cry,
 All drench'd in tears, "O mother, help your son!
 All by a mortal rival I'm undone;
 With happy charms h' encroaches on my sway,
 His beauty disconcerts the plots I lay;
 Vol. 1. Q

*Thy praises due, while he doth thee describe;
 Yea, even this knight shall, with victorious hand,
 Come here, whose name his seed shall eternize,
 And still thy virt'ous line shall sympathize."*

When I've made Cloe her humble slave admire,
 Straight he appears and kindles new desire;
 She sighs for him, and all my art beguiles,
 Whilst he, like me, commands and careless smiles.
 Ah me! these sable circles of his hair,
 Which wave around his beauties red and fair,
 I cannot bear! Adonis would seem dim,
 With all his flaxen locks, if plac'd by him."

Venus reply'd, "No more, my dearest boy,
 Shall those enchanting curls thy peace destroy;
 For ever sep'rate they shall cease to grow,
 Or round his cheek, or on his shoulders flow:
 I'll use my flight, and make them quickly feel
 Their honour's lost by the invading steel:
 I'll turn myself in shape of mode and health,
 And gain upon his youthful mind by stealth:
 Three times the sun shall not have rouz'd the morn,
 E'er he consent these from him shall be shorn."

The promise she perform'd; but labour vain,
 And still shall prove, while his bright eyes remain;
 And of revenge blind Cupid must despair,
 As long's the lovely sex are grac'd with hair:
 They'll yield the conquering glories of their heads,
 To form around his beauty easy shades;
 And in return, Thalia spae and sings,
 His lopp'd-off locks shall sparkle in their rings.

*To some YOUNG LADIES, who had been displeased at a Gentle
 man's too imprudently asserting, that to be condemned to per-
 petual Virginity was the greatest Punishment could be inflict-
 ed on any of their Sex.*

W HETHER condemn'd to a virgin state,
 By the superior powers,
 Would to your sex prove cruel fate,
 I'm sure it would to ours.

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From you the numerous nations spring,
Your breasts our being save,
Your beauties make the youthful sing,
And sooth the old and grave.

Alas! how soon would every wight
Despise both wit and arms,
To primitive old Chaos Night
We'd sink without your charms.

No more our breath would be our care,
Were love from us exil'd;
Sent back to heaven with all the fair,
This world would turn a wild.

Regardless of these sacred ties,
Wife, husband, father, son,
All government we would despise,
And like wild tygers run.

Then, Ladies, pardon the mistake,
And with th' accus'd agree,
I beg it for each lover's sake,
Low bended on my knee:

And frankly wish what has been said,
By the audacious youth,
Might be your thought; but I'm afraid
It will not prove a truth:

For often, ah! you make us groan
By your too cold disdain;
Then quarrel with us when we moan,
And rave amidst our pain.

Q

TO MR. JOSEPH MITCHEL,

ON THE SUCCESSFUL REPRESENTATION OF A
TRAGEDY, WROTE BY HIM.

BUT Jealousy, dear Jos, which aft gives pain
To scrimpit fauls, I own myself right vain,
To see a native trusty friend of mine
Sae brawly 'mang our bleezing billies shine.
Yes, wherefore no, shaw them the frozen north
Can tow'ring minds wi' heav'nly heat bring forth;
Minds that can mount wi' an uncommon wing,
And frae black heath'ry-headed mountains sing,
As fast as he that haughs Hesperian treads,
Or leans beneath the aromatic shades.
Bred to the love of lit'rature and arms,
Still something great a Scottish bosom warms;
Tho' nurs'd on ice, and educate in snaw,
Honour and liberty eags him to draw
An hero's sword, or an heroic quill,
The monst'rous faes of right and wit to kill.

Well may you further in your leal design,
To thwart the gowks, and gar the brethren tine
The wrang opinion which they lang have had,
That a' which mounts the stage—is surely bad.
Stupidly-dull! but fools ay fools will be,
And nane's sae blind as them that winna see.
Where's vice and virtue set in juster light?
Where can a glancing genius shine mair bright?
Where can we human life review mair plain,
Than in the happy plot and curious scene?

If in themselfs sic fair designs were ill,
We ne'er had priev'd the sweet dramatic skill
Of Congreve, Addison, Steele, Rowe, and Hill;
Hill, wha the highest road to fame doth chuse,
And has some upper seraph for his muse:
It maun be sae, else how could he display,
With so just strength, the great tremendous day.

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Sic patterns, Joseph, always keep in view,
 Ne'er fash, if ye can please the thinking few,
 Then, spite of malice, worth shall have its due.

*Spoken to two YOUNG LADIES, who asked if I could say any
 thing on them—One excelled in a beautiful complexion, the
 other in fine Eyes.*

TO THE FIRST.

UPON your cheek sits blooming youth.

TO THE OTHER.

Heaven sparkles in your eye.

TO BOTH.

There's something sweet about each mouth,
 Dear Ladies let me try.

THE POET'S WISH:

AN ODE.

*Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem
 Vates?—*

HORACE.

FRAE great Apollo, poets say,
 What is thy wish, what wadst thou hae,
 When thou bows at his shrine?
 Not Carse o' Gowrie's fertile field,
 Nor a' the flocks the Grampians yield,
 That are baith sleek and fine;
 Not costly things brought frae afar,
 As ivory, pearl, and gems;
 Nor those fair straths that water'd are
 Wi' Tay and Tweed's smooth streams

Which gently and daintily
 Eat down the flow'ry braes,
 As greatly and quietly
 They wimple to the seas.

Whaever by his canny fate
 Is master of a good estate,

That can ilk thing afford,
 Let him enjoy't withouten care,
 And wi' the wale o' curious fare
 Cover his ample board.

Much dawted by the gods is he

Wha to the Indian plain,
 Succesfu' ploughs the wally sea,
 And safe returns again,

Wi' riches that hitches,
 Him high aboon the rest
 Of sma' fouk, and a' fouk
 That are wi' poortith prest.

For me, I can be wiel content
 To eat my bannock on the bent,
 And kitchen't wi' fresh air;
 Of lang-kail I can make a feast,
 And cantily had up my crest,
 And laugh at dishes rare.

Nought frae Apollo I demand,
 But thro' a lengthen'd life
 My outer fabric firm may stand,
 And saul clear without strife.

May he then but gi'e then
 Those blessings for my skair,
 I'll fairly and squairly
 Quit a', and seek nae mair.

THE RESPONSE OF THE ORACLE.

To keep thy saul frae puny strife,
 And heeze thee out of vulgar life,

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We, in a morning-dream,
Whisper'd our will concerning thee,
To Marius, stretch'd beneath a tree,
Hard by a pop'ling stream;
He, full of me, shall point the way
Where thou a star shall see,
The influence of whose bright ray
Shall wing thy muse to flee.
Mair speer na, and fear na,
But set thy mind to rest,
Aspire ay still high'r ay,
And always hope the best.

THE RAM AND BUCK.

A RAM, the father o' a flock,
Wha'd mony winters stood the shock
Of northern winds and driving snaw,
Leading his family in a raw,
Thro' wreaths that clad the laigher field,
And drave them frae the lowner bield,
To crop contented frozen fare,
Wi' honesty on hills blawn bare:
This Ram, o' upright hardy spirit,
Was really a horn'd head o' merit.
Unlike him was a neighbouring Goat,
A mean-faul'd cheating, thieving sot,
That tho' possesst o' rocks the prime,
Crown'd wi' fresh herbs and rowth o' thyme,
Yet slave to pilfering, his delight
Was to break gardens ilka night,
And round him steal, and aft destroy
Even things he never could enjoy;
The pleasure o' a dirty mind
That is sae viciously inclin'd.
Upon a barrowing day, when fleet
Made twinters and hog-wedders bleet,

And quake wi' cauld; behind a ruck
 Met honest Toop and snaking Buck;
 Frae chin to tail clad wi' thick hair,
 He bade defiance to thin air;
 But trusty Toop his fleece had riven,
 When he amang the birns was driven:
 Half naked the brave leader stood,
 His look compos'd, unmov'd his mood:
 When thus the Goat (that had tint a'
 His credit baith wi' great and sma',
 Shunn'd by them as a pest, wad fain
 New friendship wi' this worthy gain).
 "Ram, say, shall I give you a part
 Of mine? I'll do't wi' a' my heart:
 'Tis yet a lang cauld month to Beltan,
 And ye've a very raggit kelt on;
 Accept, I pray, what I can spare,
 To clout your doublet wi' my hair."

"No," says the Ram, "tho' my coat's torn,
 Yet ken, thou worthless, that I scorn
 To be oblig'd at ony price
 To sic as you, whose friendship's vice:
 I'd have less favour frae the best,
 Clad in a hatefu' hairy vest,
 Bestow'd by thee, than as I now
 Stand but ill drest in native woo;
 Boons frae the generous make ane smile,
 From miscreants make receivers vile."



EPIGRAM,

*On receiving a present of an Orange from Mrs. G. L. now
 Countess of Aboyne.*

Now, Priam's son, thou may'st be mute,
 For I can blythly boast with thee;
 Thou to the fairest gave the fruit,
 The fairest gave the fruit to me.

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H E A L T H:

A POEM.

Inscribed to the Right Hon. the EARL of STAIR.

B'E'T mine the honour, once again to hear
 And see the *best of men* for me appear;
 I'll proudly chant! be dumb, ye vulgar throng,
 Stair bids me sing, to him these lays belong;
 If he approves, who can condemn my song?
 Of health I sing: O health my portion be,
 And to old age I'll sing if bless'd by thee.
 Blessing divine! Heaven's fairest gift to man!
 Soul of his joys! and length'ner of his span!
 His span of life preserv'd with panting breath,
 Without thy presence proves a ling'ring death.
 The victor kings may cause wide nations bow,
 And half a globe with conqu'ring force subdue;
 Bind princes to their axle-trees, and make
 The wond'ring mob of staring mortals quake:
 Erect triumphal arches, and obtain
 The loud huzza from thousands in their train:
 But if her sweetness balmy health denies,
 Without delight pillars or Æneids rise.
 Cossinelius may on silky twilts repose,
 And have a num'rous change of finest clothes;
 Box'd in his chair, he may be born to dine
 On Ortolans, and sip fine Tokay wine.
 His liver, if an inflammation seize,
 Or wasting lungs shall make him cough and wheeze,
 No more he smiles; nor can his richest toys,
 Or looking-glass, restore his wonted joys:
 The rich brocade becomes a toilsome weight,
 The brilliant gem offends his weakly sight;
 Perfumes grow nauseous then, nor can he bear
 Loud tuneful notes, that us'd to charm his ear.
 To please his taste the cook attempts in vain,
 When now each former pleasure gives him pain.

Nor flowing bowls, loud laugh, or midnight freak,
 Nor smutty tale, delight the roving rake;
 When health forsakes him, all diversions tire;
 There's nothing pleases, nothing can inspire
 A blythsome smile; he shuns the shine of light,
 And broken slumbers make a weary night.
 If silent sleep attempt to bring him ease,
 His watching fancy feels the whole disease:
 He dreams a mountain lies upon his breast,
 Or that he flies the fury of some beast;
 Sees, at vast distance, gushing from the rocks,
 The cooling stream—while burning thirst provokes
 Him, fainting, to climb up the craggy edge,
 And drag his limbs thro' many a thorny hedge;
 Hangs o'er a precipice, or sinks in waves:
 And all the while he sweats, turns, starts, and raves.

How mad's that man, push'd by his passions wild,
 Who's of his greatest happiness beguil'd;
 Who seems, whate'er he says, by actions low,
 To court disease, our pleasures' greatest foe!

From Paris, deeply skill'd in nice ragoes,
 In oleos, salmagundies, and hogoos,
 Montanus sends for cooks, that his large board
 May all invented luxury afford:
 Health's never minded, while the appetite
 Devours the spicy death with much delight.
 Meantime, king Arthur's sav'ry knighted loin
 Appears a clown, and's not allow'd to join
 The marinated smelt, and sturgeon joles,
 Soup vermicell, fow'd turbot, cray, and soals,
 Fowls *a la daube*, and omelet of eggs,
 The smother'd coney, and bak'd paddocks legs,
 Pullets a bisk, and orangedo pye,
 The larded peacock, and the *Tarts de Moy*,
 The collar'd veal, and pike in cassorole,
 Pigs *a la Braise*, the tanfy and brussole:
 With many a hundred costly mingled dish,
 Wherein the moiety of flesh or fish

wholly lost, and vitiate as the taste
 Of them who eat the dangerous repast ;
 Until the feeble stomach's over-cramm'd,
 The fibres weaken'd, and the blood inflam'd.
 What aiking heads, what spleen and drowsy eyes,
 From undigested crudities arise !
 But when Montanus' paunch is overcloy'd,
 The bagnio or emetic wine's employ'd.
 These he imagines methods the most sure,
 After a surfeit, to complete a cure :
 But never dreams how much the balm of life
 Is wasted by this forc'd unnat'ral strife.
 Thus peuther vessel must by scouring wear,
 While plate more free from dross, continues clear,
 Long unconsum'd the oak can bear the beams,
 Or lie for ages firm beneath the streams ;
 But when alternately the rain and rays,
 Now dash, then dry the plank, it soon decays.
 Luxurious man ! altho' thou'rt blest with wealth
 Why shouldst thou use it to destroy thy health ?
 Copy Mellantius, if you'd learn the art
 To feast your friends and keep their souls alert ;
 One good substantial British dish or two,
 Which sweetly in their natural juices flow,
 Only appear. And here no danger's found
 To tempt the appetite beyond its bound ;
 And you may eat, or not, as ye incline ;
 And as ye please drink water, beer, or wine.
 Here hunger's safe, and gratefully appeas'd,
 The spleen's forbid, and all the spirits rais'd,
 And guests arise regal'd, refresh'd, and pleas'd.
 Grumaldo views, from rais'd parterres around,
 A thousand acres of fat furrow'd ground,
 And all his own—but these no pleasure yield,
 While spleen hangs as a fog o'er every field :
 The lovely landkip clad with gilded corn,
 The banks and meads, which flowers and groves ad-
 dorn,

No relish have; his envious sullen mind,
 Still on the fret, complains his fate's unkind :
 Something he wants which always flies his reach,
 Which makes him groan beneath his spreading beech
 When all of nature, silent, seem to shun
 Their cares, and nod till the returning sun,
 His envious thoughts forbid refreshing sleep,
 And on the rack his hopeless wishes keep :
 Fatigu'd and drumbly from the down he flies,
 With skinny cheeks, pale lips, and blood-run eyes,
 Thus toil'd with lab'ring thoughts he looks aghast,
 And tasteless lothes the nourishing repast :
 Meagre disease an easy passage finds,
 Where joy's debarr'd in such corroded minds.
 Such take no care the springs of life to save,
 Neglect their health, and quickly fill a grave.

Unlike gay Myrtle, who, with chearful air,
 Less envious, tho' less rich, no slave to care,
 Thinks what he has enough, and scorns to fret,
 While he sees thousands less oblig'd to fate,
 And oft'ner from his station casts his eye
 On those below him, than on them more high ;
 Thus envy finds no access to his breast,
 To sour his gen'rous joys, or break his rest.
 He studies to do actions just and kind,
 Which with the best reflections clear the mind :
 Which is the first preservative of health,
 To be preferr'd to grandeur, pride, and wealth.
 Let all who would pretend to common sense,
 'Gainst pride and envy still be on defence.
 Who love their health, nor would their joys controul,
 Let them ne'er nurse such furies in their soul,

Nor wait on strolling Phimos to the stew,
 Phimos, who by his livid colour shews,
 Him load with vile diseases, which are fixt
 Upon his bones, and with his vitals mixt.
 Does that man wear the image of his God,
 Who drives to death on such an ugly road?

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Behold him clad, like any bright bridegroom,
 In richest labours of the British loom;
 Embroider'd o'er with gold, whilst lace or lawn
 Waves down his breast, and ruffles o'er his han',
 Set off with art, which vilely he employs
 In sinks of death, for low dear-purchas'd joys.
 He grasps the blasted shadow of the fair,
 Whose sickly look, vile breath, and falling hair,
 The flagg'd embrace, and mercenary squeeze,
 The pangs of guilt, and terrors of disease,
 Might warn him to beware, if wild desire
 Had not set all his thoughtless soul on fire.
 O poor mistaken youth! to drain thy purse,
 To gain the most malignant human curse!
 Think on thy flannel, and mercurial dose,
 And future pains, to save thy nerve and nose.
 Think, heedless wight, how thy infected veins
 May plague thee many a day with loathsome pains,
 When the French foe his woful way has made,
 And all within his dire detachments laid;
 There long may lurk, and, with destruction keen,
 Do horrid havock ere the symptom's seen.
 But learn to dread the poisonous disease,
 When heaviness and spleen thy spirits seize;
 When feeble limbs to serve thee will decline,
 And languid eyes no more with sparkles shine;
 The roses from thy cheek will blasted fade,
 And leave a dull complexion like the lead:
 Then, then expect the terrible attack;
 Upon thy head, thy conduit, nose, and back;
 Pains thro' thy shoulders, arms, and throat, and shins,
 Will threaten death, and damp thee with thy sins.
 How frightful is the loss, and the disgrace,
 When it destroys the beauties of the face!
 When the arch nose in rotten ruin lies,
 And all the venom flames around the eyes;
 When th' uvula has got its mortal wound,
 And tongue and lips form words without a sound;

When hair drops off, and bones corrupt and bare,
Through ulcerated tags of muscles stare.

But vain we sing instruction to his ear,
Who's no more slave to reason than to fear:
Hurried by passion, and o'ercome with wine,
He rushes headlong on his vile design;
The nauseous bolus, and the bitter pill,
A month of spitting, and the surgeon's bill,
Are now forgot, whilst he—But here 'tis best
To let the curtain drop, and hide the rest
Of the coarse scene, too shocking for the sight
Of modest eyes and ears, that take delight
To hear with pleasure Urban's praises sung;
Urban the kind, the prudent, gay and young,
Who moves a man, and wears a rosy smile,
That can the fairest of a heart beguile:
A virtuous love delights him with its grace,
Which soon he'll find in Myra's lov'd embrace,
Enjoying health with all its lovely train
Of joys, free from remorse, or shame, or pain.

But Talpo sighs with matrimonial cares,
His cheeks wear wrinkles, silver grow his hairs;
Before old age, his health decays apace,
And very rarely smiles clear up his face.
Talpo's a fool, there's hardly help for that,
He scarcely knows himself what he'd be at:
He's avaricious to the last degree,
And thinks his wife and children make too free
With his dear idol; this creates his pain,
And breeds convulsions in his narrow brain.
He's always startled at approaching fate,
And often jealous of his virtuous mate;
Is ever anxious, shuns his friends to save:
Thus soon he'll fret himself into a grave;
There let him rot—worthless the muse's lays,
Who never read one poem in his days.

I sing to Marius, Marius who regards
The well-meant verse, and gen'rously rewards

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The poet's care. Observe now, if you can,
Ought in his carriage does not speak the man:
To him his many a winter wedded wife
Appears the greatest solace of his life.
He views his offspring with indulgent love,
Who his superior conduct all approve.
Smooth glide his hours; at fifty he's less old
Than some who have not half the number told.
The cheering glass he with right friends can share,
But shuns the deep debauch with cautious care.
His sleeps are sound, he sees the morning rise,
And lifts his face with pleasure to the skies;
And quaffs the health that's born on zephyr's wings,
Or gushes from the rock in limpid springs.
From fragrant plains he gains the cheering smell,
While ruddy beams all distant dumps repell.
The whole of nature, to a mind thus turn'd,
Enjoying health, with sweetness seems adorn'd:
To him the whistling ploughman's artless tune,
The bleating flocks, the oxen's hollow crune,
The warbling notes of the small chirping throng,
Delight him more than the Italian song.
To him the cheapest dish of rural fare,
And water cool, in place of wine more rare,
Shall prove a feast. On straw he'll find more ease
Than on the down, even with the least disease.

Whoever's tempted to transgress the line
By moderation fix'd to enlivening wine,
View Macro, wasted long before his time,
Whose head, bow'd down, proclaims his liquid crime.
The purple dye, with ruby pimples mixt,
As witnesses upon his face are fixt.
A constant fever wastes his strength away,
And limbs enervate gradually decay:
The gout and palsy follow in the rear,
And make his being burdensome to bear:
His squeamish stomach loathes the savoury scy,
And nought but liquids now can find their way

To animate his strength, which daily flies,
Till the young drunkard's past all hope, and dies.

To practise what we preach, O goddess born,
Assist thy slave, lest Bacchanalians scorn
Thy inspiration, if the tempting grape
Shall form the hollow eye, and idiot gape.

But let no wretched misers who repine,
And wish there were not such a juice as wine,
Imagine here that we are so profane
To think that heav'n gave plenteous vines in vain:
No; since there's plenty, cups may sparkling flow,
And we may drink till our rais'd spirits glow.
They will befriend our health, while chearful round
Incline to mirth, and keep their proper bounds.
Fools should not drink, I own, who still wish more,
And know not when 'tis proper to give o'er.
Dear Britons, let no morning-drinks deceive
Your appetites, which else at noon would crave
Such proper aliments, as can support
At even your hearty bottle, health and sport.

Next view we sloth (too often the child of wealth),
A seeming friend, but real foe to health.
Lethargus lolls his lazy hours away,
His eyes are drowsy, and his lips are blae;
His soft enfeebl'd hands supinely hing,
And shaking knees, unus'd, together cling;
Close by the fire his easy chair too stands,
In which all day he snotters, nods, and yawns.
Sometimes he'll drone at piquet, hoping gain,
But you must deal his cards, that's too much pain.
He speaks but seldom, puffs at every pause,
Words being a labour to his tongue and jaws:
Nor must his friends discourse above their breath,
For the least noise stounds thro' his ears like death.
He causes stop each cranny in his room,
And heaps on clothes, to save him from the rheum:
Free air he dreads as his most dang'rous foe,
And trembles at the sight of ice or snow,

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The warming pan each night glows o'er his sheets,
 Then he beneath a load of blankets sweats;
 The which (instead of shutting) opes the door,
 And lets in cold at each dilated pore.
 Thus does the sluggish health and vigour waste,
 With heavy indolence, till at the last,
 Sciatic, jaundice, dropsy, or the stone,
 Alternate make the lazy lubbard groan.

But active Hilaris much rather loves,
 With eager stride, to trace the wilds and groves;
 To start the covey, or the bounding roe,
 Or work destructive Reynard's overthrow;
 The race delights him, horses are his care,
 And a stout ambling pad his easiest chair.
 Sometimes to firm his nerves, he'll plunge the deep,
 And with expanded arms the billows sweep:
 Then on the links, or in the estler walls,
 He drives the goff, or strikes the tennis-balls.
 From ice with pleasure he can brush the snow,
 And run rejoicing with his curling throw;
 Or send the whizzing arrow from the string,
 A manly game*, which by itself I sing.
 Thus chearfully he'll walk, ride, dance, or game,
 Nor mind the northern blast, or southern flame.
 East winds may blow, and sudden fogs may fall,
 But his hale constitution's proof to all,
 He knows no change of weather by a corn,
 Nor minds the black, the blue, or ruddy morn.

Here let no youth extravagantly given,
 Who values neither gold, nor health, nor heaven,
 Think that our song encourages the crime
 Of setting deep, or wasting too much time
 On furious game, which makes the passions boil,
 And the fair mean of health a weak'ning toil,
 By violence excessive, or the pain
 Which ruin'd losers ever must sustain.

R 3

* A poem on seeing the archers playing at the Rovers.

Our Hilaris despises wealth so won;
 Nor does he love to be himself undone:
 But from his sport can with a smile retire,
 And warm his genius at Apollo's fire;
 Find useful learning in th' inspired strains,
 And bless the generous poet for his pains.
 Thus he by lit'rature and exercise,
 Improves his soul, and wards off each disease.

Health's op'ner foes we've taken care to show,
 Which make diseases in full torrents flow:
 But when these ills intrude, do what we will,
 Then hope for health from Clark's approved skill;
 To such well seen in nature's darker laws,
 That for disorders can assign a cause;
 Who know the virtues of salubrious plants,
 And what each different constitution wants,
 Apply for health.—But shun the vagrant quack,
 Who gulls the crowd with Andrew's comic clack:
 Or him that charges gazettes with his bills,
 His anadynes, elixirs, tinctures, pills,
 Who rarely ever cures, but often kills.
 Nor trust thy life to the old woman's charms,
 Who binds with knotted tape thy legs or arms,
 Which they pretend will purple fevers cool;
 And thus impose on some believing fool.
 When agues shake, or fevers raise a flame,
 Let your physician be a man of fame,
 Of well known learning, and in good respect
 For prudence, honour, and a mind erect:
 Nor scrimpily save from what's to merit due;
 He saves your whole estate who succours you.

Be grateful, Britons, for your temp'rate beams,
 Your fertile plains, green hills, and silver streams,
 O'erclad with corns, with groves, and many a mead,
 Where rise green heights, where herds in millions feed
 Here useful plenty mitigates our care,
 And health with freshest sweets embalms the air.

Upon those shores, where months of circling rays
 Glance feebly on the snow, and frozen bays;

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Where, wrapt in fur, the starving Lapland brood
 Scarce keep the cold from curdling of their blood:
 Here meagre want, in all its pinching forms,
 Combines with lengthen'd night and bleakest storms,
 To combat joyful health and calm repose,
 Which from an equal warmth and plenty flows.

Yet rather, O great Ruler of the day,
 Bear me to Weygate, or to Hudson's Bay,
 Than scorch me on these dry and blasted plains,
 Where rays direct inflame the boiling veins
 Of gloomy negroes, who're oblig'd to breathe
 A thicken'd air, with pestilential death;
 Where range out o'er th' inhospitable wastes,
 The hunger-edg'd, and fierce devouring beasts:
 Where serpents crawl, which sure destruction bring,
 Or in th' envenom'd tooth or forked sting;
 Where fleeting sands ne'er yield t' industrious toil
 The golden sheaf, or plants for wine and oil:
 Health must be here a stranger, where the rage
 Of sev'rish beams forbid a lengthen'd age.

Ye Dutch, enjoy your dams, your bulwarks boast,
 And war with Neptune for a sandy coast,
 Whilst frightened by these deep tumultuous powers,
 You scarce dare sleep in your subaqueous bowers:
 Raise high your beds, and shun your croaking frogs;
 And battle with tobacco-smoke your fogs;
 Soak on your stoves, with spirits charge your veins,
 To ward off agues and rheumatic pains.

Let the proud Spaniard strut on naked hills,
 And vainly trace the plain for crystal rills;
 Starve on a fallad, or a garlic head,
 Pray for his daily roots, not daily bread;
 Be sour, and jealous of his friend and wife,
 Till want and spleen cut short his thread of life.

Whilst we on our auspicious island find
 Whate'er can please the sense or cheer the mind,
 Blest Queen of isles! with a devout regard,
 Allow me to kneel down and kiss thy sward,

Thy flow'ry fward, and offer heav'n a vow,
Which gratitude and love to thee makes due:
If e'er I from thy healthful limits stray,
Or by a wish, or word, a thought betray,
Against thy int'rest, or thy fair renown,
May never Daphne furnish me a crown;
Nor may the first-rate judges of our isle,
Or read, or on my blythsome numbers smile.

Thalia here, sweet as the light, retir'd,
Commanding me to sing what she'd inspir'd,
And never mind the glooming critics bray;
The song was her's—she spoke—and I obey.



ROBERT, RICHY, AND SANDY:

A PASTORAL,

ON THE DEATH OF MATTHEW PRIOR, ESQ.

*Inscribed to the Right Honourable Person designed by the Old
Shepherd.*

ROBERT the Good, by a' the fwains rever'd,
Wise are his words, like filler is his beard;
Near saxty shining simmers he has seen,
Tenting his hirsle on the muir-land green:
Unshaken yet wi' mony a winter's wind,
Stout are his limbs, and youthfu' is his mind.
But now he droops, ane wad be wae to see
Him sae cast down; ye wadna trow 'tis he.
By break o' day he seeks the dowy glen,
That he may scowth to a' his mourning len:
Nane but the clinty craigs and scroggy briers
Were witnesses of a' his granes and tears;
Howder'd wi' hills a crystal burnie ran,
Where twa young shepherds fand the good auld man:

* *Robert, late Earl of Oxford.*

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Richy,

Kind Richy Spec, a friend to a' distrest,
 And Sandy, wha of shepherds sings the best;
 Wi' friendly looks they speer'd wherefore he mourn'd,
 He rais'd his head, and, sighing, thus return'd:

ROBERT.

O Matt! poor Matt!—My lads, e'en take a skair
 Of a' my grief; sweet singing Matt's nae mair.
 Ah heav'ns! did e'er this lyart head o' mine
 Think to have seen the cauldrie mools on thine!

RICHY.

My heart misga'e me, when I came this way,
 His dog its lane sat yowling on a brae;
 I cry'd, Isk, isk—poor Ringwood—fairy man;
 He wagg'd his tail, cour'd near, and lick'd my han':
 He clapp'd his head, which eas'd a wee his pain;
 But soon's I gade away, he yowl'd again.
 Poor kindly beast. Ah, sirs: how sic should be
 Mair tender-hearted mony a time than we!

SANDY.

Last ook I dream'd my tup that bears the bell,
 And paths the snaw, out o'er a high craig fell,
 And brak' his leg—I started frae my bed,
 Awak'd, and leugh.—Ah! now my dream its read.
 How dreigh's our cares, our joys how soon away,
 Like sun-blinks on a cloudy winter's day!
 Flow fast, ye tears, ye have free leave for me;
 Dear sweet-tongu'd Matt, thousands shall greet for thee.

ROBERT.

Thanks to my friends, for ilka briny tear
 Ye shed for him; he to us a' was dear:
 Sandy, I'm eas'd to see thee look sae wan;
 Richy, thy sighs bespeak the kindly man.

RICHY.

But twice the simmer's sun has thaw'd the snaw,
 Since frae our heights Eddie* was tane awa':
 Fast Matt has follow'd.—Of sic twa bereft,
 To smoothe our fauls, alake! wha have we left?
 Waes me! o'er short a tack o' sic is given,
 But wha may contradict the will o' heaven?
 Yet mony a year he liv'd to hear the dale
 Sing o'er his fangs, and tell his merry tale.
 Last year I had a stately tall ash-tree,
 Braid were its branches, a sweet shade to me;
 I thought it might have flourish'd on the brae,
 (Tho' past its prime) yet twenty years or sae:
 But ae rough night the blatt'ring winds blew snell,
 Torn frae its roots, adown it fouchan fell;
 Twin'd of its nourishment, it lifeless lay,
 Mixing its wither'd leaves amang the clay.
 Sae flourish'd Matt; but where's the tongue can tell
 How fair he grew? how much lamented fell?

SANDY.

How snackly cou'd he gi'e a fool reproof,
 E'en wi' a canty tale he'd tell aff loof?
 How did he warning to the dosen'd sing,
 By auld Purganty, and the Dutchman's ring?
 And Lucky's filler ladle shaws how aft
 Our greatest wishes are but vain and daft.
 The wad-be wits, he bade them a' but pap
 Their crazy heads into Tam Tinman's snap;
 There they wad see a squirrel wi' his bells
 Ay wrestling up, yet rising like themselfs.
 Thousands of things he wittily could say,
 Wi' fancy strang, and saul as clear as day;
 Smart were his tales; but where's the tongue can tell
 How blyth he was? how much lamented fell?

* Secretary Addison.

And as I
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* Louis
 † Boile
 1692, 17
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RICHY.

And as he blythsome was, sae was he wise,
 Our laird himsell wad aft take his advice.
 'En cheek for chew he'd feat him 'mang them a',
 And tak' his mind 'bout kittle points o' law.
 When clan Red yards*, ye ken, wi' wicked feud,
 Had skail'd of ours, but mair of his ain blood;
 When I, and mony mae that were right crouse,
 Wad fain about his lugs have burnt his house:
 Yet lady Anne, a woman meek and kind,
 Sae to weirs, and of a peacefu' mind,
 Since mony in the fray had got their dead,
 To make the peace, our friend was sent wi' speed,
 The very faes had for him just regard,
 Tho' fair he jib'd their formast finging bard †.
 Carefu' was Matt; but where's the tongue can tell
 How wise he was? how much lamented fell?

SANDY.

Wha cou'd, like him, in a short fang define
 The bonny lass, and her young lover's pine?
 I'll ne'er forget that aye he made on May,
 Wha brang the poor blate Symie to his clay;
 To gratify the paughty wench's pride,
 The silly shepherd bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.
 He constant lasses as the nit-brown Maid,
 Shall never want just praises duly paid;
 He claim'd his fang, and still it was his care
 Wi' pleasing words to guide and rouse the fair.
 How sweet his voice, when beauty was in view,
 Smooth ran his lines, ay grac'd wi' something new;

* *Louis XIV. King of France.*

† *Boileau, whose Ode, on the taking Namur by the French in 1692, he burlesqued, on its being re-taken by the British in 1695.*

Nae word stood wrang; but where's the tongue can tell
How fast he sung? how much lamented fell?

RICHY.

And when he had a mind to be mair grave,
A minister nae better could behave.
Far out o' sight of sic he aften flew,
When he o' haly wonders took a view:
Wiel cou'd he praise the Power that made us a',
And bid us in return but tent his law;
Wha guides us when we're waking or asleep,
Wi' thousand times mair care than we our sheep.
While he o' pleasure, power, and wisdom sang,
My heart lap high, my lugs wi' pleasure rang:
These to repeat, braid-spoken I wad spill,
Altho' I should employ my utmost skill.
He towr'd aboon: but ah! what tongue can tell
How high he flew? how much lamented fell?

ROBERT.

My bennison, dear lads, light on ye baith,
Wha ha'e sae true a feeling of our skaith:
O Sandy, draw his likeness in smooth verse,
As wiel ye can—then shepherds shall rehearse
His merit, while the sun metes out the day,
While ewes shall bleet, and little lambkins mae.

I've been a fauter, now three days are past,
While I for grief have hardly broke my fast:
Come to my shiel, there let's forget our care,
I dinna want a rowth of country fair,
Sic as it is, ye're welcome to a skair:
Besides, my lads, I have a browst of tip,
As good as ever wash'd a shepherd's lip;
We'll take a scour o't to put aff our pain,
For a' our tears and sighs are but in vain:
Come, help me up—yon sooty cloud shores rain.

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Frae
Vol. I.

TO MR. POPE.

THREE times I've read your Iliad o'er;

The first time pleas'd me *well*;

New beauties unobserv'd before,

Next pleas'd me *better* still.

Again I try'd to find a flaw,

Examin'd ilka line;

The third time pleas'd me *best* of a',

The labour seem'd divine.

Henceforward I'll not tempt my fate,

On dazzling rays to stare,

Lest I should tine dear self-conceit,

And read and write nae mair.

EPISTLE

TO THE

HON. DUNCAN FORBES, LORD ADVOCATE.

SHUT in a closet six foot square,

No fash'd wi' meikle wealth or care,

I pass the livelang day;

Yet some ambitious thoughts I have,

Which will attend me to my grave,

Such busked baits they lay.

These keep my fancy on the wing,

Something that's blyth and snack to sing,

And smoothe the wrunkled brow:

Thus care I happily beguile,

Slipping a plaudit and a smile

Frae best of men, like you.

Vol. I.

S

You, wha in kittle casts of state,
 When property demands debate,
 Can right what is dung wrang;
 Yet blythly can, when ye think fit,
 Enjoy your friend, and judge the wit
 And slidness of a fang.

How mony, your reverse, unblest,
 Whase minds gae wand'ring thro' a mist,
 Proud as the thief in hell,
 Pretend, forsooth, they're gentle-fouk,
 'Cause chance gi'es them of gear the yowk,
 And better chieks the shell?

I've seen a wean aft vex itsell,
 And greet, because it was not tall:
 Heez'd on a board, O then!
 Rejoicing in the artfu' height,
 How smirky look'd the little wight!
 And thought itself a man.

Sic bairns are some blawn up a wee
 Wi' splendor, wealth, and quality,
 Upon these stilts grown vain;
 They o'er the pows o' poor fouk stride,
 And neither are to ha'd nor bide,
 Thinking this height their ain.

Now shou'd ane speer at sic a puff,
 What gars thee look sae big and bluff?
 Is't an attending menzie?
 Or fifty dishes on your table?
 Or fifty horses in your stable?
 Or heaps of glancing cunzie?

Are these the things thou ca's thyself?
 Come, vain gigantic shadow, tell
 If thou sav'st yes—I'll shaw
 Thy picture—Means thy silly mind,
 Thy wit's a croil, thy judgment blind,
 And love worth nought ava.

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Accept our praise, ye nobly born,
Whom heav'n takes pleasure to adorn
Wi' ilka manly gift;
In courts or camps to serve your nation,
Warm'd wi' that generous emulation
Which your forebears did lift.

In duty, wi' delight, to you
Th' inferior world do justly bow,
While you're the maist deny'd;
Yet shall your worth be ever priz'd
When strutting naethings are despis'd
Wi' a' their flinking pride.

This to set aff as I am able,
I'll frae a Frenchman thigg a fable,
And busk it in a plaid;
And tho' it be a bairn of Motte's*,
When I have taught it to speak Scots,
I am its second dad.

" Twa books, near neighbours in a shop,
The tane a gilded Turkey fop,
The tither's face was weather-beaten,
And cauf-skin jacket fair worm eaten.
The corky, proud of his bra' suit,
Curl'd up his nose, and thus cry'd out:
' Ah! place me on some fresher binks;
Figh! how this mouldy creature stinks!
How can a gentle book like me
Endure sic scoundrel company?
What may fouk say to see me cling
So close to this auld ugly thing;
But that I'm of a simple spirit,
And disregard my proper merit?"

S 2

* *Monf. la Motte, who has written lately a curious Collection of Fables, from which the following is imitated.*

Quoth grey-baird, *Whisht, Sir, wi' your din;*
For a' your meritorious skin,
I doubt if ye be worth within:
For as auld-fashion'd as I look
May be I am the better book.

' O heav'ns! I canna thole the clash
 Of this impertient auld hash;
 I winna stay ae moment langer.'

My Lord, please to command your anger;
Pray only let me tell you that——

' What wad this insolent be at?
 Rot out your tongue—pray, Master Symmer,
 Remove me frae this dinsome rhymmer:
 If you regard your reputation,
 And us of a distinguish'd station,
 Hence frae this beast let me be hurried,
 For wi' his stour and stink I'm worried.'

" Scarce had he shook his paughty crap,
 When in a customer did pap;
 He up douse Stanza lifts, and eyes him,
 Turns o'er his leaves, admires, and buys him:
 ' This book,' said he, ' is good and scarce,
 The saul of sense in sweetest verse.'
 But reading title of gilt cleathing,
 Cries, ' Gods! wha buys this bonny naithing?
 Nought duller e'er was put in print;
 Wow! what a deal of Turkey's tint!'"

Now, Sir, t' apply what we've invented,
 You are the buyer represented;

And, may your servant hope
 My lays shall merit your regard,
 I'll thank the gods for my reward,
 And smile at ilka fop.



THE CLOCK AND DIAL.

AE day a Clock wad brag a Dial,
 And put his qualities to trial:

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TO THE

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Spake to him thus—*My neighbour, pray,
Can'st tell me what's the time of day?*

The Dial said, "*I dinna ken.*"——

Alake what stand ye there for then?—

"*I wait here till the sun shines bright,
For nought I ken but by his light.*"

Wait on, quoth Clock, I scorn his help;

Baith night and day my lain I skelp:

Wind up my weights but anes a week,

Witbout him I can gang and speak;

Nor like an ufeless jumpb I stand,

But constantly wheel round my hand:

Hark, bark, I strike just now the hour;

And I am right, ane—two—three—four.

While thus the Clock was boasting loud,

The bleezing sun brak' thro' a cloud;

The Dial, faithfu' to his guide,

Spake truth, and laid the thumper's pride:

"Ye see," said he, "I've dung ye fair,

'Tis four hours and three quarters mair.

My friend, he added, count again,

And learn a wee to be less vain:

Ne'er brag of constant clavering cant,

And that you answers never want;

For you're not ay to be believ'd;

Wha trust to you may be deceiv'd.

Be counsell'd to behave like me;

For when I dinna clearly see,

I always own I dinna ken,

And that's the way of wisest men."

AN ODE,

TO THE MEMORY OF LADY MARGARET ANSTRUTHER.

ALL in her bloom the graceful fair,
Lucinda, leaves this mortal round;

Her loss a thousand mourners share,
 And beauty feels the cruel wound:
 Now grief and tears o'er all our joys prevail,
 Viewing her rosy cheeks all cold and pale.

Thus some fair star distinguish'd bright,
 Which decks the heav'ns and guides the main;
 When clouds obscure its glorious light,
 It leaves the gloomy world in pain:
 So sudden death has veil'd Lucinda's eyes,
 And left us lost in darkness and surprise.

Nor sweetness, beauty, youth, nor wealth,
 Nor blood, tho' nobly high it springs;
 Nor virtue's self can purchase health,
 When death severe his summons brings:
 Else might the fair Lucinda, young and gay,
 Have blest the world with a much longer stay.

But say, sweet shade, was it thy choice
 To leave this low inconstant globe;
 Tir'd with its vain, its jangling noise,
 Thou wisely dropt thy human robe?
 Or tell us, guardian angels, tell us true,
 Did ye not claim her hence as one of you?

Yes, well we know it is your way,
 When here below such beings shine,
 To grudge us even our earthly clay,
 Which form'd like her becomes divine:
 Such you demand, and free from cares and fears,
 Unmindful of our fruitless sighs and tears.

Yet deign, ye friends to human kind,
 The lonely consort to attend;
 O soothe the anguish of his mind,
 And let his killing sorrows end:
 Tell him, his sighs and mourning to assuage,
 Each day she dwelt with him was worth an age.

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Ye lovely virgins who excel,
 Ye fair to whom such strains belong,
 In melting notes her beauties tell,
 And weep her virtues in a song;
 See that ye place her merit in true light,
 For singing her's your own will shine more bright.

Let east and west, and south and north,
 Aloud the mournful music hear,
 How beauty's fallen beyond the Forth:
 Let Britain's genius cypress wear:
 Yet Britain's happy, who such beauty yields,
 As forc'd from her's will grace Elysium's fields.



ELEGY

ON THE RIGHT HON. JAMES LORD CARNEGIE,

Who died Jan. 7, 1722, the 8th year of his age.

As poets feign, and painters draw,
 Love and the Paphian bride;
 Sae we the fair Southeska saw,
 Carnegie by her side.

Now sever'd frae his sweets by death,
 Her grief wha can express?
 What muse can tell the waefu' skaith,
 Or mother's deep distress!

Sae roses wither in their buds,
 Kill'd by an eastlen blast,
 And sweetest dawns in May wi' clouds
 And storms are soon o'ercastr.

Ah chequer'd life! Ae-day gives joy
 The neist our hearts maun bleed:
 Heav'n caus'd a seraph turn a boy,
 Now gars us trow he's dead.

Wha can reflect on's ilka grace,
 The sweetness of his tongue,
 His manly looks, his lovely face,
 And judgment ripe sae young;
 And yet forbear to make a doubt,
 As did the Royal Swain,
 When he wi' grief of heart cry'd out,
That man was made in vain!

Mortals the ways of Providence
 But very scrimply scan:
 The changing scene eludes the sense,
 And reasonings of man.

How many thousands ilka year,
 Of hopefu' children, crave
 Our love, and care, then disappear,
 To glut a gaping grave.

What is this grave? A wardrobe poor
 Which ha'ds our rotting duds;
 Th' immortal mind, serene and pure,
 Is clath'd aboon the clouds.

Then cease to grieve, dejected fair,
 You had him but in trust;
 He was your beauteous son, your heir,
 Yet still ae haff was dust:

The other to its native skies
 Now wings its happy way;
 With glorious speed and joy he flies,
 There blisfully to stray.

Carnegie then but changes clay
 For fair celestial rays;
 He mounts up to eternal day,
 And, as he parts, he says:

"Adieu, Mamma, forget my tender fate;
 These rushing tears are vain, they flow too late."
 This said, he hasted hence with pleasing joy;
 I saw the gods embrace their darling boy.

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AN ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE RIGHT HON. ANNE
LADY GAIRLIES.

How vain are our attempts to know?
How poor, alas! is reason's skill?
We blindly wander here below,
Yet fondly search Heav'n's secret will:
Each day we see the young, the great, the small,
The good, the bad, without distinction fall.

Yet such as have the rest outshin'd,
We should be faulty to neglect;
Each grace of beauteous Garlia's mind
Deserves the muse's high respect.
But how shall she such worth and goodness paint?
A loving daughter, virtuous wife, and saint!

Some seraph, who in endless day
With themes sublime employ the lyre,
Dart in my breast a shining ray,
And all my soul with her inspire;
Else sing yourselves so fair a frame and mind,
As now supplies a place among your kind.

As we the glorious sun admire,
Whose beams make ev'ry joy arise,
Yet dare not view the dazzling fire
Without much hazarding our eyes;
So did her beauties ev'ry heart allure,
While her bright virtues kill'd each thought impure.

She breath'd more sweetness than the east,
While ev'ry sentence was divine;
Her smiles could calm each jarring breast;
Her soul was a celestial mine,

Where all the precious veins of virtue lay;
Too vast a treasure long to lodge in clay.

Tho' sprung from an * heroic race,
Which from the world respect does claim,
Yet wanted she no borrow'd grace,
Her own demands immortal fame:

Worthy as those who shun the vulgar roads,
Start from the crowd, and rise amongst the gods.

Such pains as weaker minds possess,
Could in her breast no access find;
But lowly meekness did confess

A steady and superior mind:
Unmov'd, she bore these honours due the great,
Nor could have been depress'd with a more humble fate

As to the fields the huntsman hies,
With joyful shouts he wakes the morn;
While nature smiles, serene the skies,
Swift fly his hounds, shrill blows his horn:
When suddenly the thund'ring cloud pours rain,
Defaces day, and drives him from the plain.

Thus young Brigantius' circling arms
Grasp'd all that's lovely to his heart,
Rejoic'd o'er his dear Anna's charms,
But not expecting soon to part;
When rigid fate for reasons known above,
Snatch'd from his breast the object of his love.

Ah, Garlies! once the happiest man
Than e'er before Brigantine chief,
Now sever'd from your lovely Anne,
'Tis hard indeed to stem your grief:
Yet mind what you might often from her hear,
What Heav'n designs, submissive we should bear.

Oh! ne'er forget that tender care,
Those heav'n-born thoughts she did employ,

* She was daughter to the Earl Marischal of Scotland.

To point those ways how you may share
 Above with her immortal joy:
 Such a bright pattern of what's good and great,
 Even angels need not blush to imitate.



THE

LOVELY LASS AND THE MIRROR.

A NYMPH, wi' ilka beauty grac'd,
 Ae morning by her toilet plac'd,
 Where the leal-hearted Looking-glass
 Wi' *truths* address the lovely Lass—
 To do ye justice, heavenly fair,
 Amaist in charms ye may compare
 Wi' Venus' fell—But mind *amaist*;
 For tho' you're happily possiest
 Of ilka grace which claims respect,
 Yet I see faults you should correct;
 I own they only trifles are,
 Yet of importance to the fair.
 What signifies that patch o'er braid,
 Wi' which your rosy cheek's o'erlaid?
 Your natural beauties you beguile,
 By that too much affected smile;
 Soften that look—move ay wi' ease,
 And you can never fail to please.
 Those kind advices she approv'd,
 And mair her monitor she lov'd,
 Till in came visitants a threave;
 To entertain them she maun leave
 Her Looking-glass—They fleetching praise
 Her looks—her dress—and a' she says,
 Be't right or wrang; she's hale complete,
 And fails in naithing fair or sweet.
 Gae much was said, the bonny Lass
 Forgat her faithfu' Looking-glass.

Clarinda, this dear beauty's You,
 The mirror is ane good and wise,
 Wha, by his counsels just, can shew
 How nobles may to greatness rise.
 God bless the wark:—if you're oppress'd
 By parasites wi' fause design,
 Then will sic faithfu' mirrors best
 These under-plotters countermine.

JUPITER'S LOTTERY.

ANES Jove, by ae great act of grace,
 Wad gratify his human race,
 And order'd Hermes, in his name,
 Wi' tout of trumpet to proclaim
 A royal lott'ry frae the skies,
 Where ilka ticket was a prize.
 Nor was there need for ten per cent.
 To pay advance for money lent:
 Nor brokers nor stock-jobbers here
 Were thol'd to cheat fouk o' their gear.
 The first-rate benefits were Health,
 Pleasures, Honours, Empire, and Wealth;
 But happy he to whom wad fa'
 Wisdom, the highest prize of a':
 Hopes of attaining things the best,
 Made up the maist feck o' the rest.
 Now ilka ticket fald wi' ease,
 At altars for a sacrifice;
 Jove a' receiv'd, ky, gates, and ewes,
 Muir-cocks, lambs, dows, or bawbee rows;
 Nor wad debar e'en a poor droll,
 Wha nought cou'd gi'e but his parol;
 Sae kind was he no to exclude
 Poor wights for want o' wealth or blood
 Even whiles the gods, as record tells,
 Bought several tickets for themselfs.

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When fou, and lots put in the wheel,
 Aft were they turn'd, to mix them weel;
 Blind Chance to draw Jove order'd syne,
 That nane wi' reáson might repine:
 He drew, and Mercury was clark,
 The number, prize, and name to mark.
 Now hopes by millions fast came forth,
 But seldom prizes of mair worth,
 Sic as dominion, wealth, and state,
 True friends, and lovers fortunate.
 Wisdóm at last, the greatest prize,
 Comes up—aloud clark Hermes cries—
 Number ten thousand—come, let's see
 The person blest.—Quoth Pallas, Me.—
 Then a' the gods for blythness sang,
 Thro' heav'n glad acclamations rang;
 While mankind, grumbling, laid the wyte
 On them, and ca'd the hale a byte.
 Yes! cry'd ilk ane, wi' sobbing heart,
 Kind Jove has play'd a parent's part,
 Wha did this prize to Pallas send,
 While we're snegg'd aff at the wab's end.
 Soon to their clamours Jove took tent,
 To punish which to wark he went;
 He straicht wi' Follies fill'd the wheel,
 In Wisdóm's place they did as weel;
 For ilka ane wha Folly drew,
 In their conceit a' Sages grew;
 Sae thus contented, a' retir'd,
 And ilka fool himself admir'd.



THE MISER AND MINOS.

SHORTSYNE there was a wretched miser,
 Wi' pinching had scrap'd up a treasure;
 Let frae his hoords he doughtna take
 As much wou'd buy a mutton stake,

Vol. I,

T

Or take a glass to comfort nature,
 But scrimply fed on crumbs and water;
 In short, he famish'd 'midst his plenty;
 Which made surviving kindred canty,
 Wha scarcely for him pat on black,
 And only in his loof a plack,
 Which even they grudg'd: Sic is the way
 Of them wha fa' upon the prey;
 They'll scarce row up the wretch's feet,
 Sae scrimp they make his winding-sheet,
 Tho' he should leave a vast estate
 And heaps of gowd like Arthur's seat.

Wiel, down the starving ghaist did sink,
 Till it fell on the Stygian brink;
 Where auld Van Charon stood and raught
 His wither'd loof out for his fraught;
 But them that wanted wherewitha',
 He dang them back to stand and blaw.
 The Miser lang being us'd to save,
 Fand this, and wadna passage crave;
 But shaw'd the Ferryman a knack,
 Jumpt in—swam o'er, and hain'd his plack.
 Charon might damn, and sink, and roar;
 But a' in vain—he gain'd the shore.—
 Arriv'd—the three pow'd dog of hell
 Gowl'd terrible a triple yell;
 Which rous'd the snaky Sisters three,
 Wha furious on this wight did flee,
 Wha'd play'd the smuggler on their coast,
 By which Pluto his dues had lost:
 Then brought him for this trick so heinous
 Afore the bench of justice Minos.

The case was new, and very kittle,
 Which puzzl'd a' the court nae little;
 Thought after thought wi' unco speed
 Flew round within the judge's head,
 To find what punishment was due
 For sic a daring crime, and new.

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Shou'd he the plague of Tantal feel,
 Or stented be on Ixion's wheel,
 Or stung wi' bauld Prometheus' pain,
 Or help Syfiph to row his stane,
 Or sent amang the wicked rout
 To fill the tub that ay runs out?
 No, no, continues Minos, no,
 Weak are our punishments below,
 For sic a crime ;—he maun be hurl'd
 Straight back again into the world.
 I sentence him to see and hear
 What use his friends make of his gear.



THE APE AND THE LEOPARD.

THE Ape and Leopard, beasts for show,

The first a wit, the last a beau,
 To make a penny at a fair,
 Advertis'd a' their parts sae rare.
 The tane ga'e out wi' meikle wind,
 His beauty 'boon the brutal kind;
 Said he, I'm kend baith far and near,
 Even kings are pleas'd when I appear;
 And when I yield my vital puff,
 Queens of my skin will make a muff;
 My fur sae delicate and fine,
 Wi' various spots does sleekly shine.

Now lads and lasses fast did rin,
 To see the beast wi' bonny skin:
 His keeper shaw'd him round about ;
 They saw him soon, and soon came out.

But master Monkey wi' an air
 Hapt out, and thus harangu'd the fair:
 Come, gentlemen, and ladies bonny,
 I'll give ye pastime for your money;
 I can perform, to raise your wonder,
 Of pawky tricks mae than a hunder.

My cousin Spotty, true he's bra',
 He has a curious suit to shaw,
 And naithing mair.—But frae my mind
 Ye shall blyth satisfaction find.
 Sometimes I'll act a chiel that's dull,
 Look thoughtfu', grave, and wag my scull;
 Then mimic a light-headed rake,
 When on a tow my houghs I shake:
 Sometimes, like modern monks, I'll seem
 To make a speech, and naething mean.
 But come away, ye needna speer
 What ye're to pay; I'se no be dear;
 And if ye grudge for want of sport,
 I'll give it back t' ye at the port.
 The Ape succeeded, in fouk went—
 Stay'd lang—and came out wiel content;
 Sae much will wit and spirit please,
 Beyond our shape, and brawest claiths.
 How mony, ah! of our fine gallants
 Are only Leopards in their talents?

THE ASS AND BROCK.

UPON a time a solemn Ass
 Was dand'ring thro' a narrow pass,
 Where he forgather'd wi' a Brock,
 Wha him saluted frae a rock;
 Speer'd how he did,—how markets gade—
 What's a' ye'r news—and how is trade—
 How does Jock Stot and Lucky Yad,
 Tam Tup, and Bucky, honest lad?
 Reply'd the Ass, and made a heel,
 E'en a' the better that ye'r weel:
 But Jackanapes and snarling Fitty
 Are grown so wicked (some ca's't witty),
 That we wha solid are an' grave,
 Nae peace on our ain howms can have;
 While we are bify gathering gear,
 Upon a brae they'll sit and sneer.

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If ane thou'd chance to breathe behin',
 Or ha'e some flaver at his chin,
 Or 'gainst a tree shou'd rub his arse,
 That's subject for a winsome farce:
 There draw they me, as void of thinking,
 And you, my dear, famous for flinking;
 And the baul bify Bair your frien',
 A glutton dirty to the een;
 By laughing Dogs and Apes abus'd,
 Wha is't can thole to be sae us'd?

Dear me! heh! wow! and say ye fae—
 Return'd the Brock—I'm unco wae
 To see this flood of wit break in:
 O scour about, and ca't a sin;
 Stout are your lungs, your voice is loud,
 And ought will pass upon the croud.

The Afs thought this advice was right,
 And bang'd away wi' a' his might;
 Stood on a know amang the cattle,
 And furiously 'gainst wit did rattle:
 Pour'd out a deluge o' dull phrases,
 While Dogs and Apes leugh and made faces.
 Thus, a' the angry Afs held forth,
 Serv'd only to augment their mirth.



THE FOX AND RAT.

THE Lyon and the Tyger lang maintain'd
 A bloody weir, —at last the Lyon gain'd.
 The royal victor strak the earth wi' aw,
 And the four-footed world obey'd his law:
 Frae ilka species deputies were sent,
 To pay their homage due, and compliment
 Their sov'reign liege, wha'd gart the rebels cour,
 And own his royal right and princely power.
 After dispute, the moniest votes agree
 That Reynard should address his majesty,

Ulysses-like, in name of a' the lave;
 Wha thus went on—"O prince, allow thy slave
 To roose thy brave atchievements and renown:
 Nane but thy daring front shou'd wear the crown,
 Wha art like Jove, whase thunderbolt can make
 The heavens be hush and a' the earth to shake;
 Whase very gloom, if he but angry nods,
 Commands a peace, and flegs th' inferior gods.
 Thus thou, great king, hast by thy conqu'ring paw
 Gi'en earth a shog, and made thy will a law:
 Thee a' the animals wi' fear adore,
 And tremble if thou wi' displeasure roar;
 O'er a' thou canst us eith thy sceptre sway,
 As Badrans can wi' cheeping Rottans play."

This sentence vex'd the envoy Rottan fair;
 He threw his gab, and girn'd; but durst nae mair.
 The monarch pleas'd wi' Lowry, wha durst gloom?
 A warrant's order'd for a good round sum,
 Which Dragon, lord chief treasurer, must pay
 To sly-tongu'd Fleechy on a certain day;
 Which secretary Ape in form wrote down,
 Sign'd Lyon, and, a wee beneath, Baboon.
 'Tis given the Fox—Now Bobtail, tap o' kin,
 Made rich at anes, is nor to had nor bin';
 He dreams of nought but pleasure, joy, and peace,
 Now blest wi' wealth, to purchase hens and geese:
 Yet in his loof he hadna tell'd the gowd,
 And yet the Rottan's breast wi' anger glow'd;
 He vow'd revenge, and watch'd it night and day,
 He took the tid when Lowry was away,
 And thro' a hole into his closet slips,
 There chews the warrant a' in little nips.
 Thus what the Fox had for his flatt'ry gotten,
 Ev'n frae a Lyon, was made nought by an offende
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THE CATERPILLAR AND THE ANT.

A PENSY Ant, right trig and clean,
 Came ae day whidding o'er the green,
 Where, to advance her pride, she saw,
 A Caterpillar moving slaw;
 Good e'en t' ye, mistress Ant, said he,
 How's a' at hame? I'm blyth to s' ye.—
 The saucy Ant view'd him wi' scorn,
 Nor wad civilities return;
 But gecking up her head, quoth she,
 Poor animal, I pity thee;
 Wha scarce can claim to be a creature,
 But some experiment of nature;
 Whafe silly shape displeas'd her eye,
 And thus unfinish'd was flung by.
 For me, I'm made wi' better grace,
 Wi' active limbs and lively face;
 And cleverly can move wi' ease
 Frae place to place where'er I please:
 Can foot a minuet or a jig,
 And snoov't like ony whirly-gig;
 Which gars my jo aft grip my hand
 Till his heart pitty pattys, and——
 But laigh my qualities I bring,
 To stand up clashing wi' a thing,
 A creeping thing, the like o' thee,
 Not worthy o' a farewiel t' ye.
 The airy Ant syne turn'd awa',
 And left him wi' a proud gaffa.
 The Caterpillar was struck dumb,
 And never answer'd her a murn:
 The humble reptile fand some pain,
 Thus to be banter'd wi' disdain.
 But tent, neist time the Ant came by,
 The worm was grown a butterfly;

Transparent were his wings and fair,
 Which bare him flitt'ring thro' the air:
 Upon a flower he stapt his flight,
 And thinking on his former flight,
 Thus to the Ant himsell address:
 Pray, Madam, will ye please to rest?
 And notice what I now advise,
 Inferiors ne'er too much despise:
 For fortune may gi'e sic a turn,
 To raise aboon ye what ye scorn;
 For instance, now I spread my wing
 In air, while your a creeping thing.

THE TWA CATS AND THE CHEESE.

TWA Cats anes on a Cheese did light,
 To which baith had an equal right;
 But disputes, sic as'aft arise,
 Fell out a sharing o' the prize.
 Fair play, said ane, ye bite o'er thick,
 Thae teeth o' your's gang wonder quick:
 Let's part it, else, lang or the moon
 Be chang'd, the kebuck will be doon.
 But wha's to do't?—They're parties baith;
 And ane may do the other skaith.
 Sae wi' consent away they trudge,
 And laid the Cheese before a judge:
 A Monkey, wi' a campschough face,
 Clerk to a justice o' the peace:
 A judge he seem'd in justice skill'd.
 When he his master's chair had fill'd,
 Now umpire chosen for division,
 Baith sware to stand by his decision.
 Demure he looks.—The Cheese he pales—
 He prives—it's good—ca's for the scales;
 His knife whop's throw't—in twa it fell;
 He puts ilk haff in either shell;

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HEESE.

Said he, we'll truly weigh the case,
 And strictest justice shall have place;
 Then lifting up the scales, he fand
 The tane bang up, the other stand:
 Syne out he took the heaviest haff,
 And ate a knockt o't quickly aff,
 And try'd it syne;—it now prov'd light:
 Friend Cats, said he, we'll do ye right.
 Then to the other haff he fell,
 And laid till't toughly tooth and nail,
 Till weigh'd again it lightest prov'd.
 The judge, wha this sweet process lov'd,
 Still weigh'd the case, and still ate on,
 Till clients baith were weary grown:
 And tenting how the matter went,
 Cry'd, Come, come, fir, we're baith content.
 Ye fools, quoth he, and Justice too
 Maun be content as wiel as you.
 Thus grumbled they, thus he went on,
 Till baith the ha'ves were near-hand none:
 Poor Poufies now the daffin saw,
 Of gawn for nignyes to the law;
 And bill'd the judge, that he wad please
 To give them the remaining cheese:
 To which his worship grave reply'd,
The dues of court maun first be paid.
 Now Justice pleas'd;—what's to the fore
 Will but right scripply clear your score;
 That's our decret—gae hame and sleep,
 And thank us ye're win aff sae cheap.



THE CAMELEON.

TWA travellers, as they were wa'king,
 'Bout the Camelcon fell a ta'king,
 (Sic think it shaws them mettld men,
 To say I've seen, and ought to ken);

Says ane, 'tis a strange beast indeed,
 Four-footed, wi' a fish's head;
 A little bowk, wi' a lang tail,
 And moves far slower than a snail;
 Of colour, like a blawart blue;—
 Reply'd his neighbour, *That's no true;*
For wiel I wat his colour's green,
If ane may true his ain twa een;
For I in sun-shine saw him fair,
When he was dining on the air.—
 Excuse me, says the ither blade,
 I saw him better in the shade,
 And he is blue.—*He's green, I'm sure—*
Ye lied.—And ye're the son of a whore.—
 Frae words there had been cuff and kick,
 Had not a third come in the nick,
 Wha tenting them in this rough mood,
 Cry'd, Gentlemen, what! are ye wood?
 What's ye'r quarrel, an't may be speer't?
 Troth, says the tane, fir, ye shall hear't:
 The Cameleon, I say, he's blue;
 He threaps he's green.—Now, what say you?
 Ne'er fash ye'rselfs about the matter,
 Says the sagacious arbitrator,
 He's black.—Sae nane of you are right,
 I view'd him wiel by candle light;
 And have it in my pocket here,
 Row'd in my napkin hale and feer.
Ey! said ae cangler, what d'ye mean?
I'll lay my lugs on't, that he's green.
 Said th' ither, were I gawn to death,
 I'd swear he's blue wi' my last breath.
 He's black, the judge maintain'd ay stout,
 And to convince them whop'd him out:
 But to surprise of ane an a',
 The animal was white as snaw,
 And thus reprov'd them—"Shallow boys,
 Away, away, make nae mair noise;

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Ye're a' three wrang, and a' three right ;
 But learn to own your nibour's sight
 As good as your's.—Your judgment speak,
 But never be sae daftly weak
 T' imagine ithers will by force
 Submit their sentiments to your's ;
 As things in various lights ye see,
 They'll ilka ane resemble me."

THE TWA LIZARDS.

BENEATH a tree ae shining day,
 On a burn-bank twa Lizards lay,
 Seeking themselfs now in the beams,
 Then drinking o' the cauller streams.
 Waes me, says ane o' them to th' ither,
 How mean and silly live we, brither?
 Beneath the moon is ought sae poor!
 Regarded less, or mair obscure!
 We breathe indeed, and that's just a' ;
 But, forc'd by destiny's hard law,
 On earth like worms to creep and sprawl !
 Curst fate to ane that has a faul !
 Forby, gin we may trow report,
 In Nilus giant Lizards sport,
 Had Crocodiles ;—ah ! had I been
 Of sic a size, upon the green,
 Then might I had my skair of fame,
 Honour, respect, and a great name ;
 And Man wi' gaping jaws have shor'd,
 Yne like a pagod been ador'd.
 Ah, friend ! replies the ither Lizard,
 What makes this grumbling in thy gizzard ?
 What cause have ye to be uneasy ?
 Cannot the sweets of freedom please ye ?
 We free frae trouble, toil, or care,
 Enjoy the sun, the earth, and air,

The crystal spring and green-wood shaw,
 And beildy holes, when tempests blaw.
 Why should we fret, look blae or wan,
 Tho' we're contemn'd by paughty man?
 If sae, let's in return, be wise,
 And that proud animal despise.

O fy! returns th' ambitious beast,
 How weak a fire now warms thy breast!
 It breaks my heart to live sae mean;
 I'd like t' attract the gazer's een,
 And be admir'd—What stately horns
 The Deer's majestic brow adorns!
 He claims our wonder and our dread,
 Where'er he heaves his haughty head.
 What envy a' my spirit fires,
 When he in clearest pools admires
 His various beauties wi' delyte;
 I'm like to drown mysell wi' spite.
 Thus he held forth—when straight a pack
 Of Hounds, and Hunters at their back,
 Ran down a Deer before their face,
 Breathless and wearied wi' the chace;
 The dogs upon the victim seize,
 And beugles sound his obsequies.
 But neither men nor dogs took tent
 Of our wee Lizards on the bent,
 While hungry Bawty, Buff, and Tray,
 Devour'd the paunches of the prey.

Soon as the bloody deed was past,
 The Lizard wise the proud address:
 Dear cousin, now pray let me hear
 How wad ye like to be a Deer?

Ohon! quoth he, convinc'd, and wae,
 Wha wad have thought it anes a-day!
 Wiel, be a private life my fate,
 I'll never envy mair the great:
 That we are little fouk, that's true;
 But sae's our cares and dangers too.

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MERCURY IN QUEST OF PEACE.

THE gods coost out, as story gaes,
 Some being friends, some being faes,
 To men in a besieged city;
 Thus some frae spite, and some frae pity,
 Stood to their point wi' canker'd strictness,
 And lestna ither in dogs likeness:
 Juno ca'd Venus whore and bawd,
 Venus ca'd Juno scaulding jad,
 E'en criples Vulcan blew the low,
 Apollo ran to bend his bow,
 Dis shook his fork, Pallas her shield,
 Neptune his grape began to wield;
 What plague, cries Jupiter, hey hoy!
 Maun this town prove anither Troy?
 What, will you ever be at odds,
 Till mankind think us foolish gods?

Hey! mistress Peace, make haste—appear—
 But Madam was nae there to hear:
 Come, Hermes, wing thy heels and head,
 And find her out wi' a' thy speed:
 Trowth, this is bonny wark indeed.

Hermes obeys, and staptna short,
 But flies directly to the court;
 For sure, thought he, she will be found
 On that fair complimenting ground,
 Where praises and embraces ran
 Like current coin 'tween man and man;
 But soon, alake! he was beguil'd,
 And fand that courtiers only smil'd,
 And wi' a formal flatt'ry treat ye,
 That they mair sickerly might cheat ye:
 Peace was na there, nor e'er could dwell
 Where hidden envy makes a hell.

Neist to the ha', where justice stands,
 Wi' sword and balance in her hands,

He flew—no that he thought to find her
 Between th' accuser and defender;
 But sure he thought to find the wench
 Among the fouk that fill the bench;
 Sae muckle gravity and grace
 Appear'd in ilka judge's face:
 Even here he was deceiv'd again,
 For ilka judge stak to his ain
 Interpretation of the law,
 And vex'd themselfs wi' *bad* and *draw*.

Frae thence he flew straight to the kirk:
 In this he prov'd as-daft a stirk,
 To look for Peace, where never three
 In ev'ry point cou'd e'er agree;
 Ane his ain gate explain'd a text,
 Quite contrair to his neighbour next,
 And toughly toolied day and night
 To gar believers trow them right.

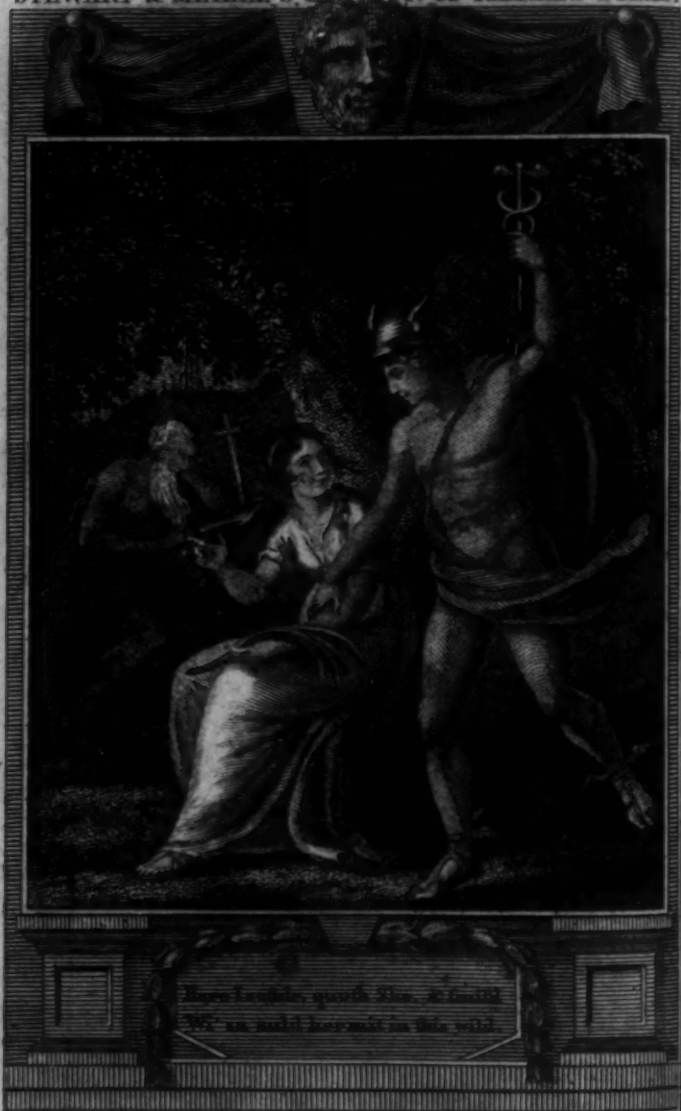
Then fair he sigh'd—where can she be?
 Wiel thought—the university,
 Science is ane, these maun agree:
 There did he bend his strides right clever,
 But is as far mistane as ever;
 For here contention and ill-nature
 Had runckled ilka learned feature;
 Ae party stood for ancient rules,
 Anither ca'd the ancients fools;
 Here ane wad set his thanks aspar,
 And roose the Man that sang Troy war,
 Anither ca's him Robin Kar.

Wiel, she's no here—away he flies
 To seek her amang families;
 Tout, what wou'd she do there I wonder?
 Dwells she wi' matrimonial thunder,
 Where mates, some greedy, some deep drinkers,
 Contend wi' thriftless mates or jinkers?
 This says, 'tis black; and that wi' spite,
 Stiffly maintains and threaps 'tis white.



nkens,

STEWART & MEIKLE'S EDITION OF RAMSAY'S POEMS.



Drawn by W. Wink.

This Memory in quest of peace.

Engraved by R. Scott.

Glasgow Printed for Stewart & Meikle, March 29. 1797.

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Weary'd at last, quoth he, let's see,
How branches wi' their stocks agree;
But here he fand still his mistake:
Some parents cruel were, some weak;
While bairns ungratefu' did behave,
And wish'd their parents in the grave.

Has Jove then sent me 'mang thir fowk,
Cry'd Hermes, here to hunt the gowk?
Wiel I have made a waly round,
To seek what is not to be found:
Just on the wing—towards a burn
A wee piece aff his looks did turn,
There mistress Peace he chanc'd to see,
Sitting beneath a willow tree;
And have I found ye at the last?
He cry'd aloud, and held her fast.
Here I reside, quoth she, and smil'd,
Wi' an auld hermit in this wild.
Wiel, Madam, said he, I perceive
That ane may lang your presence crave,
And miss ye still—but this seems plain,
To have ye, ane maun be alane,

THE SPRING AND THE SYKE.

FED by a living Spring, a rill
Flow'd easily adown a hill;
A thousand flowers upon its bank
Flourish'd fu' fair, and grew right rank;
Near to its course a Syke did lye,
Whilk was in summer often dry,
And ne'er recover'd life again,
But after soaking showers of rain;
Then wad he swell, look big and spruce,
And o'er his margin proudly gush.
Ae day, after great waughts of wet,
He wi' the crystal current met,

And ran him down wi' unco din ;
Said he, How poorly does thou rin ?
See wi' what state I dash the brae,
Whilst thou canst hardly make thy way.

The Spring, wi' a superior air,
Said, Sir, your brag gives me nae care ;
For soon's ye want your foreign aid,
Your paughty cracks will soon be laid :
Frae my ain head I have supply,
But ye must borrow, else rin dry.



THE DAFT BARGAIN:

A TALE.

AT market anes, I watna how,
Twa herds between them coft a cow :
Driving her hame, the needfu' Hacky
But ceremony, chanc'd to k——.
Quoth Rab right ravingly to Raff,
Gin ye'll eat that digested draff
Of Crummy, I shall quat my part—
A bargain be't wi' a my heart,
Raff soon reply'd, and lick'd his thumb,
To gorbl't up without a gloom :
Syne till't he fell, and seem'd right yap
His mealtith quickly up to gawp ;
Haff done, his heart began to scunner,
But lootna on till Rab strak under ;
Wha fearing skair of cow to tinc,
At his *daft bargain* did repine.
Wiel, wiel, quoth Raff, tho' ye was rafh,
I'll scorn to wrang ye, senseless haff ;
Come, fa' to wark, as I ha'e done,
And eat the ither haff as soon,
Ye's save ye'r part—Content, quoth Rab—
And slerg'd the rest o't in his gab.

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Not what was tint, or what was won,
Is eithly seen—My story's done.
Yet frae this tale confed'rate states may learn
To save their cow, and yet no eat her sharn.

THE TWA CUT-PURSES:

A TALE.

IN Borrow-town there was a fair,
And mony a landart coof was there,
Baith lads and lasses busked brawly,
To glowr at ilka bonny waly,
And lay out ony ora bodles
On sma' gimcracks that pleas'd their noddles,
Sic as a jocktleg, or sheers,
Confeckit ginger, plumbs, or pears.

These gaping gowks twa rogues survey,
And on their cash this plot they lay:
The tane less like a knave than fool,
Unbidden clam the high cockstool,
And pat his head and baith his hands
Thro' holes where the ill-doers stands:
Now a' the crowd wi' mouth and e'en
Cry'd out, "What does the idiot mean?"
They glowr'd and leugh, and gather'd thick,
And never thought upon a trick,
Till he beneath had done his job,
By tooming pouches of the mob;
Wha now posselt of rowth of gear,
Scour'd aff as lang's the coast was clear.

But wow the ferly quickly chang'd,
When thro' their empty fobs they rang'd:
Some girn'd, and some look'd blae, wi' grief;
While some cry'd out, "Py, had the thief;"

But ne'er a thief or thief was there,
 Or cou'd be found in a' the fair.
 The jip, wha stood aboon them a',
 His innocence began to shaw;
 Said he, My friends, I'm very sorry
 To hear your melancholy story;
 But sure, where'er your tinsel be,
 Ye canna lay the wyte on me.

EPISTLE

TO

ROBERT YARDE, OF DEVONSHIRE, ESQ.

FRAE northern mountains clad wi' snaw,
 Where whistling winds incessant blaw,
 In time now when the curling stane,
 Slides murm'ring o'er the icy plain,
 What sprightly tale in verse can Yarde
 Expect frae a cauld Scottish bard,
 Wi' brose and bannocks poorly fed,
 In hoden gray right hashly cled,
 Skelping o'er frozen hags wi' pingle,
 Picking up peets to beet his ingle;
 While fleet that freezes as it fa's,
 Theeks as wi' glafs the divot waws
 Of a laigh hut, where sax the gither
 Lie heads and thraws on craps of heather:
 Thus, Sir, of us the story gaes,
 By our mair dull and scornfu' faes;
 But let them tauk and gowks believe,
 While we laugh at them in our sleeve;
 For we, nor barbarous nor rude,
 Ne'er want good wine to warm our blood;
 Have tables crown'd—and heartsome beils,
 And can in Cumin's, Don's, or Steil's,

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Be serv'd as plenteously and civil,
 As you in London at the Devil.
 You, Sir, yourself, wha came and saw,
 Own'd that we wanted nought at a',
 To mak' us as content a nation
 As ony is in the creation.

This point premis'd my canty muse
 Cocks up her crest without excuse,
 And scorns to screen her natural flaws
 Wi' *ifs* and *buts*, and dull *because*;
 She pukes her pens, and aims a flight
 Thro' regions of internal light,
 Frae fancy's field, these truths to bring
 That you should hear, and she should sing.

Langsyne, when love and innocence
 Were human nature's best defence,
 Ere party jars made lawtith less,
 By cleathing't in a monkish dress;
 Then poets shaw'd these evenly roads,
 That lead to dwellings of the gods.
 In these dear days, wiel kend of fame,
Divini vates was their name:
 It was, and is, and shall be ay,
 While they move in fair virtue's way.
 Tho' rarely we to stipends reach,
 Yet nane dare hinder us to preach.

Believe me, Sir, the nearest way
 To happiness is to be gay;
 For spleen indulg'd, will banish rest
 Far frae the bosoms o' the best;
 Thousands a year's no worth a prin,
 Whene'er this fashious guest gets in;
 But a fair competent estate
 Can keep a man frae looking blate,
 Sae eithly it lays to his hand
 What his just appetites demand.
 Wha has, and can enjoy, O wow!
 How smoothly may his minutes flow?

A youth thus blest wi' manly frame,
 Enliven'd wi' a lively flame,
 Will ne'er wi' sordid pinch controul
 The satisfaction of his soul.
 Poor is that mind, ay discontent,
 That canna use what God has lent;
 But envious, girms at a' he sees,
 That are a crown richer than he's;
 Which gars him pitifully hane,
 And hell's ase-middens rake for gain;
 Yet never kens a blythsome hour,
 Is ever wanting, ever sour.

Yet ae extreme shou'd never make
 A man the gowden mean forsake,
 It shaws as much a shallow mind,
 And ane extravagantly blind,
 If careless of his future fate,
 He dastly wastes a' good estate,
 And never thinks till thoughts are vain,
 And can afford him nought but pain.
 Thus will a joiner's shavings bleeze,
 Their low will for some seconds please;
 But soon the glaring leam is past,
 And cauldrie darkness follows fast:
 While slaw the faggots large expire,
 And warm us wi' a lasting fire.
 Then neither, as I ken ye will,
 Wi' idle fears your pleasures spill;
 Nor wi' neglecting prudent care,
 Do skaith to your succeeding heir:
 Thus steering cannily thro' life,
 Your joys shall lasting be and rise.
 Give a' your passions room to reel,
 As lang as reason guides the wheel;
 Desires, tho' ardent, are nae crime,
 When they harmoniously keep time;
 But when they spang o'er reason's fence,
 We smart for't at our ain expence:

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To recreate us we're allow'd,
 But gaming deep boils up the blood,
 And gars ane at groom-porters ban
 The Being that made him a man.
 When his fair gardens, house, and lands,
 Are fa'n amongst the sharpers hands.
 A cheerfu' bottle sooths the mind,
 Gars carles grow canty, free, and kind;
 Defeats our care, and heals our strife,
 And brawly oils the wheels o' life:
 But when just quantum we transgress,
 Our blessing turns the quite reverse.

To love the bonny smiling fair,
 Nane can their passions better ware;
 Yet love is kittle and unruly,
 And shou'd move tentily and hooly:
 For if it get o'er meikle head,
 'Tis fair to gallop ane to dead:
 O'er ilka hedge it wildly bounds,
 And grazes on forbidden grounds;
 Where constantly, like furies, range
 Poortith, diseases, death, revenge:
 To toom ane's pouch to dunty clever,
 Or have wrang'd husband probe ane's liver,
 Or void ane's faul out thro' a shanker,
 In faith 'twad any mortal canker.

Then wale a virgin worthy you,
 Worthy your love and nuptial vow;
 Syne frankly range o'er a' her charms,
 Drink deep of joy within her arms;
 Be still delighted wi' her breast,
 And on her love wi' rapture feast.

May she be blooming, fast and young,
 Wi' graces melting from her tongue;
 Prudent and yielding to retain
 Your love, as wiel as you her ain.

Thus, wi' your leave, Sir, I've made free
 To give advice to ane can gi'e

As good again—But as Mefs John
Said, when the sand tald time was done,
“ Ha’e patience, my dear friends, a wee,
And take another glaß frae me ;
And if ye think there’s doublets due,
I shanna bauk th’ like frae you.”

TIT FOR TAT.

BE-SOUTH our channel, where ’tis common
To be priest-ridden, man and woman ;
A father, anes, in grave procession,
Went to receive a wight’s confession.
Whase sins, lang-gather’d now began
To burden fair his inner man :
But happy they that can wi’ ease
Sling aff sic laids whene’er they please :
Lug out your sins, and eke your purses,
And soon your kind spiritual nurses
Will ease you o’ these heavy turfes.

Cries Hodge, and sighs, ah ! father ghostly,
I lang’d anes for some jewels costly,
And staw them frae a sneaking miser,
Wha was a wicked cheating squeezer,
And much had me and others wrang’d,
For which I often wif’d him hang’d.
The father says, I own, my son,
To rob or pilfer is ill done ;
But I can eith forgive the faut,
Since it is only *tit for tat*.

The sighing penitent gade furd,
And own’d his anes designing murder ;
That he had lent ane’s guts a skreed,
Wha had gi’en him a broken head.
Replies the priest, My son, ’tis plain,
That’s only *tit for tat* again.

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But still the sinner sighs and sobs,
 And cries, ah! these are venial jobs
 To the black crime that yet behind
 Lies like Auld Nick upon my mind;
 I dare na name't; I'd lure be strung
 Up by the neck or by the tongue,
 As speak it out to you: believe me
 The faut ye never wad forgive me.
 The haly man wi' pious care,
 Untreated, pray'd, and spake him fair,
 Conjur'd him, as he hop'd for heaven,
 To tell his crime, and be forgiven.

Wiel then, says Hodge, if it maun be,
 Prepare to hear a tale frae me,
 That when 'tis tald, I'm unco fear'd
 Ye'll wish it never had been heard:
 Ah me! ye'r reverence's sister,
 Ten times I carnally have—kist her.
 All's fair, returns the reverend brother,
 I've done the samen wi' your mother
 Three times as aft; and sae for that
 We're on a level, *tit for tat*.

—>><<—

EPISTLE

*From Mr. WILLIAM STARRET, Teacher of Mathematics
 at Straban, in Ireland.*

A windy day last owk, I'll ne'er forget,
 I think I hear the hailstones rattling yet;
 On Crochan bus my hirdsell took the lee,
 As ane wad wish, just a' beneath my ee:
 In the bield of yon auld birk-tree side,
 Poor cauldribe Coly whing'd aneath my plaid.
 Right tozylic was set to ease my stumps,
 Wiel happ'd wi' bountith-hose and twa-foll'd pumps;
 Syne on my four-hours luntion chew'd my cude,
 Sic kilter pat me in a merry mood:

My whistle frae my blanket-nook I drew,
And lilted o'er thir twa three lines to you.

Blaw up my heart-strings, ye Pierian quines,
That ga'e the Grecian bards their bonny rhymes,
And learn'd the Latin lowns sic springs to play,
As gars the world gang dancing to this day.

In vain I seek your help; 'tis bootless toil
Wi' sic dead ase to muck a muirland soil;
Give me the muse that calls past ages back,
And shaws proud southern sangsters their mistak',
That frae their Thames can fetch the laurel north,
And big Parnassus on the frith of Forth.

Thy breast alane this gladsome guest does fill
Wi' strains, that warm our hearts like cannell gill,
And learns thee, in thy umquhile gutcher's tongue,
The blythest lilt that e'er my lugs heard sung,
Ramsay! for ever live; for wha like you
In deathless sang sic life-like pictures drew?
Nor he wha whilome wi' his harp cou'd ca'
The dancing stanes to big the 'Theban wa';
Nor he (shame fa's fool head), as stories tell,
Could whistle back an auld dead wife frae hell;
Nor e'en the loyal brooker of Bell trees,
Wha sang wi' hungry wame his want of fees;
Nor Habby's drone cou'd wi' thy wind-pipe please:
When in his wiel kend clink thou manes the death
Of Lucky Wood and Spence (a matchless skaith
To Canigate), sae gash thy gab-trees gang,
The carlines live for ever in thy sang.

Or, when the country bridal thou pursues,
To redd the regal tulzie sets thy muse,
Thy soothing sangs bring canker'd carles to ease,
Some louns to Lutter's pipe, some birls baubies.

But gin to graver notes thou tunes thy breath,
And sings poor Sandy's grief for Edie's death,
Or Matthew's loss; the lambs in concert mae,
And lanesome Ringwood yowls upon the brae.

Good God! what tuneless heart strings wadnatwa
When love and beauty animates thy sang?

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Vol. I.

Skies echo back, when thou blows up thy reed,
 In Burchet's praise for clapping o' thy head:
 And when thou bids the paughty Czar stand yon,
 The wandought seems beneath thee on his throne.
 Now, be my faul, and I have nought behin',
 And wiel I wat fause, swearing is a fin,
 I'd rather have thy pipe, and twa three sheep,
 Than a' the gowd the monarch's coffers keep.

Coly, look out, the few we have's gane wrang,
 This se'enteen owks I have not play'd fae lang;
 Ha, Crummy, ha—trowth I maun quat my sang;
 But, lad, neist mirk we'll to the haining drive,
 When in fresh lizar they get spleet and rive:
 The royts will rest, and gin ye like my play,
 I'll whistle to thee a' the live-lang day.

TO MR. WILLIAM STARRAT,

ON RECEIVING THE ABOVE EPISTLE.

FRAE fertile fields, where nae cürs'd ethers creep;
 To stang the herds that in rash bußes sleep;
 Frae where Saint Patrick's blessing freed the bogs
 Frae taid, and asks, and ugly creeping frogs;
 Welcome to me's the sound of Starrat's pipe,
 Welcome, as westlen winds, or berries ripe,
 When speeling up the hill, the Dog-days heat
 Gars a young thirsty shepherd pant and sweat:
 Thus while I climb the muses mount wi' care,
 Sic friendly praises give refreshing air.
 O! may the lassies loo thee for thy pains,
 And may thou lang breathe healßome o'er the plains:
 Lang may'st thou teach, wi' round and nooked lines,
 Substantial skill, that's worth rich filler mines,
 To shaw how wheels can gang wi' greatest ease,
 And what kind barks sail smootheßt o'er the seas;
 How wind-mills shou'd be made—and how they work
 The thumper that tells hours upon the kirk:

Vol. I.

X

How wedges rive the aik :—How pullifees
Can lift on highest roofs the greatest trees ;
Rug frae its roots the craig of Edinburgh castle,
As easily as I cou'd break my whistle—
What pleughs fit a wet soil, and whilk the dry ;
And mony a thousand useful things forby.

I own 'tis could encouragement to sing,
When round ane's lugs the blattran hailstages ring ;
But feckfu' fouk can front the bauldest wind,
And slunk thro' muirs, and never fash their mind.
Aft have I wid thro' glens wi' chorking feet,
When neither plaid nor kilt cou'd fend the weet ;
Yet blythly wad I bang out o'er the brae,
And stend o'er burns as light as ony rae,
Hoping the morn might prove a better day.
Then let's to lairds and ladies leave the spleen,
While we can dance and whistle o'er the green.
Mankind's account of good and ill's a jest,
Fancy's the rudder, and content's a feast.

Dear friend of mine, ye but o'er meikle roose
The lawly mints of my poor muirland muse,
Wha looks but blate, when even'd to ither twa,
That lull'd the deel, or bigg'd the Theban wa'
But throw 'tis natural for us a' to wink
At our ain faults, and praises frankly drink :
Fair fa' ye then, and may your flocks grow rise,
And may nae elf twin Cummy o' her life.

The sun shines sweetly, a' the list looks blue,
O'er glens hing hovering clouds of rising dew.
Maggy, the bonniest lass of a' our town,
Brent is her brow, her hair a curly brown,
I have a tryst wi' her, and maun away,
Then ye'll excuse me till anither day,
When I've ma' time ; for shortly I'm to sing
Some dainty sangs, that fall round Crochan ring.

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An ODE with a PASTORAL RECITATIVE, on the Marriage of the Right Hon. James Earl of Wemyss and Mrs. Janet Charteris.

RECITATIVE.

LAST morn young Rosalind, wi' laughing een,
Met wi' the singing shepherd on the green;
Armyas height, wha us'd wi' tunefu' lay
To please the ear, when he began to play:
Him wi' a smile the blooming lass address'd;
Her chearfu' look her inward joy confess'd.

ROSALIND,

Dear shepherd, now exert your wonted fire,
I'll tell you news that shall your thoughts inspire!

ARMYAS.

Out wi' them, bonny lass, and if they'll bear,
But ceremony, you a sang shall hear.

ROSALIND.

They'll bear, and do invite the blytheft strains;
The beauteous Charterissa of these plains,
Still to them dear, wha late made us sae wae,
When we heard tell she was far aff to gae,
And leave our heartsome fields, her native land,
Now's ta'en in time, and fix'd by Hymen's band.

ARMYAS.

To whom? speak fast;—I hope ye dinna jeer.

ROSALIND.

No, no, my dear, 'tis true, as we stand here.
The Thane of Fife, wha lately wi' his Flane,
And Vizy leel, made the *Blyth Bow* his ain;
He, the delight o' baith the sma' and great,
Wha's bright beginning spae his sonfy fate,
Has gain'd her heart; and now their mutual flame
Retains the fair, and a' her wealth, at hame.

ARMYAS.

Now, Rosalind, may never sorrow twine
Sae near your heart as joys arise in mine.
Come kiss me, lassie, and you's hear me sing
A brydal sang that thro' the woods shall ring.

ROSALIND.

Ye're ay sae daft, come, take it, and ha'e done;
Let a' the lynes be fast, and sweet the tune.

ARMYAS SINGS.

COME, shepherds, a' your whistles join,
And shaw your blythest faces;
The nymph that we were like to tine,
At hame her pleasure places.

Lilt up your notes baith loud and gay,
Yet sweet as Philomella's,
And yearly solemnize the day
When this good luck befel us,

Hail to the Thane descended frae
Macduff renown'd in story,
Wha Albion frae tyrannic sway
Restor'd to ancient glory:

His early blossoms loud proclaim,
That frae this stem he rises,
Whase merit gives him right to fame
And to the highest prizes.

His lovely Countess sing, ye swains,
Nae subject can be sweeter;
The best of blood flows in her veins,
Which makes ilk grace complete:

Bright are the beauties of her mind
Which frae her dawn of reason,
Wi' a' the rays of wit hath shin'd,
Which virtue still did season.

Straight as the plane her features fair,
And bonny to a wonder;
Were Jove rampaging in the air,
Her smiles might flap his thunder.

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Rejoice in her then, happy youth,
 Her innate worth's a treasure;
 Her sweetness a' your cares will sooth,
 And furnish endless pleasure.

Lang may ye live t' enjoy her charms,
 And lang, lang may they blossom,
 Securely screen'd within your arms,
 And lodged in your bosom.

Thrice happy parents, justly may
 Your breasts wi' joy be fir'd,
 When you the darling pair survey,
 By a' the world admir'd.

Written in LADY SOMERVILLE'S Book of SCOTS SONGS.

GAE, canty book, and win a name;
 Nae lyrics e'er shall ding thee:
 Hope large esteem, and lasting fame,
 If Somervilla sing thee.

If she thy sinless faults forgive,
 Which her sweet voice can cover,
 Thou shalt, in spite of critics, live
 Still grateful to each lover.

THE NUPTIALS:

A MASQUE.*

*On the Marriage of his Grace James Duke of Hamilton and
Brandon, &c.*

CALLIOPE, *playing upon a Violincello, sings,*

JOY to the bridegroom, prince of Clyde,
Lang may his blifs and greatness blossom;
Joy to his virtuous charming bride,
Who gains this day his Grace's bosom.

* *An unknown ingenious friend did me the honour of the following introduction to the London edition of this Masque: And being a Poet, my vanity will be pardoned for inserting of it here,*

"The present poem being a revival of a good old form of poetry, in high repute with us, it may not be amiss to say something of a diversion once so agreeable, and so long interrupted or disused. The original of Masques seems to be an imitation of the interludes of the ancients, presented on occasion of some ceremony performed in a great and noble family. — The actors in this kind of half-dramatic poetry have formerly been even kings, princes, and the first personages of the kingdom; and in private families, the noblest and nearest branches. The machinery was of the greatest magnificence; very showy, costly, and not uncommonly contrived by the ablest architects, as well as the best poets. Thus we see in Ben Jonson the name of Inigo Jones, and the same in Carew; whether as the modeller only, or as poet in conjunction with them, seems to be doubtful, there being nothing of our English Vitruvius left (that I know of) that places him in the class of writers. These shows we trace backwards as far as Henry VIII from thence to Queen Elizabeth and her successor King James, who was both a great encourager and admirer of them. The last Masque, and the best ever written, was that of Milton, presented at Ludlow Castle, in the praise of which no words can be too

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Appear, great Genius of his line,
And bear a part in the rejoicing;
Behold your ward, by pow'rs divine,
Join'd with a mate of their ain chusing.

Forfake a while the Cyprian scene,
Fair queen of smiles and fast embraces,
And hither come, wi' a' your train
Of Beauties, Loves, and Sports, and Graces,

Come, Hymen, bless their nuptial vow,
And them with mutual joys inspire.
Descend, Minerva; for 'tis you
With virtue beets the haly fire.

At the close of this song enters the Genius of the family, clad in a scarlet robe, with a Duke's coronet on his head, a shield on his left arm, with the proper bearing of Hamilton.

GENIUS.

Fair mistress of harmonious sounds, we hear
Thy invitation grateful to the ear
Of a' the gods, who from th' Olympian height
Bow down their heads, and in thy notes delight:
Jove keeps this day in his imperial dome,
And I to lead th' invited guests am come.

many: And I remember to have heard the late excellent Mr. Addison agree with me in that opinion. Coronations, princely nuptials, public feasts, the entertainment of foreign quality, were the usual occasions of this performance, and the best poet of the age was courted to be the author. Mr. Ramsay has made a noble and successful attempt to revive this kind of poetry, on a late celebrated account. And though he is often to be admired in all his writings, yet, I think, never more than in his present composition. A particular friend gave it a second edition in England, which, I fancy, the public will agree that it deserved."

Enter Venus, attended by three Graces, with Minerva and Hymen, all in their proper dresses.

CALLIOPE.

Welcome, ye bright divinities, that guard
The brave and fair, and faithfu' love reward;
All hail, immortal progeny of Jove,
Who plant, preserve, and prosper sacred love.

GENIUS.

Be still auspicious to the united pair,
And let their purest pleasures be your care;
Your stores of genial blessings here employ,
To crown th' illustrious Youth and Fair ane's joy.

VENUS.

I'll breathe eternal sweets in ev'ry air;
He shall look always great, *She* ever fair;
Kind rays shall mix the sparkles of his eye,
Round her the Loves in smiling crouds shall fly,
And bear frae ilka glance, on downy wings,
Into his ravish'd heart the softest things:
And soon as Hymen has perform'd his rites,
I'll shower on them my hale Idalian sweets;

They shall possess,
In each caress,
Delights shall tire
The muse's fire,

In highest numbers to express.

HYMEN.

I'll buik their bow'r, and lay them gently down,
Syne ilka languing wish with raptures crown;
The gloomy night shall ne'er unwelcome prove,
That leads them to the silent scenes of love.
The sun at morn shall dart his kindest rays,
To cheer and animate each dear embrace:

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Fond of the Fair, he folds her in his arms ;
She blushes secret, conscious of her charms,

Rejoice, brave youth,
In sic a fouth

Of joys the gods for thee provide ;

The rosy dawn.

The flow'ry lawn,

That spring has dress'd in a' its pride,

Claim no regard

When they're compar'd

With blooming beauties of thy bride.

MINERVA.

Fairest of a' the goddesses, and thou
That links the lovers to be ever true,
The gods and mortals awn your mighty power,
But 'tis not you can make their sweets secure ;
That be my task, to make a friendship rise,
Shall raise their loves aboon the vulgar size,
Those near related to the brutal kind,
Ken naething of the wedlock of the mind ;
'Tis I can make a life a hinny moon,
And mould a love shall last like that aboon,
A' these sma' springs, whence could reserve and spleen
Take their first rise, and favour'd flow mair keen,
I shall discover in a proper view,
To keep their joys unmix'd, and ever new,

Nor jealousy, nor envious mouth,

Shall dare to blast their love ;

But wisdom, constancy, and truth,

Shall every bliss improve.

GENIUS.

Thrice happy chief so much the care

Of a' the family of Jove,

A thousand blessings wait the fair,

Who is found worthy of his love.

Lang may the fair attractions of her mind

Make her still lovelier, him for ever kind.

MINERVA.

The ancestors of mightiest chiefs, and kings,
 Nae higher can derive than human springs;
 Yet frae the common soil each wond'rous root,
 Aloft to heav'n their spreading branches shoot:
 Bauld in my aid, these triumph'd over fate,
 Fann'd for unbounded thought, or stern debate,
 Born high upon an undertaking mind,
 Superior raise, and left the croud behind.

GENIUS.

Frae these descending, laurell'd with renown,
 My charge thro' ages draws his lineage down:
 The paths of sic forebeers lang may he trace,
 And she be mother to as fam'd a race.

When blue diseases fill the drumly air,
 And red het bows thro' slaughts of lightning rair,
 Or madd'ning factions shake the sanguine sword,
 With watchfu' eye I'll tent my darling lord
 And his lov'd mate—tho' Furies shou'd break loose,
 Awake or sleeping, shall enjoy repose.

I. GRACE.

While gods keep haly-day, and mortals smile,
 Let nature with delights adorn the isle:
 Be hush, bauld North, Favonius only blow;
 And cease, bleak clouds, to shed or weet or snaw;
 Shine bright thou radiant ruler of the year,
 And gar the spring with earlier pride appear.

II. GRACE.

Thy month, great queen of goddesses, make gay,
 Which gains new honours frae this marriage day.
 On Glotta's banks, ye healthfu' hynds, resort,
 And with the landart lassies blythly sport.

III. GRACE.

Wear your best faces, and your Sunday's weeds,
 And rouse the dance with your maist tunefu' reeds;

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Let tunefu' voices join the rural sound,
And wake responsive Echo all around.

I. GRACE.

Sing your great master, Scotia's eldest son,
And the lov'd angel that his heart has won :
Come, sisters, let's frae art's hale stores collect
Whatever can her native beauties deck,
That in the day she may eclipse the light,
And ding the constellations of the night.

VENUS.

Cease, busy maids, your artfu' buskings raise
But small addition to her genuine rays ;
Tho' ilka plain and ilka sea combine
To make her with their richest product shine,
Her lip, her bosom, and her sparkling een,
Excel the ruby, pearl, and diamond sheen :
These lesser ornaments, illustrious bride,
As bars to faster blessings, sling aside ;
Steal frae them sweetly to your nuptial bed,
As frae its body slides the fainted shade ;
Frae loath'd restraint to liberty above,
Where all is harmony, and all is love ;
Haste to these blessings—kiss the night away,
And make it ten times pleasanter than day.

HYMEN.

The whisper and caress shall shorten hours,
While kindly as the beams on dewy flow'rs,
Thy Sun, like him who the fresh bey'rage sips,
Shall feast upon the sweetness of thy lips :
My haly hand maun chastly now unloose
That zone which a' thy virgin charms enclose :
That zone shou'd be less gratefu' to the fair
Than easy bands of faster wedlock are ;
That lang unbuckled grows a hatefu' thing,
The langer ~~these~~ are bound, the mair of honour bring.

MINERVA.

Yes, happy pair, whate'er the gods inspire,
Pursue, and gratify each just desire :
Enjoy your passions, with full transports mixt,
But still observe the bounds by virtue fixt.

Enter BACCHUS.

What brings Minerva here this rantin night ?
She's good for naething but to preach or fight :
Is this a time for either ; —swith away,
Or learn like us to be a thought mair gay.

MINERVA.

Peace, Theban Roarer, while the milder pow'rs
Give entertainment, there's nae need of yours ;
The pure reflection of our calmer joys
Has mair of heaven than a' thy flashy noise.

BACCHUS.

Ye cannà want it, faith ! you that appear
Anes at a bridàl but in twenty year :
A ferly 'tis your dortiship to see,
But where was e'er a wedding without me ?
Blue E'en, remember, I'm baith hap and saul
To Venus there ; but me, she'd starve o' caul'.

VENUS.

We awn the truth—Minerva, cease to check
Our jolly brother with your disrespect ;
He's never absent at the treats of Jove,
And should be present at this feast of love.

GENIUS.

Maist welcome pow'r, that cheers the vital streams,
When Pallas guards thee frae thy wild extremes ;
Thy rosy visage at these solemn rites,
My generous charge with open smiling greets.

BACCHUS.

I'm nae great dab at speeches that maun clink,
But there's my paw I shall fou tightly drink

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Vol. I.

A hearty health to thir fame lovely *trua*,
That are fae meikle dauted by you a';
Then with my juice a reeming biquor crown,
I'll gi'e the toast, and see it fairly roun'.

*Enter GANYMED, with a flagon in one hand, and a glass
in the other — Speaks.*

To you blyth beings the benign director
Of gods and men—to keep your fauls in tist—
Has sent you here a present of his nectar,
As good as e'er was brew'n aboon the list.

BACCHUS.

Ha, Gany, come, my dainty boy,
Skink't up, and let us prieve;
Without it life wad be a toy:

Here, gi'e me't in my nive. [*Takes the glass.*
Good health to Hamilton, and his
Lov'd mate—O father Jove, we crave
Thou'lt grant them a lang tack of blis,
And rowth of bonny bairns and brave.
Pour on them, frae thy endless store,
A' bennifons that are divine,
With as good will as I waught o'er
This flowing glass of heav'nly wine.

[*Drinks, and causes all the company to drink round.*]

Come se't about, and syne let all advance,
Mortals and gods be pairs, and tak' a dance:
Minerva mim, for a' your morals stoor:
We shall with billy Bacchus fit the floor:
Play up there, lassie, some blyth Scottish tune,
Syne a' be blyth when wine and wit gae round.

*The health about, music and dancing begin—The dancing over,
before her Grace retires with the ladies to be undressed, CAL-
LIOPE, sings the*

EPITHALAMIUM.

Bright is the low of lawfu' love,
Which shining fauls impart;

Vol. I.

Y

It to perfection mounts above,
And glows about the heart.

It is the flame gives lasting worth,
To greatness, beauty, wealth, and birth—
On you, illustrious youthfu' pair,
Who are high heaven's delight and care,
The blisfu' beam darts warm and fair,
And shall improve the rest
Of a' these gifts, baith great and rare,
Of which ye are posselt.

Bacchus, bear aff your dísfome gang,
Hark, frae yon howms the rural thrang

Invite you now away ;
While ilka hynd,
And maiden kind,
Dance in a ring,
While shepherds sing
In honour of the day ;
Gae drink and dance,
Till morn advance,
And set the twinkling fires,
While we prepare
To lead the fair
And brave to their desires.

Gae, Loves and Graces, take your place,
Around the nuptial bed abide ;
Fair Venus heighten each embrace,
And smoothly make their minutes slide :
Gae, Hymen, put the conch in case,
Minerva, thither lead the bride ;
Neist, all attend his youthfu' Grace,
And lay him sweetly by her side.

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*On the Marriage of the Right Hon. GEORGE LORD RAM-
SAY and Lady JEAN MAULE.*

HAIL! to the brave apparent chief,
Boast of the Ramsays clanish name,
Whose ancestors stood the relief
Of Scotland, ages known to fame.

Hail! to the lovely she, whose charms,
Complete in graces, meets his love;
Adorn'd with all that greatness warms,
And makes him grateful bow to Jove.

Both from the line of patriots rise,
Chiefs of Dalhousie and Panmure,
Whose loyal fame shall stains despise,
While ocean flows and orbs endure.

The Ramsays! Caledonia's prop;
The Maules! struck still her foes with dread;
Now join'd, we from the union hope
A race of heroes shall succeed.

Let meaner souls transgress the rules
That's fix'd by honour, love, and truth,
While little views proclaim them fools,
Unworthy beauty, sense, and youth;

Whilst you, blest pair, belov'd by all
The pow'rs above and best below,
Shall have delights attend your call,
And lasting pleasures on you flow.

What fate has fix'd, and love has done,
The guardians of mankind approve:
Well may they finish what's begun,
And from your joys all cares remove.

We wish'd—when straight a heav'nly voice
 Inspir'd—we heard the Blue-ey'd Maid
 Cry, "Who dare quarrel with the choice?
 The choice is mine, be mine their aid."

Be thine their aid, O wisest power,
 And soon again we hope to see
 Their plains return, splendid their tower,
 And blossom broad the * Edgewell Tree.

Whilst he with manly merits stor'd,
 Shall rise the glory of his clan;
 She, for celestial sweets ador'd,
 Shall ever charm the gracefu' man.

Soon may their † Royal Bird extend
 His sable plumes, and lordships claim,
 Which to his valiant fires pertain'd,
 Ere Earls in Albion were a name.

Ye parents of the happy pair,
 With gen'rous smiles consenting, own
 That they deserve your kindest care:
 Thus with the gods their pleasure crown.

Haste, ev'ry Grace, each Love and Smile,
 From fragrant Cyprus spread the wing;
 To deck their couch, exhaust your isle
 Of all the beauties of the spring.

On them attend with homage due,
 In him are Mars and Phœbus seen;
 And in the noble nymph you'll view
 The sage Minerva and your Queen.

* See note, page 136.

† The Spread Eagle sable, on a field argent, is the arms of the Earl of Dalhousie.

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ON THE BIRTH OF THE MOST HON. MARQUIS OF
DRUMLANRIG.

HELP me, some god, wi' sic a muse
As Pope and Grenville aft employ,
That I may flowing numbers chuse,
To hail the welcome princely boy.

But, bred up far frae shining courts,
In muirland glens, where nought I see,
But now and then some landart las,
What sounds polite can flow frae me?

Yet my blyth las, amang the lave,
Wi' honest heart her homage pays;
Tho' no sae nice she can behave,
Yet always as she thinks she says.

Arise, ye nymphs, on Nytha's plains,
And gar the craigs and mountains ring;
Rouse up the fauls of a' the swains,
While you the lovely infant sing.

Keep haly-day on ilka howm,
With gowan garlands gird your brows;
Outo'er the dales in dances roam,
And shout around the joyful news.

By the good bennison of heaven,
To free you frae the future fright
Of foreign lords, a babe is given,
To guard your int'rest and your right.

Wi' pleasure view your prince, who late
Up to the state of manhood run,
Now, to complete his happy fate,
Sees his ain image in a son.

Y 3

A son, for whom be this your pray'r,
 Ilk morning soon as dawn appears,
 God grant him an unmeasur'd skair
 Of a' that grac'd his great forebeers.

That his great fire may live to see,
 Frae his delightful infant spring,
 A wife and stalwart progeny,
 To fence their country and their king.

Still blefs her Grace frae whom he sprung,
 Wi' blythsome heal her strength renew,
 That thro' lang life she may be young,
 And bring forth cautioners enow.

Watch wiel, ye tenants of the air,
 Wha hover round our heads unseen ;
 Let dear Drumlanrig be your care,
 Or when he lifts or steeks his een.

Ye hardy heroes, whase brave pains
 Defeated ay th' invading rout,
 Forsake a wee th' Elysian plains,
 View, smile, and blefs your lovely sprout.

Ye fair, wha've kend the joys of love,
 And glow wi' cheerfu' heal and youth,
 Sic as of auld might nurse a Jove,
 Or lay the breast t' Alcides' mouth ;

The best and bonniest of ye a'
 Take the sweet babie in your arms :
 May he nought frae your bosom draw
 But nectar to nurse up his charms.

Harmoniously the notes express,
 When singing you his dumps debar,
 That discord never may impress
 Upon his blooming mind a jar.

Sound a' the Poet in his ears,
 E'en while he's hanging at the breast :

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Thus moulded, when he comes to years,
 Wi' an exalted gust he'll feast
 On lays immortal, which forbid
 The death of Douglas' doughty name,
 Or in oblivion let lie hid
 The Hydes their beauty and their fame.

On seeing the ARCHERS diverting themselves at the Butts and Rovers, &c.

AT THE DESIRE OF SIR WILL. BENNET.

Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.

Apollo aft flings by his bows,
 And plays the *Broom of Coruden-knows*;
 He sometimes drinks——

HIS DEMAND.

“THE Rovers and the Buts you saw,
 And him who gives despotic law;
 In numbers sing what you have seen,
 Both in the garden and the green,
 And how with wine they clos'd the day
 In harmless toasts, both blyth and gay:
 This to remember be't thy care,
 How they did justice to the fair.”

THE ANSWER.

SIR, I with much delight beheld
 The royal Archers on the field;
 Their garb, their manner, and their game,
 Wakes in the mind a martial flame.
 To see them draw the bended yew,
 Brings bygone ages to our view,

When burnish'd swords and whizzing flanes
 Forbade the Norwegens and Danes,
 Romans and Saxons, to invade
 A nation of nae foes afraid;
 Whase virtue and true valour sav'd
 Them bravely from their being enslav'd:
 Esteeming't greater not to be,
 Than lose their darling Liberty.
 How much unlike! — But mum for that,
 Some beaux may snarl if we should prat.
 When av'rice, luxury, and ease,
 A tea-fac'd generation please,
 Whase pithless limbs in silks o'er-clad,
 Scarce bear the lady-handed lad
 Frae's looking-glass into the chair,
 Which bears him to blasphem the fair,
 Wha by their actions come to ken
 Sic are but in appearance men.
 These ill cou'd bruike, without a beild,
 To sleep in boots upon the field;
 Yet rise as glorious as the sun,
 To end what greatly they begun.
 Nor cou'd it suit their taste and pride
 To eat an ox boil'd in his hide;
 Or quaff pure element, ah me!
 Without ream, sugar, and bohea.
 Hail, noble ghosts of each brave fire!
 Whose fauls glow'd wi' a god-like fire!
 If you're to guardian posts assign'd,
 And can with greatness warm the mind;
 Breathe manly ardours in your race,
 Communicate that martial grace,
 By which thro' ages you maintain'd
 The Caledonian rights unstain'd:
 That when our nation makes demands,
 She may ne'er want brave hearts and hands.
 Here, Sir, I must your pardon ask,
 If I have started from my task;

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For when the fancy takes a flight,
We seldom ken where it will light.

But we return to view the band,
Under the regular command
Of * ane wha arbitrarily sways,
And makes it law whate'er he says:
Him honour and true reason rule,
Which makes submission to his will
Nae slav'ry, but a just delight,
While he takes care to keep them right;
Wha never lets a cause depend
Till the pursuer's power's at end;
But, like a minister of fate,
He speaks, and there's no more debate:
Best government, were subjects sure
To find a prince fit for sic pow'r.

But drop we cases not desir'd,
To paint the archers now retir'd
From healthfu' sport, to cheerfu' wine,
Strength to recruit, and wit refine;
Where innocent and blythsome tale
Permits nae sourness to prevail:
Here, Sir, you never fail to please,
Wha can in phrase adapt with ease,
Draw to the life a' kind of fowks,
Proud shaups, dull coofs, and gabbling gowks,
Gaelaingers, and each greedy wight,
You place them in their proper light:
And when true merit comes in view,
You fully pay them what's their due,
While circling wheels the hearty glass,
Well flavour'd with some lovely lais;
Or with the bonny fruitfu' dame,
Wha brightens in the nuptial flame.

My lord, your toast, the preses cries:
To lady Charlotte, he replies.
Now, Sir, let's hear your beauty bright;
To lady Jean, returns the knight.

* *Mr. David Drummond, president of the council.*

To Hamilton a health gaes round,
 And one to Eglinton is crown'd.
 How sweet they taste ! Now, Sir, you say ;
 Then drink to her that's far away,
 The lov'd Southesk. Neist, Sir, you name :
 I give you Basil's handsome dame.
 Is't come to me !—then toast the fair
 That's fawn, O Cockburn, to thy skair.
 How hearty went these healths about !
 How blythly were they waughted out !
 To a' the stately fair, and young,
 Frae Haddington and Hopetoun sprung ;
 To Lithgow's daughter in her bloom,
 To dear Mackay, and comely Home ;
 To Creightons every way divine,
 To Haldane straight as ony pine.
 O how delicious was the glass
 Which was perfum'd with lovely Bess !
 And sae these rounds were flowing gi'en,
 To sisters Nisbet, Nell, and Jean.
 To sweet Montgomery shining fair,
 To Priestfield twins, delightfu' pair.
 To Katies four of beauteous fame,
 Stuart and Cochran lady claim,
 Third Hamilton, fourth Ardrefs name.
 To Peggies Pentland, Bang, and Bell,
 To Minto's mate, and lively Nell :
 To Gordon's, ravishingly sweet,
 To Maule in whom the graces meet,
 To Hepburn wha has charms in store,
 To Pringle harmony all o'er ;
 To the polite Kinloch and Hay,
 To Wallace beautifu' and gay,
 To Campbell, Skeen, and Rutherford, foord,
 To Maitland fair the much ador'd,
 To Lockhart wi' the sparkling een,
 To bonny Crawford, ever green,

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To Stuarts mony a dazzling bairn,
 Of Invernytie and Denairn,
 To gracefu' Sleigh and Oliphant,
 To Nasmith, Baird, Scot, Grier, and Grant;
 To Clerk, Anstruther, Frank, and Graham,
 To Deans agreeing wi' her name.

Where are we now? — Come to the best
 In Christendom, and a' the rest.

(Dear nymphs unnam'd, lay not the blame
 On us, or on your want of fame,
 That in this list you do not stand;
 For heads give way: — But there's my hand,
 The next time we have sic a night,
 We'll not neglect to do ye right).

Thus beauties rare, and virgins fine,
 With blooming belles enliven'd our wine,
 Till a' our noses 'gan to shine.

Then down we look'd upon the great,
 Who're plagu'd with guiding o' the state,
 And pity'd each flegmatic wight,
 Whase creeping fauls ken nae delight,
 But keep themselves ay on the gloom,
 Startled wi' fears of what's to come.

Poor passion! sure by fate design'd
 The mark of an inferior mind.

To heav'n a filial fear we awe,
 But fears nae else a man should shaw.

Lads, cock your bonnets, bend your bows,
 And, or in earnest, or in mows,
 Be still successful, ever glad,
 In Mars's or in Venus' bed;
 Sae bards aloud shall chant your praise,
 And ladies shall your spirits raise.

Thus, Sir, I've sung what you requir'd,
 As Mars and Venus have inspir'd.
 While they inspire, and you approve,
 I'll sing brave deeds, and faster love;
 Till great Apollo say well done,
 And own me for his native son.

EPISTLE TO MR. JOHN GAY,

*Author of the Shepherd's Week, on bearing her Grace the
Duchess of Queensberry commend some of his Poems.*

DEAR lad, wha linkan o'er the lee,
Sang Blowzalind and Bowzybee,
And like the lavrock, merrily
Wak'd up the morn,
When thou didst tune, wi' heartsome glee,
Thy bog-reed horn.

To thee frae edge of Pentland height,
Where fawns and fairies take delight,
And revel a' the livelang night,
O'er glens and braes,
A bard that has the second sight
Thy fortune spaes.

Now lend thy lug, and tent me, Gay,
Thy fate appears like flow'rs in May,
Fresh, flourishing, and lasting ay,
Firm as the aik,
Which envious winds, when critics bray,
Shall never shake.

Come, shaw your loof—Ay, there's the line
Foretells thy verse shall ever shine,
Dauted whilst living by the Nine,
And a' the best,
And be, when past the mortal line,
Of fame posselt.

Immortal Pope, and skilfu' John,
The learned Leach from Callidone,
Wi' mony a witty dame and don,
O'er lang to name,
Arc of your roundels very son',
And sound your fame.

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Vol. I.

And fae do I, wha roose but few,
Which nae sma' favour is to you ;
For to my friends I stand right true,
Wi' thanks aspar :
And my good word (ne'er gi'en but due)
Gangs unco far.

Here mettled men my muse maintain,
And ilka beauty is my frien' :
Which keeps me canty, brisk, and bein,
Ilk wheeling hour,
And a sworn fae to hatefu' spleen,
And a' that's four.

But bide ye, boy, the main's to say,
Clarinda, bright as rising day,
Divinely bonny, great, and gay,
Of thinking even,
Whase words, and looks, and smiles display
Full views of heaven.

To rummage nature for what's braw,
Like lilies, roses, gems, and snaw,
Compar'd wi' her's, their lustre fa',
And bauchly tell
Her beauties ; she excels them a',
And's like herself.

As fair a form as e'er was blest,
To have an angel for a guest ;
Happy the prince who is possesst
Of sic a prize,
Whase virtues place her wi' the best
Beneath the skies.

O sonfy Gay ! this heavenly born,
Whom ev'ry grace strives to adorn,
Looks not upon thy lays wi' scorn ;
Then bend thy knees,
And bless the day that ye was born
Wi' arts to please.

She says thy sonnet smoothly sings,
 Sae ye may crawl and clap your wings,
 And smile at ethercapit flings
 Wi' careless pride,
 When sae much wit and beauty brings,
 Strength to your side.

Lilt up your pipes, and rise aboon
 Your Trivia and your muirland tune,
 And sing Clarinda late and soon,
 In tow'ring strains,
 'Till gratefu' gods cry out, Wiel done,
 And praise thy pains.

Exalt thy voice, that all around
 May echo back the lovely sound
 Frae Dover cliffs, wi' samphire crown'd,
 To Thule's shore,
 Where northward no more Britain's found,
 But seas that roar.

Thus sing—while I frae Arthur's height,
 O'er Chiviot glowr wi' tired sight,
 And langing wish, like raving wight,
 To be set down
 Frae coach and fax, baith trim and tight,
 In London town.

But lang I'll gove and bleer my ee,
 Before, alake! that sight I see;
 Then, best relief, I'll strive to be
 Quiet and content,
 And streck my limbs down easylie
 Upon the bent.

There sing the gowans, broom, and trees,
 The crystal burn and westlin breeze,
 The bleeting flocks and bisy bees,
 And blythsome swains,
 Wha rant and dance, wi' kiltit dees,
 O'er mossy plains.

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Farewel—but e'er we part, let's pray,
 God save Clarinda night and day,
 And grant her a' she'd wish to ha'e,
 Withoutten end!—
 Nae mair at present I've to say,
 But am your friend.



O D E

*To the Right Hon. GRACE, Countess of Aboyne, on her
 Marriage-day.*

I N martial fields the hero toils,
 And wades thro' blood to purchase fame;
 O'er dreadful waves, from distant soils,
 The merchant brings his treasures hame.

But fame and wealth no joys bestow,
 If plac'd alane they cyphers stand;
 'Tis to the figure Love they owe
 The real joys that they command.

Blest he who love and beauty gains,
 Gains what contesting kings might claim;
 Might bring brave armies to the plains,
 And loudly swell the blast of fame.

How happy then is young Aboyne!
 Of how much heav'n is he possest!
 How much the care of pow'rs divine,
 Who lies in lovely Lockhart's breast!

Gazing in raptures on thy charms,
 Thy sparkling beauty, shape, and youth,
 He grasps all softness in his arms,
 And sips the nectar from thy mouth,

If sympathetic likeness crave
 Indulgent parents to be kind,
 Each pow'r shall guard the charm they gave,
 Venus thy face, Pallas thy mind.

O muse, we could—but stay thy flight;
 The field is sacred as 'tis sweet:
 Who dares to paint the ardent night,
 When ravish'd youth and beauty meet?

Here we must draw a veil between,
 And shade those joys too dazzling clear,
 By ev'ry eye not to be seen,
 Not to be heard by ev'ry ear.

Still in her smiles, ye Cupids, play;
 Still in her eyes your revels keep;
 Her pleasure be your care by day,
 And whisper sweetness in her sleep.

Be banish'd each ill-natur'd care,
 Base offspring of fantastic spleen;
 Of access here you must despair,
 Her breast for you is too serene.

May guardian angels hover round
 Thy head, and ward off all annoy;
 Be all thy days with raptures crown'd,
 And all thy nights be blest with joy.

—•••—
 EPIGRAM.

MINERVA, wand'ring in a myrtle grove,
 Accosted thus the smiling Queen of Love:
 Revenge yourself, you've cause to be afraid,
 Your boasted pow'r yields to a British maid:
 She seems a goddess, all her graces shine;
 Love leads her beauty, which eclipses thine.
 Each youth, I know (says Venus) thinks she's me
 Immediately she speaks, they think she's thee;
 Good Pallas, thus you're foil'd as well as I.
 Ha, ha! (cries Cupid), that's my Mally Sleigh.

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*On the Marriage of ALEXANDER BRODIE of Brodie, Lord
Lyon King of Arms, and Mrs. MARY SLEIGH.*

WHEN Time was young, and Innocence,
With tender love govern'd this round,
No mean design to give offence
To Constancy and truth was found;
All free from fraud, upon the flow'ry sward,
Lovers carest with fond and chaste regard.

From easy labours of the day
Each pair to leafy bow'rs retir'd;
Contentment kept them ever gay,
While kind connubial sweets conspir'd,
With smiling quiet and balmy health thro' life,
To make the happy husband and the wife.

Our modern wits in wisdom less,
With spirits weak and wavering minds,
Void of resolve, poorly confess,
They cannot relish aught that binds.
Let libertines of taste sue wond'rous nice,
Despise to be confin'd in paradise.

While Brodie with his beauteous Sleigh,
On purest love can safely feast,
Quaff raptures from her sparkling eye,
And judge of heaven within her breast;
No dubious cloud to gloom upon his joy;
Possessing of what's good can never cloy.

Her beauty might for ever warm,
Altho' her soul were less divine:
The brightness of her mind could charm,
Did less her graceful beauties shine:
But both united, with full force inspire
The warmest wish, and the most lasting fire,

In your accomplish'd mate, young Thane,
Without reserve ye may rejoice;
The heav'ns your happiness sustain,
And all that think admire your choice,

Around your treasure circling arms entwine,
Be all thy pleasure her's, and her's be thine.

Rejoice, dear Mary, in thy youth,
The first of his brave ancient clan,
Whose soul delights in love and truth,
And view'd in every light a man.
To whom the fates with liberal hand have given
Good sense, true honour, and a temper even.

When love and reason thus unite
An equal pair in sacred ties,
They gain the human bliss complete,
And approbation from the skies;
Since you approve, kind heav'n, upon them pour
The best of blessings to their latest hour.

To you who rule above the sun,
To you who fly in fluid air,
We leave to finish what's begun,
Still to reward and watch the Pair.
Thus far the muse, who did an answer wait,
And heard the gods name happiness their fate.

TO JOSIAH BURCHET, ESQ.

ON HIS BEING CHOSEN MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT,

MY Burchet's name! wiel pleas'd I saw
Amang the chosen leet,
Wha are to give Britannia law,
And keep her rights complete.

O may the rest wha fill the house
Be of a mind with thee,
And British liberty espouse;
We glorious days may see.

The name of Patriot is mair great
Than heaps of ill-win gear;
What boots an opulent estate
Without a conscience clear?

While sneaking fauls for cash wad troke
 Their country, God, and king,
 With pleasure we the villain mock,
 And hate the worthless thing.

Wi' a' your pith, the like o' you,
 Superior to what's mean,
 Shou'd gar the truckling rogues look blue,
 And cow them laigh and clean.

Down with them—down with a' that dare
 Oppose the nation's right;
 Sae may your fame, like a fair star,
 Thro' future times shine bright.

Sae may kind Heav'n propitious prove,
 And grant whate'er ye crave;
 And him a corner in your love,
 Wha is your humble slave.

THE GENERAL MISTAKE:

A SATIRE.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable Lord Erskine.

THE finish'd mind, in all its movements bright,
 Surveys the self-made sumph in proper light,
 Allows for native weakness, but disdains
 Him who the character with labour gains;
 Permit me then, my Lord, (since you arise
 With a clear faul aboon the common size),
 To place the following sketches in your view;
 The world will like me, if I'm roos'd by you.
 Is there a fool, frae senator to swain?
 Take ilk ane's verdict for himself,—there's nane.
 A thousand other wants make thousands fret,
 But nane for want of wisdom quarrels fate.
 Alas! how gen'ral proves the great mistake,
 When others, thro' their neighbours failings rake?

Detraction then, by spite, is borne too far,
 And represents men worse than what they are.
 Come then, Impartial Satire, fill the stage
 With fools of ilka station, sex, and age ;
 Point out the folly, hide the person's name,
 Since obduration follows public shame :
 Silent conviction calmly can reform,
 While open scandal rages to a storm.

Proceed, but in the list poor things forbear,
 Who only in the human form appear,
 Scarce animated with that heav'nly fire
 Which makes the soul with boundless thoughts aspire ;
 Such move our pity,—nature is to blame—
 'Tis fools, in some things wise, that satire claim ;
 Such as Nugator, mark his solemn mien,
 Stay'd are his features, scarcely move his een,
 Which deep beneath his knotted eye-brows sink,
 And he appears as ane wad guess to think ;
 Even sae he does, and can exactly shaw
 How many beans make five, take three awa' !
 Deep read in Latin folios, four inch thick,
 He probes your crabit points into the quick :
 Delights in dubious things to give advice,
 Admires your judgment, if you think him wise :
 And stily stands by what he anes thought right,
 Altho' oppos'd with reason's clearest light.
 On him ilk argument is thrown away ;
 Speak what you will, he tents not what you say :
 He hears himsell, and currently runs o'er
 All on the subject he has said before :
 Till glad to ease his jaws and tired tongue,
 Th' opponent rests.—Nugator thinks him dang.
 Thou solemn trifler,—ken thou art despis'd,
 Thy stiff pretence to wisdom, naething priz'd,
 By sic as can their notions fause decline,
 When truth darts on them with convicting shine:
 How hateful's dull opinion ! propp'd with words,
 That nought to ony ane of sense affords,

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But tiresome jargon.—Learn to laugh, at least,
That part of what thou says may pass for jest.

Now turn your eye to smooth Chicander next,
In whom good sense seems with good humour mixt;
But only seems:—for envy, malice, guile,
And sic base vices, crowd behind his smile;
Nor can his thoughts beyond mean quirks extend,
He thinks a trick nae crime that gains his end;
A crime? no, 'tis his brag; he names it *Wit*,
And triumphs o'er a better man he's bit.

Think shame, Chicander, of your creeping flights;
True wisdom in sincerity delights;
The sumpshish mob of penetration shawl,
May gape and ferly at your cunning faul,
And make ye fancy that there is desert
In thus employing a' your sneaking art.
But do not think that men of clearer sense
Will e'er admit of sic a vile pretence,
To that which dignifies the human mind,
And acts in honour with the bright and blind.

Reverse of this fause face, observe yon youth.
A strict plain dealer, aft o'er-stretching truth;
Severely sour, he's ready to reprove
The least wrang step in those who have his love;
Yet what's of worth in them he over-rates;
But much they're to be pitied whom he hates:
Here his mistake, his weakest side appears,
When he a character in pieces tears;
He gives nae quarter, nor to great or sma',
Even beauty guards in vain; he lays at a'.
This humour, aften flowing o'er due bounds,
Too deeply mony a reputation wounds;
For which he's hated by the suffering crowd,
Who jointly 'gree to rail at him aloud,
And as much shun his sight and bitter tongue,
As they wad do a wasp that had them stung.
Censorious, learn sometimes at faults to wink,
The wisest ever speak less than they think:

Tho' thus superior judgment you may vaunt :
 Yet this proud wormwood show o't speaks a want :
 A want in which your folly will be seen,
 Till you increase in wit, and have less spleen.

Make way there—when a mortal god appears !
 Why do ye laugh ? King Midas wore sic ears—
 How wise he looks ! Well, wad he never speak,
 People wad think him neither dull nor weak :
 But ah ! he fancies, 'cause he's chosen a tool ;
 That a furr'd gown can free him frae the fool ;
 Straight he, with paughty mien, and lordly glooms,
 A vile affected air, not his, assumes ;
 Stawks stily by, when better men salute,
 Discovering less of senator than brute.
 Yet, is there e'er a wiser man than he ?
 Speer at himsell ; and if he will be free,
 He'll tell you, Nane.—Will judges tell a lie ?

But let him pass, and with a smile observe
 Yon tatter'd shadow, amaisht like to starve ;
 And yet he struts, proud of his vast engine,
 He is an author writes exquisite fine :
 Sac fine, in faith ! that every vulgar head
 Cannot conceive his meaning while they read.
 He hates the world for this :—With bitter rage
 He damns the stupid dulness of the age.
 The printer is unpaid.—Bookfellers swear
 Ten copies will not sell in ten lang year ;
 And wad not that fair fret a learned mind,
 To see those shou'd be patrons prove sae blind,
 Not to approve of what cost meikle pains,
 Neglect of bus'ness, sleep, and waste of brains ?
 And all for nought, but to be vilely us'd,
 As pages are whilk buyers have refus'd.
 Ah ! fellow-lab' rers for the press, take heed,
 And force nae fame that way, if ye wad speed :
 Mankind must be (we ha'e nae other) judge,
 And if they are displeas'd, why should we grudge ?

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If happily you gain them to your side,
Then bauldly mount your Pegafus, and ride :
Value yoursell only what they desire ;
What does not take commit it to the fire.

Next him a penman with a bluffer air,
Stands 'tween his twa best friends that lull his care,
Nam'd *money in baith pouches*—with three lines
Yclept a bill, he digs the Indian mines,
Jobs, changes, lends, extorfes, cheats and grips,
And no æ turn of gainfu' us'ry slips,
Till he was won, by wise pretence and snell,
As meikle as may drive his bairns to hell,
His ain lang hame.—This sucker thinks nane wif,
But him who can to immense riches rise :
Lear, honour, virtue, and sic heav'nly beams,
To him appear but idle airy dreams,
Not fit for men of business to mind,
That are for great and golden ends design'd.
Send for him de'il !—till then, good men, take care
To keep at distance frae his hook and snare ;
He has nae rewth, if coin comes in the play,
He'll draw, indorse, and horn to death his prey.

Not thus Macsomno pushes after praise,
He treats, and is admir'd in all he says :
Cash well bestow'd, which helps a man to pass
For wise in his ain thinking, that's an afs :
Poor skybalds, curs'd with less of wealth than wit,
Blyth of a *gratis Gaudeamus*, sit
With look attentive, ready all about,
To give the laugh when his dull joke comes out ;
Accustom'd with his conversation bright,
They ken as by a watch the time of night,
When he's at sic a point of sic a tale,
Which to these parasites grows never stale,
Tho' often tald—Like Lethe's stream, his wine
Makes them forget !—that he again may shine.
“ Py ! satire, ha'd thy tongue, thou art too rude
To jeer a character that seems sae good :

This man may beet the poet bare and clung,
 That rarely has a shilling in his spung."
 Hang him!—there's patrons of good sense enew
 To cherish and support the tuneful few,
 Whose penetration's never at loss
 In right distinguishing of gold frae dross:
 Employ me freely, if thou'd laurels wear,
 Experience may teach thee not to fear.

But see another gives mair cause for dread,
 He throws his gab, and aft he shakes his head;
 A slave to self-conceit, and a' that's four,
 T' acknowledge merit is not in his pow'r:
 He reads—but ne'er the author's beauties minds,
 And has nae pleasure where nae faults he finds.
 Much hated gowk, tho' vers'd in kittle rules,
 To be a wirrykow to writing fools,
 Thyself the greatest, only learn'd in words,
 Which naething but the cauld and dry affords.
 Dar'st thou of a' thy betters slighting speak,
 That have nae gruten fae meikle learning Greek?
 Thy depth's well kend, and a' thy silly vaunts,
 To ilka solid thinker shaw thy wants.
 Thus cowards deave us with a thousand lies
 Of dang'rous vict'ries they have won in pleas.
 Sae shallow upstarts strive with care to hide
 Their mean descent (which inly gnaws their pride)
 By counting kin, and making endless faird,
 If that their grany's uncle's oye's a laird.
 Scar-crows, hen-hearted, and ye meanly born,
 Appear just what you are, and dread nae scorn;
 Labour in words—keep hale your skins: Why not?
 Do well, and nane your laigh extract will quote,
 But to your praise.—Walk aff, till we remark
 Yon little coxy wight, that makes sic wark
 Wi' tongue and gait: How croufsly does he stand?
 His taes turn'd out, on his left haunch his hand?
 The right beats time a hundred various ways,
 And points the pathos out in a' he says.

Wow! but he's proud! when amais't out of breath,
At any time he clatters a man to death,
Wha is oblig'd sometime a' attend the sot,
To save the captiv'd buttons of his coat;
Thou dunsome jack-daw, ken 'tis a disease
This palsy in thy tongue that ne'er can please;
Of a' mankind, thou art the maist mistane
To think this way the name of Sage to gain.

Now, left I shou'd be thought too much like thee,
I'll give my readers leave to breathe a wee;
If they allow my picture's like the life,
Mae shall be drawn; originals are rife.

THE PHŒNIX AND THE OWL.

PHOENIX the first, th' Arabian lord,
And chief of all the feather'd kind,
A hundred ages had ador'd
The sun, with sanctity of mind.

Yet, mortal, ye maun yield to fate ;
He heard the summons with a smile,
And unalarm'd, without regret,
He form'd himself a fun'ral pile.

A Howlet, bird of mean degree,
 Poor, dosen'd, lame, and doited auld,
 Lay lurking in a neighb'ring tree,
 Curfing the stn loot him be cauld.

Said Phoenix, Brother, why so griev'd,
To ban the being gives thee breath?
Learn to die better than thou'lt liv'd;
Believe me, there's nae ill in death.

Believe ye that? the Owl reply'd:
Preach as ye will, death is an ill:
Vol. I. A a

When young I ilka pleasure try'd
 But now I die against my will.
 For you, a species by yourfell,
 Near eeldins with the sun your god,
 Nae ferly 'tis to hear you tell,
 Ye're tired, and incline to nod.
 It shou'd be sae ; for had I been
 As lang upon the warld as ye,
 Nae tears shou'd e'er drap frae my eek,
 For tinsel of my hollow tree.
 And what, return'd th' Arabian sage,
 Have ye t' observe ye have not seen ?
 Ae day's the picture of an age,
 'Tis ay the same thing o'er again.
 Come, let us baith together die :
 Bow to the sun that gave thee life :
 Repent thou frae his beams did flee,
 And end thy poortith, pain, and strife.
 Thou wha in darknesh took delight,
 Frae twangs of guilt could'ft ne'er be free :
 What won thou by thy shunning light ? —
 But time flees on ; — I haste to die.
 Ye'r servant, Sir, reply'd the Owl,
 I likena in the dark to lowp :
 The byword ca's that chiel a fool,
 That slips a certainty for hope.
 Then straight the zealous feather'd king
 To's aromatic nest retir'd,
 Collected sun-beams with his wing,
 And in a spicy flame expir'd.
 Meantime there blew a westlin gale,
 Which to the Howlet bare a coal ;
 The saint departed on his pile,
 But the blasphemer in his hole.

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He died for ever—fair and bright
 The Phoenix frae his ashes sprang.
 Thus wicked men sink down to night,
 While just men join the glorious thrang.

*To the Hon. Sir JOHN CLERK of Pennycuit, Bart. one of
 the Barons of the Exchequer, on the Death of his most ac-
 complished Son, JOHN CLERK, Esq; who died in the 20th
 year of his age.*

IF tears can ever be a duty found,
 'Tis when the death of dear relations wound;
 Then you must weep, you have too just a ground.

A son whom all the good and wise admir'd,
 Shining with ev'ry grace to be desir'd,
 Rais'd high your joyful hopes, and then retir'd.

Nature must yield, when such a weighty load
 Rouzes the passions, and makes reason nod;
 But who may contradict the will of God!

By his great Author, man was sent below,
 Some things to learn, great pains to undergo,
 To fit him for what further he's to know.

This end obtain'd, without regarding time,
 He calls the soul home to its native clime,
 To happiness and knowledge more sublime.

Thus, some in youth, like eagles mount the steep
 Which leads to man, and fathom learning's deep;
 Others thro' age with reptile motion creep.

Like lazy streams which fill the fenny strand,
 In muddy pools they long unactive stand,
 Till spent in vapour, or immers'd in sand.

But down its flinty channel, without stain,
The mountain-rill flows eagerly to gain,
With a full tide, its origin, the main.

Thus your lov'd Youth, whose bright aspiring mind
Could not to lazy minutes be confin'd,
Sail'd down the stream of life before the wind.

Perform'd the task of man, so well, so soon,
He reach'd the sea of bliss before his noon,
And to his memory lasting laurels won.

When life's tempestuous billows ceas'd to roar,
And e'er his broken vessel was no more,
His soul serenely view'd the heavenly shore.

Bravely resign'd, obeying fate's command,
He fix'd his eyes on the immortal land,
Where crowding seraphs reach'd him out the hand.

Southeaka, smiling cherub *, first appear'd,
With Garlies' consort †, who vast pleasures shar'd,
Conducting him where virtue finds reward.

Think in the world of spirits, with how much joy
His tender mother would receive her boy,
Where fate no more their union can destroy.

His good grandfire, who lately went to rest,
How fondly would he grasp him to his breast,
And welcome him to regions of the blest!

From us, 'tis true, his youthful sweets are gone,
Which may plead for our weakness, when we moan;
The loss indeed is ours, he can have none.

Thus sailors with a crazy vessel crost,
Expecting every minute to be lost,
With weeping eyes behold a sunny coast;

* James Lord Carnegie. See p. 100.

† Lady Garlies, p. 257, both his near relations.

Where happy landmen safely breathe the air,
Bask in the sun, or to cool shades repair,
They longing sigh, and wish themselves were there.

But who would after death to bliss lay claim,
Must, like your son, each vicious passion tame,
Fly from the crowd, and at perfection aim.

Then grieve no more, nor vex yourself in vain,
To latest age the character maintain
You now possess, you'll find your son again.



*On receiving a Letter to be present at the Burial of Mr,
ROB. ALEXANDER of Blackhouse.*

THOU sable border'd sheet, be gone,
Harbour to thee I must refuse;
Sure thou canst welcome find from none,
Who carries such ungrateful news.

Who can attend thy mournful tale,
And ward his soul from piercing woe!
In viewing thee, grief must prevail,
And tears from gushing eyes o'erflow.

From eyes of all that knew the man,
And in his friendship had a share;
Who all the world's affections won,
By virtues that all nat'ral were.

His merits dazzle, while we view;
His goodness is a theme so full,
The Muse wants strength to pay what's due,
While estimation prompts the will.

But she endeavours to make known
To farthest down posterity,
That good Blackhouse was such an one
As every one should wish to be.

THE FAIR ASSEMBLY:

A POEM.

A WAKE, Thalia, and defend,
 With chearfu' caroling,
 Thy bonny care,—thy wings extend,
 And bear me to your spring;
 That harmony full force may lend
 To reasons that I bring:—
 Now Caledonian nymphs attend,
 For 'tis to you I sing.

As lang as minds maun organs wear
 Compos'd of flesh and blood,
 We ought to keep them hale and clear,

* Wi' exercise and food.

Then, but debate, it will appear
 That dancing must be good,
 It stagnant humours sets a steer,
 And fines the purple blood.

Diseases, heaviness and spleen,
 And ill things mony mae,
 That gar the lazy fret and grane,
 Wi' visage dull and blae.

'Tis dancing can do mair alane,
 Than drugs frae far away,
 To ward aff these, make nightly pain,
 And sour the shining day.

Health is a prize—yet meikle mair
 In dancing we may find;
 It adds a lustre to the fair,
 And, when the fates unkind

* *The wife for health on exercise depend,
 God never made his works for man to mend.* DRYD.

Cloud wi' a blate and aukward air
 A genius right refin'd,
 * The sprightly art helps to repair
 This blemish on the mind.
 How mony do we daily see
 † Right scrimp of wit and sense,
 Wha gain their aims aft easily
 By wiel-bred confidence?
 Then whate'er helps to qualifie
 A rustic negligence,
 Maun without doubt a duty be,
 And shou'd give nae offence.
 Hell's doctrine's dung, when equal pairs
 Together join their hands,
 And vow to soothe ilk other's cares,
 In haly wedlock bands;
 Sae when to dance the maid prepares,
 And flush'd wi' sweetness stands,
 At her the wounded lover stares,
 And yields to heav'n's commands.
 The first command † he soon obeys,
 While love inspires ilk notion:
 His wishing look his heart displays,
 While his lov'd mate's in motion:

* *Since nothing appears to me to give children so much becoming confidence and behaviour, and so raise them to the conversation of those above their age, as dancing, I think they should be taught to dance as soon as they are capable of learning it: For though this consists only in outward gracefulness of motion, yet, I know not how, it gives manly thoughts and carriage more than any thing.*

LOCKE.

† *It is certain, that for want of a competent knowledge in this art of dancing, which should have been learned when young, the public loses many a man of exquisite intellectuals and unbiassed probity, purely for want of that so necessary accomplishment, assurance; while the pressing knave or fool shoulders him out, and gets the prize.*

MR. WEAVER.

‡ *Dixit eis Deus, satisficite, augecite et implete terram.*

He views her wi' a blyth amaze,
 And drinks wi' deep devotion
 That happy draught, that thro' our days
 Is own'd a cordial potion.

The cordial which conserves our life,
 And makes it smooth and easy;
 Then, ilka wanter, wale a wife,
 Ere eild and humdrums seize ye,
 Whase charms can silence dumps or strife,
 And frae the rake release ye,
 Attend th' Assembly, where there's rise
 Of virtuous maids to please ye.

These modest maids inspire the muse,
 In flowing strains to shaw
 Their beauties, which he likes to roose,
 And let th' envious blaw:
 That task she canna weel refuse,
 Wha singe says them na——
 To paint Belinda first we chuse,
 Wi' breasts like driven snaw.

Like lily-banks see how they rise,
 Wi' a fair glen between,
 Where living streams, blue as the skies,
 Are branching upward seen,
 To warm her mouth, where rapture lies,
 And smiles that banish spleen,
 Wha strikes wi' love and last surprise
 Where'er she turns her een.

Sabella, gracefully complete,
 Straight as the mountain-pine,
 Like pearl and rubies set in jet,
 Her lovely features shine:
 In her the gay and solid meet,
 And blended are sae fine,
 That when she moves her lips or feet,
 She seems some pow'r divine,

O Daphne! sweeter than the dawn,
When rays glance on the height,
Diffusing gladness o'er the lawn,
Wi' strakes of rising light;
The dewy flow'rs when newly blawn,
Come short of that delight,
Which thy far fresher beauties can
Afford our joyfu' sight.

How easy fits sweet Celia's dress,
Her gait how gently free;
Her steps throu'out the dance, express
The justest harmony:
And when she sings, all must confess,
Wha're blest to hear and see,
They'd deem't their greatest happiness
T' enjoy her company.

And wha can ca' his heart his ain,
That hears Aminta speak?
Against Love's arrows, shields are vain,
When he aims frae her cheek;
Her cheek, where roses free from stain,
In glows of youth beek:
Unmingl'd sweets her lips retain;
These lips she ne'er shou'd steek;

Unless when fervent kisses close
That av'nue of her mind,
Thro' which true wit in torrents flows,
As speaks the nymph design'd
The brag and toast of wits and beaux,
And wonder of mankind;
Whase breast will prove a blest repose,
To him wi' whom she'll bind.

See wi' what gaiety, yet grave,
Serena swims along;
She moves a goddess 'mang the lave,
Distinguish'd in the thrang.

Ye soursouls, hassilins fool, haif knave,

Wha hate a dance or sang,
To see this stately maid behave,
'Twad gi'e your hearts a twang:

Your hearts! said I, trowth I'm to blame:

I had amaist forgotten,
That ye to nae sic organ claim,
Or if you do, 'tis rotten:

A faul wi' sic a thowless flame,
Is sure a silly sot ane;
Ye scandalize the human frame,
When in our shape begotten.

These lurdanes came just in my light,
As I was tenting Chloe,
Wi' jet-black een that sparkle bright,
She's all o'er form'd for joy;
Wi' neck and waist, and limbs as tight
As her's who drew the boy,
Frae feeding flocks upon the height,
And fled wi' him to Troy.

Now Myra dances; mark her mien,
Sae disengag'd and gay,
Mix'd wi' that innocence that's seen
In bonny ew-bught May,
Wha wins the garland on the green
Upon some bridal day;
Yet she has graces for a queen
And might a sceptre sway.

What lays, Calista, can commend,
The beauties of thy face!
Whae fancy can sae touring stend
Thy merits a' to trace!
Frae boon the stars, some bard, descend,
And sing her every grace,
Whae wond'rous worth may recommend
Her to a god's embrace,

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A seraph wad our Aikman paint,
Or draw a lively wit?
The features of a happy saint,
Say, art thou fond to hit?
Or a Madona compliment,
Wi' lineaments maist fit?
Fair copies thou need'st never want,
If bright Calista sit.

Mella the heaviest heart can heeze,
And fourest thoughts expel,
Her station grants her rowth and ease,
Yet is the sprightly belle
As active as the cydent bees,
Wha rear the waxen cell;
And place her in what light you please,
She still appears herself.

Beauties on beauties come in view
Sae thick, that I'm afraid
I shall not pay to ilk their due,
Till Phœbus lend mair aid?
But this in gen'ral will had true,
And may be safely said,
There's ay a something shining new
In ilk delicious maid.

Sic as against the assembly speak,
The rudest fauls betray,
When matrons noble, wise, and meek,
Conduct the healthfu' play.
Whare they appear, nae vice dare keek,
But to what's good gives way,
Like night, soon as the morning creek
Has usher'd in the day.

Dear Ed'nburgh, shaw thy gratitude,
And of sic friends make sure,
Wha strive to mak' our minds less rude,
And help our wants to cure:

Acting a gen'rous part and good,
 In bounty to the poor:
 Sic virtues, if right understood,
 Shou'd ev'ry heart allure.

*On the ROYAL COMPANY of ARCHERS shooting for the
 BOWL, July 6, 1724. On which day his Grace James
 Duke of Hamilton was chosen their Captain General; and
 Mr. David Drummond, their Prefes, won the prize.*

A GAIN the year returns the day,
 That's dedicate to joy and play,
 To Bonnets, Bows, and Wine.
 Let all who wear a sullen face,
 This day meet with a due disgrace,
 And in their founes pine;
 Be shunn'd as serpents, that wad stang
 The hand that gi'es them food:
 Sic we debar frae lasting sang,
 And all their grumblin' brood.
 While to gain sport and halesome air,
 The blythsome spirit draps dull care,
 And starts frae bus'ness free:
 Now to the fields the Archers bend,
 With friendly minds the day to spend
 In manly game and glee;
 First striving wha shall win the bowl,
 And then gart flow wi' wine:
 Sic manly sport refresh'd the soul
 Of stalwart men langsyne.

Ere parties thrawn, and int'rest vile,
 Debauch'd the grandeur of our isle,
 And made ev'u brethren faes;
 Syne truth frae friendship was exil'd,
 And fause the honest hearts beguil'd,
 And led them in a maze

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Of politics—With cunning craft,
 The Issachars of state,
 Frae haly drums first dang us daft,
 Then drown'd us in debate.

Drap this unpleasing thought, dear muse;
 Come, view the men thou likes to roose;
 To Bruntfield-green let's hy,
 And see the royal Bowmen strive,
 Wha far the feather'd arrows drive,
 All foughing thro' the sky:
 Ilk ettling with his utmost skill,
 With artfu' draught and stark,
 Extending nerves with hearty will,
 In hopes to hit the mark.

See Hamilton, wha moves with grace
 Chief of the Caledonian race
 Of peers; to whom is due
 All honours, and a fair renown;
 Wha lays aside his ducal crown,
 Sometime to shade his brow
 Beneath St. Andrew's bonnet blue,
 And joins to gain the prize;
 Which shaws true merit match'd by few,
 Great, affable, and wise.

This day, with universal voice,
 The Archers him their chieftain chose:
 Consenting powers divine,
 They blis the day with general joy,
 By giving him a princely boy,
 To beautify his line;
 Whose birth-day in immortal sang
 Shall stand in fair record,
 While bended strings the Archers twang,
 And beauty is ador'd.

Next Drummond view, who gives their law,
 It glads our hearts to see him draw

The bow, and guide the band ;
 He, like the faul of a' the lave,
 Does with sic honour still behave,
 As merits to command.
 Blyth be his hours, hale be his heart,
 And lang may he preside ;
 Lang the just fame of his desert
 Shall unborn Archers read :

How on this fair propitious day,
 With conquest leal he bore away
 The bowl victoriously ;
 With following shafts in number four,
 Success the like ne'er kend before,
 The prize to dignify :
 Haste to the garden then bedeen,
 The rose and laurel pow,
 And plait a wreath of white and green,
 To busk the victor's brow.

The victor crown, who with his bow,
 In spring of youth and am'rous glow,
 Just fifty years sinfyne,
 The silver arrow made his prize,
 Yet ceases not in fame to rise,
 And with new feats to shine.
 May every Archer strive to fill
 His bonnet, and observe
 The pattern he has set with skill,
 And praise like him deserve.

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On the ROYAL COMPANY of ARCHERS, marching under the command of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, in their proper habits, to shoot for the ARROW at Musselburgh, August 4, 1724.

*Apollo, patron of the lyre,
And of the valiant Archers bow,
Me with sic sentiments inspire,
As may appear from thee to flow,
When by thy special will and high command,
I sing the merits of the Royal Band.*

NOW like themselves again the Archers raise
The bow, in brave array, and claim our lays.
Phœbus, well pleas'd, shines from the blue serene,
Glents on the stream, and gilds the chequer'd green:
The winds lie hush in their remotest caves,
And Forth with gentle swell his margin laves;
See to his shore the gathering thousands roll,
As if one gen'ral spirit inform'd the whole:
The bonniest fair of a' Great Britain's isle,
From chariots and the crowded casements smile:
Whilst horse and foot promiscuous form a lane,
Extending far along the destin'd plain,
Where, like Bellona's troops, or guards of love,
The Archers in their proper habits move.

Their guardian faint, from yon ethereal height,
Displays th' auspicious cross of blazing light:
While on his care he cheerfully looks down,
The pointed Thistle wears his ruby crown,
And seems to threat, arm'd ready to engage,
“No man unpunish'd shall provoke my rage:”
Well pleas'd the rampant Lion smooths his mane,
And gambols gay upon his golden plain.

Like as the sun, when wintry clouds are past,
And fragrant gales succeed the stormy blast,
Shines on the earth, the fields look fresh and gay,
So seem the Archers on this joyful day;

Whilst with his graceful mien, and aspect kind,
 Their Leader raises every follower's mind,
 Who love the conduct of a youth whose birth
 To nothing yields but his superior worth;
 And happier is with his selected train,
 Than Philip's son, who strove a world to gain:
 That Prince whole nations to destruction drove,
 This *Prince* delights his country to improve.
 A monarch rais'd upon a throne may nod,
 And pass among the vulgar for a god;
 While men of penetration justly blame
 Those who hang on their ancestors for fame;
 But own the dignity of high descent,
 When the successor's spirit keeps the bent,
 Which thro' revolving ages grac'd the line,
 With all those qualities that brightest shine:
 The Archers' chieftain thus with active mind,
 In all that's worthy never falls behind
 Those noble characters from whom he sprung,
 In hist'ry fam'd, whom ancient bards have sung.
 See, from his steady hand and aiming eye,
 How straight in equal lengths the arrows fly:
 Both at one end, close by the mark they stand,
 Which points him worthy of his brave command;
 That as they to his num'rous merits bow,
 This victory makes homage fully due.

Sage Drummond next, the chief, with counsel grave,
 Becomes his post, instructing all that's brave;
 So Pallas seem'd, who Mentor's form put on,
 To make a hero of Ulysses' son.

Each officer his character maintains,
 While love and honour gratify their pains:
 No view inferior brings them to the field,
 To whom great chiefs of clans with pleasure yield,

No hidden murmur swells the Archer's heart,
 While each with gladness acts his proper part:
 No factious strife, nor plots, the bane of states,
 Give birth to jealousies or dire debates;

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Nor less their pleasure who obedience pay,
 Good order to preserve, as those who sway.
 O smiling muse ! full well thou knows the fair
 Admire the courteous, and with pleasure share
 Their love with him that's generous and brave,
 And can with manly dignity behave ;
 Then haste to warn thy tender care with speed,
 Lest by some random shaft their hearts may bleed,
 Yon dangerous youths both Mars and Venus arm,
 While with their double darts they threat and charm :
 Those at their side forbid invading foes,
 With vain attempt true courage to oppose ;
 While shafts mair subtil, darted from their eye,
 Thro' softer hearts with silent conquest fly.



*To the Right Hon. the EARL of HARTFORD, LORD PERCY.
 President, and the rest of the Hon. Members of the Society of
 British Antiquarians.*

A SCOTS ODE.

TO Hartford, and his learned friends,
 Whase fame for science far extends,
 A Scottish muse her duty sends,
 From Pictish towers :
 Health, length of days, and happy ends,
 Be ever your's.

Your generous cares make light arise
 From things obscure to vulgar eyes,
 Finding where hidden knowledge lies,
 T' improve the mind ;
 And most delightfully surprise,
 With thoughts refin'd.

When you the broke inscription read,
 Or amongst antique ruins tread,

And view remains of princes dead,

In funeral piles,

Your penetration seems decreed

To bliss these isles;

Where Romans form'd their camps of old,

Their gods and urns of curious mould,

Their medals struck of brass or gold,

'Tis you can show,

And truth of what's in story told,

To you we owe.

How beneficial is the care,

That brightens up the classic lear!

When you the documents compare,

With authors old,

You ravish, when we can so fair

Your light behold.

Without your comments each old book

By all the world would be forsook;

For who of thought wou'd deign to look

On doubtful works,

Till by your skilful hands they're struck

With sterling marks?

By this your learning men are fir'd

With love of glory, and inspir'd

Like ancient heroes, who ne'er tir'd

To win a name;

And, by their god-like acts aspir'd

To immortal fame.

Your useful labours shall endure,

True merit shall your fame secure,

And will posterity allure,

To search about

For truth, by demonstration sure,

Which leaves no doubt.

The muse foresees brave Hartford's name

Shall to all writers be a theme,

To last while arts and greatness claim
Th' historian's skill,
Or the chief instrument of fame,
The poet's quill,

Pembroke's a name to Britain dear
For learning and brave deeds of weir:
The genius still continues clear
In him whose art,
In your rare fellowship can bear,
So great a part.

Bards yet unborn shall tune their lays,
And monuments harmonious raise
To Winchelsea and Devon's praise,
Whose high desert,
And virtues bright, like genial rays,
Can life impart.

Nor want we Caledonians sage,
Who read the painted vellum page,
No strangers to each antique stage,
And Druids cells,
And sacred ruins of each age,
On plains and fells.

Amongst all those of the first rate,
Our learned * Clerk, blest with the fate
Of thinking right, can best relate
These beauties all,
Which bear the marks of ancient date,
Be-north the wall.

The wall which Hadrian first begun,
And bold Severus carried on,
From rising to the setting sun,
On Britain's coast,
Our ancestors fierce arms to shun,
Which gall'd them most.

* *Sir John Clerk of Peanycuik, Bart.*

But now no need of walls or towers,
 Ag'd enmity no more endures,
 Brave Britain joins her warlike powers,
 That always dare,
 To open and to shut the doors
 Of peace and war.

Advance, great men, your wise design,
 And prosper in the task divine;
 Draw from antiquity's deep mine
 The precious ore,
 And in the British annals shine
 Till time's no more.

—♦—
 TO MRS. M. M——

ON HER PAINTING.

To paint his Venus, auld Apelles
 Wal'd a' the bonny maids of Greece:
 Thou needs nae mair, but paint thyself, las,
 To ding the Painter and his Piece.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



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